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THE CHILD OF THE NATIONS

LUCY McDOWELL MILBURN

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THE CHILD OF THE NATIONS

By Lucy McDowell Milburn

1914
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TO MY HUSBAND,
JOSEPH ANTHONY MILBURN

PROLOGUE

Great priest of the moon-god, Ptah-Hotep called,
Whose earthly body lies beside the stream
Of Nile, near Memphis, but whose words of wisdom
Live and find their way to many lands;
Who after various incarnations here
And elsewhere clos'd th' circuit as the poet
Homer, who from Chian isle did wander
To Asiatic shores, where 'mid the scenes
Of which he wrote he liv'd and died almost
Unknown, yet lives to-day throughout the word,
Rever'd and lov'd by all who know his verse;
Who came, but not in earthly guise, to help
Th' Roman Vergil write the wand'rings of
Æneas; yet not satisfied in giving
Man these great, immortal poems, still
Desir'd to pen another message when
Th' brain and hand made ready to receive
Prophetic word should come: it is not strange
That he should seek an instrument to-day
On shores where liberty is larger than
In other lands; nor that in coming to
America a woman he should choose;
For here a goddess holds the light as truly
As the pole in Athens Pallas held.
Why the great, immortal Homer came
To me, I cannot tell; but when he came
And how, I shall relate.

Much worn and sorely tried, my little bark
Upon a sea of doubts borne round and round,
My spirit faint from having tried to both
Row and steer o'er life's rough rock, I sat
One long, lone night, and pray'd and wept and pray'd
Again with strong desire to rend the warp
And woof that shut me out from light. Then having
No more tears to weep and no more prayers
To pray, like child so very tired of having
Its own way, very quiet I grew and listen'd.
I heard naught save the throbbings of my heart;
Then at the portal of my palace knock'd[1]
For never had I been within. The door
Was straightway open'd; out fell all my doubts,
My self-will and my misery. Then said I,
"Lord, wilt thou not enter in[2] and do
With me as seemeth best to thee?" Then having
Plac'd my trust on God and Him alone,
And promis'd in the presence of my soul
Not to rebel wherever He should lead,
A deep, sweet peace fell 'round me like a mother's
Arm, and soon a soothing sleep was mine.
Th' carolling birds awakened me, and made
Me feel their note of praise; the water gurgling
Said to me, "Come drink, thou knowest now
Th' crystal fount whence inspiration flows";
Th' fleeting dawn lent me her rosy robe.
Then I arose and put my hand in his,
My guide's my heavenly Father sent to help,
One whose bidding I should do with will

Quite trustfully. Then looking up I saw
A patient, self-controlled, godlike man,
So gentle, firm, yet kind. "Materials gather,"
Said he, "that I with you a lasting lay
May build for time to come. This way you will
Not come again; so leave behind you thoughts
That will enrich the world when much that now
Is valu'd shall have passed. Write of children
That the nations are by thought producing;
For like individuals, peoples when
United create their offspring. Nations few
As yet have coalescing ideals. Many
Have conceiv'd an ideal child, but one
Only has produced.[3] Write of Him,
Of others yet to be; but most of all
Write of child that will exist when wars
Are over, when a universal law
Binds all; and see perchance if you can look
Beyond the day, and know what lies before."
"Am I then chosen as a prophet; that
Your wish for me?" I humbly asked, knowing
That prophets suffer anguish oft of spirit,
And always have sad lives. My thought my guide
Could read though unexpress'd, and for me suffer'd.
Then said he, "Let us hope it shall be so,"
And handed me a cross some larger than
Th' one I wore. "If you would gain a crown
Of laurel while on earth, you needs must wear
A heavy cross. If you would prophesy,
You must be persecut'd; for those who see

Beyond what others see are shunn'd of men,
Regarded as unsafe, unsound, and only
In future ages prais'd."
If any words there be herein contain'd
That help mankind, that throw a light on smallest
Grain of truth, or ope the door, let praise
To him, my guide, be given; th' flaws and faults
Assuredly are mine. My prison walls
Reflect but blue; the full white light would blind;
A mortal but a partial ray can have.
How gladly would he speak to me more clearly;
His full voice deafens me. His touch is gentle
When more I've wish'd to see and hear and feel;
Then Semele's[4] sad fate I do recall.
"Write hexameters, as Daphne[5] wrote of old,
Call'd by you to-day a double trimeter.
Some will say you've lost the beat, but know you're right;
And others soon will follow where you lead the way.
Freedom in your style is good, but liberty
Of thought far more important is. Be fearless; tell
Truths which telling you must bear the scoffing of
Th' crowd, yea, e'en ingratitude of friends, the stigma
Of insanity perchance; yes, surely, if
Of our company you come to be, for poets
All by men of shorter sight have been deem'd mad.[6]
As bearing torches into darkest dens men feel
Th' foulness, dankness, and unwholesomeness of deadly
Vapors, which have not yet risen high enough
For harm yet will in time destroy, so poets see
Intellectual ills far greater than the noisome

Pestilence, which will, if not annull'd, destroy
Th' freedom of the human mind.
Then bravely write of that you know is truth; for no
One, not even Over Here, knows all the truth;
God to each one gives a portion suited to
His need. The more you give the more you gain; so freely
Tell the message now intrusted you, e'en though
At times it seems to contradict historic page;
For fuller light is coming now to all who study,
With no prejudice, the laws of planet life,
And truly love their fellow-man."

CANTO I

Beginnings

Before creation's dawn, before its eve, before
Th' visible Universe came forth, an uncreated
World there was, the kingdom of the Most High God,
O'er which the Almighty One held sway supreme. As yet,
Not begotten, The Creator.[1]
Before all worlds (which means before created worlds[2]
As suns and moons and planets), God in His own image
Made, not th' fleshly tabernacle of the man,
But mankind, in tenderest love His offspring breathing
Out. Some whole He formed, likest to Himself;
More were made in halves; while many were but partial
Gods, mere atoms of His being, yet in substance
One and form'd to be like Him.[3]
Th' host of heaven were angels called, while the whole
Beings, archangels, were denominated Lords.
Th' eldest of the begotten sons did in rebellion
Lead a number of the heavenly host against
Th' will of God the Father. Harmony thus arrested,
Th' atoms were dispers'd; attraction and repulsion
Began. When all were not of one will — call it warring
If you choose: it was not peace — yet as in heaven
No strife can be, these angels and their leader fell,
Not to a bottomless pit, not into endless misery,
But into outer darkness which they made by their
Self-will, for all oppos'd to light must e'er be dark.

Though to God the darkness and the light are quite
Alike, to those outside of God there is no light.
Still the Father loved his rebellious offspring;
He would not they should stay forever from His side;
He ne'er desir'd to punish them, but wish'd to bring
Them home again. By th' way prescribed some were ready
To come, but some were still antagonistic and
In the darkness sought to found a kingdom. So
Now began the creation of the worlds that were
To be the fields of battle for th' opposing hosts.
By the Father's loving hand were stars sent out
To guide His erring children Home.
From the source of light were thrown great brilliant balls
To illuminate the sky. In time these flames
Dividing, fire- and water-stars became, which orbs
Are known as Saä- and as Fedrus-Stars. The fire
Or father stars were able to produce. They threw
Off portions of themselves which from the mother stars
Attracted water,[4] thus fecundated formed a third
Part which we call earth. This triune body able
Itself to reproduce we name a sun. Not all
Are suns that by this name are called.[5] Some stars are still
Electric lights[6] and some are yet all fire, as th' male
Progenitor of our sun, the famous Polar Star.
Around this father star in swift procession his
Children and their progeny go.
One group, Taurus nam'd, is far away from home.
Helios, our sun, midway stands, while Ursa Major
Nearer is; yet all are far from the star that gave
Them birth. These three as yet are all the systems that

Hold life, as we term life, and on these three the human
Kind came simultaneously. The Polar Star,
Our great Saä father, stationary now
Is, as if to say, At heaven's gate I wait
For my children. Long, O so long, must he wait —
For Helios, as we know, is not through giving birth,
But now in throes of travail is.
All the planets of our little system must
Do their work, return their earth and ashes also
To the sun before his fires can burn their fullest;
Then be quenched, and in turn great Helios fall
Into his father's arms. And not our sun alone
But all the suns he has produc'd must fall, when their
Day is ended, into the arms of the Saä Star.
Many children are less ready to come home
Than Helios who has not made one circuit of
His orbit 'round the parent star.
With our short sight we cannot even count the children
Of our sun. Some known in earlier days have slipp'd
So far into the shadowy world we see them not;
Some are known to-day that were not counted years
Ago. Not longer are Hyperion's rays, but lenses
Man has made that do augment his sight, and planets
That upon their paths have slipped come once again
In place and enter on the race.
Poseidon of old again is on the heights, nor held
Below the waters by his angry brothers; Neptune
Shines though not so brightly as does Jupiter. Also
Uranus once more upon the chart of sky is named.
Like men, male planets are more easily reinstated

Than their sisters. Where is dear old Amphitrite?
Lost? No, only fallen for a time, and Rhea
Takes her place, as cradle most desirable for
Th' human race. The Earth we sometimes say, that other
Planets are of earth as well as fire and water
Unawares. Our Mother Earth, the planet Rhea
Is not the only home for God's erring children
As they make their pilgrimage through the sky. Before
Rhea's day began, on Jupiter, on Venus, and
On Mars at one time came mankind; that is, in form
Of man they came, for elsewhere potencies they had
Develop'd, necessary to form a human body.
When on Rhea souls first lived, in the rock
And jewels of her bosom they were hidden; having
Fed on this firm frame, they came again to sport
Among the herbs, to quicken grass and fruit and flowers.
But long ago the human left these lowlier forms
To make its home in tenements that swim and run
And fly, until attun'd to life in myriad ways
Th' struggling soul dares claim its present shroud of clay,
Which habit it must learn to wear and war in, 'til
By means of it and knowledge gain'd through oft repeat'd
Lives,[7] the soul of man can clothe itself with frame
Of substance finer than his house of clay, and rise
Beyond the sight of those still held in Rhea's arms.
Our mother earth was born some fifty million years
Ago; a ten millionth part of the parent, with like qualities
She was dropped into space remote, a shining,
Burning mass. Her fires externally quenched were,
While with earth and water, much of th' latter congealed

To ice, the brighter element was enfolded. As
Whirling swift through space the icy egg came nearer,
By attraction, to the sun, her coat of ice
Melt'd, and water form'd her swaddling clothes. Still
spinning
'Round the sun, she felt his sway.
Past her creeping days, she thought to stand erect
And run, as little child who first essays to walk
Will run and tumble oft; so infant Rhea, on
Her little end unsteady, next roll'd over, bruised
Her side and lost a fragment of her frame, some burnt-out
Earth and rock, from out that sea we name Pacific,
After great convulsions grown so calm; long since
Th' wound was heal'd. We call this charrèd bit of earth
Th' moon. No life can it support, but serves as time
Measure and reflector of Hyperion's rays
As 'round our orb it winds its way.
Baby Rhea roll'd for many million years
Upon her way, an orbit long, around the sun,
Spinning best she could, but wabbling much upon
Her larger end. Where was the head of earth first seen?
Where did the waters first divide? The place methinks
Th' Nubian mountains, or near by; her right arm on
Th' plain of Tibet beyond the Himalayas vast.
One tiny hand, the arm of which o'er much of Central
Asia stretch'd, came out in what is now Australia.
It was the life within, the heart and lungs of flame
That forc'd th' rocks and sand from out the sea, and made
Th' islands which in after days were mountain tops.
As age succeeded age, still more of land was wrested

From the sea, but all upon one side the globe.
We say, "The Old World"; well we may, for prehistoric
Races many liv'd and left no monument, while
Water covered all the western hemisphere.
Beside the upper waters of the Nile and on
Th' Persian plains there came a race of men who elsewhere
Lower lives had lived.[8] Another type of man
His habitation made upon the shores of Hellas,
Not then so called. These two races in three countries
Develop'd simultaneously and a third came forth,
An amalgam of these two.
While upon her breast mankind she nourish'd, our
Mother Rhea grew apace within, and proudly
Stood erect, a queen among the planets; her head
Now towards th' north, her feet on Afric's soil were planted.
Th' mighty mother's speed increas'd. Up came her bile,
A motley mass of well-burnt ores; huge stones and even
Fire at times she vomited. Such her rage that turning
Over once again she threw an island off
While in her fury rocking. Mother Earth not only
Whirl'd Atlantis into space but split asunder
Libya's land and sent across the sea a strip
Of earth we now call Yucatan, where ancient monuments
Unearth'd and ones yet to be found, betray how once
This neck of land to Africa was join'd; its very
Clay the same as that fam'd land from which it parted.
This cataclasm vast made mountains plains, and seas dry land,
Of giant rivers chang'd the course: it tumbled towers
Of highest rock, and buried deep all marks of that

Degenerate race which caus'd th' wrath of Rhea. Picks
And shovels have not yet the relics of the earliest
Men, who builded well in stone and iron, brought
To light; and all we e'er shall find is very new
Compar'd to what there was before dear Rhea took
That turn which once more land'd her upon her little
End, and brought her nearer to the light, thus making
Night and day each shorter than they were, though shorter
Still they'll be as nearer to the sun we draw.
In times when Cyclopean walls were built the days
Were more than twice the length of those which now we count.
No need had giant men of old to travel fast,
Or hurry work; their years were almost centuries,
So lasting structures builded they which now defy
Our scientific architects. A dozen thousand
Years they've stood in Syria and Greece; yet new
Are they beside the ones we yet shall find by old
Father Nile or deep in central Africa.
For race on race had liv'd and pass'd away before
There came to earth the Adamites.
In a garden fair between two rivers, in
Th' golden sand by th' water's edge an egg was plac'd,
Th' envelope of a man, surrounded by congenial
Elements; a two-fold tenement of clay
Was evolved. This man Adam came a whole
Being, not divided from his mate, as all
Rhea's other children are before they reach
Her nourishing breast, and find theirs how and when they can.

Adam was indeed a blessèd mortal whose star
Had elsewhere had its setting. He was good, but far
From perfect, as is shown by th' history of his acts.
Then Eve, the more evolved, but more fragile portion
Of what had been ere this a perfect man, came forth
From the dual envelope. To look upon
Very fair was she, and loving th' other part
It was not strange she should desire to again become
One with Adam. To offer him the fruit was natural;
To partake, for him, was right. But that which grew
In the centre of the garden should have been
Preserv'd for seed. The core conserved, they had not
For their first, attracted such frail progeny. Often
A Cain will come to homes where parents eat the fruit
Of life and sap the springs of being. Not content
With the many fruits that grow in rich abundance,
They use the one whose flowers are full of gore. The fruit
Of knowledge, season'd well with salt, the highest self
Whence the savor flows will, when partaken of
Temperately, produce the best.
These progenitors rare of special race were sent
To earth a purpose divine to fulfill; obeying not
Th' mandate of their higher wisdom, needs must suffer
Pangs of bringing forth a murderer, and of seeing
Slain a weaker brother, ere temperate enough
To conceive a son who should their likeness bear
At its best, and on the earth their seed continue.
Seth, this son, was of a famous race progenitor.
Cain became an alien in the land of Nod,
Far to th' east of Eden; but no more was Eden

The abode of Adam. All to remind him of
This estate so fair was a simple rod, a twig
From a tree that in his beautiful garden grew.
An angel, so the story runs, permitted Adam
To take this rod, and told him what its use. Though not
Plant'd it grew, and held its strange mysterious
Potencies for many a day.
When illustrious Noë, whose ramparts were the sea,[9]
Was swept away by tidal wave, and all that part
Of Rhea's crust was soak'd by rain, a man of God
A wondrous ship did build, and sav'd therein himself,
His sons and daughters, and animals of all kinds; of unclean
Two, and seven of the clean — a fair proportion,
Hospitality showing to all of God's creatures
Nurtur'd here for good of man. How came this Noah
So much wiser than his age? The legend says
He divin'd what was to come, and builded well
By means of Adam's rod. The history of this man
As given by the Hebrew poet helpful is
To th' wise, and full of symbolism.
Upon this scriptural washing day not all of Rhea's
Clothes were wet, but all the world to Adamitic
Race of men, then known, was delug'd. But this time
Of waves and storms was further back by several thousand
Years than we have counted it. Just as to-day
We know not what is happening at the Poles with all
Our ironclads, fast motors, wireless telegraph
And aëroplanes, so in those early days a flood
Might o'er all of Syria sweep and not be told
In other quarter of the globe.

It is a saying old that "nations rise and fall";
They do indeed. Not all are swept away in one
Dire cataclasm, not all by tidal waves or deluge
Perish, or are covered with volcanic stuff
As Sodom and Gomorrah, rich cities of the plain;
Some one way, some another, perish or are buried.
Mountains also rise and fall. The prophet sang,
Every valley shall exalted be, and was
Geographer as well as philosopher and poet.
Islands peeping forth from watery home are urged
By th' heat in Rhea's heart to seek the air above.
Some come in a day, while others centuries take;
But slow or fast, they grow to hills or mountains vast.
Then when as stately hills they, for a time, have looked
Arrogantly down perhaps upon the fields
Below them, suddenly comes, some day, a rift in one
High peak, the fire beneath long smould'ring seeks relief.
Greatness never lasts. The highest mountain once
Its fire pours forth, becomes as lowly as the plain
It once looked down upon. Its worn-out crater lower
Falls, then useless lying for a time excites
Th' wonder of the passer-by. But Time all things
Equalizes. Th' most unsightly lava fields
Become the softest, richest earth. In broad expanse
Of prairie lands we see no remnant of volcanic
Action. Men who lead their flocks and herds o'er these
Level fields have never heard that they were once
Mountains high; nor do the sightseers gazing on
Geysers often stop to think how near the fire
Must be that boils the water. Soon the place where they

Are treading will be molten fire. Geologists tell
That these changes have been and still will be, but
They do not tell the reason why.
Much to help him guess how human beings lived
In times gone by the archæologist finds, and comes
Gradually nearer to the truth of when man first
Made stone and metal tools, first builded tombs or carved
His image. Th' scientist gathers knowledge from without,
Th' poet from within, he therefore sees the scroll
Of records before they are unrolled.[10]
Besides the nations that have come and gone yet left
Their impress well engraven, their runes full strongly marked,
There are those gone and those still here who have no fruit
Borne, conceiv'd no child. The undeveloped has
No age. Some young, some old, of individuals live
And die without a purpose, nothing leaving that
Will prove they've been; the same with nations, mass from
part
Differs not, save in degree.

In far off Australia, what find we? An island,
Yet a continent, in extent as large almost
As th' United States. Th' geologist tells a tale
Here the same as elsewhere on our planet: Mountains
Risen, mountains fallen, lakes and river-ways,
And glorious fields. The archæologist here has not
Yet begun his work to tell us of the greatness
Passed away: for once was here a race whose only
History buried lies in things they one time used;
Sealed books their thoughts to us.

Degeneracy is clearly written on the face
Of every native man we meet upon this isle.
We should not think of asking him of how he came
Or who was there before. Of his progenitors
He knows far less than we, for we know how the history
To discover he has lost.
When time is ripe the English-speaking race who now
Possession have of this rich, fair, and fertile land
In their search for gold and diamonds will some day
Uncover unexpectedly interesting history,
Which will tell us of a civilization long
Buried in Australia.

Another race degenerate whose place upon
Our map is large: The children of Turan hyena-like
Who through the night of ignorance prowl, devouring dead
Nations, thinking to govern by the sword instead
Of by the light. But half emerged from the animal
Envelope, their garments are so black they fail
To see the gore upon the border.
What Turkey may become when she begins to travail
Towards a human birth, we know not; but as yet
She has no ideals. One prophet she produced
Who knew the unity of God, but saw not man's
Divinity, nor recognized that strength must come
By suff'ring. Failing to move the mountains great of doubt
And ignorance, his faith not strong enough to wait,
Mohammed yield'd his princely state to vassals, left
His throne within and went without the beast to conquer
Which in the open conquer'd him.

Of no mean magnitude was Mohammed's star
Though shining with a lurid light as waning
Moon upon a cloudy night, or setting
Planet flick'ring 'mid black veils of night.
That same moon rose in silver radiance;
That planet brightly shone at eventide.
Th' time, the place, conditions 'round the man
Made Arabia's prophet what he was,
Th' best expression of that time and clime.
Wand'ring Bedouin tribes must needs be welded;
An earthly kingdom learn ere a spiritual one
Was known. An infant race is led by one
Strong man 'til able all alone to stand.
Within a tyrant's breast prophetic gifts
Are seldom hidden; very few are warriors,
Kings and legislators too; but this
Unletter'd son of Turan, persecuted
And despis'd in youth, his great gift fearing,
Until Khadija counsell'd him, Obey
Th' voice divine, surmounted difficulties
With strength miraculous, oft gaining knowledge
Without the aid of books. He wrote his laws,
Humane and just, eradicating many
Crude beliefs. He held to much of good
In Moses' statutes, modified Hebraic
Customs, adding gentleness from Christian
Teaching gained. Yet desire to see
Results, ambition for the recognition
Of the world, made Mohammed resort to measures
Most severe, made him in part forget

His mission to mankind. The monarchy
To him became the leading thought, and soon
His gift of prophecy waned. His religion
Crystalliz'd at Mecca 'round the Caaba
Stone. His kingdom at the point of sword
Was far and wide extended. He controlled
By fear his converts. Strength of arms without
Th' cords of love still feeds the beast, so slowly
Slavery gnaws the root of Islam's tree.
Though equality preaching and brotherhood of man,
Th' savage Turks were ever brought to truth by force,
And still their way to grace they fight.
Th' kingdom by Mohammed 'stablished after his
Death amazingly grew o'er all Arabia, easily
Spreading thence to Palestine and Asia Minor.
Th' Caliphs saw their armies conquer in the name
Of Allah and his prophet, great Mohammed, while
Despotically they ruled beside the prophet's tomb
At Medina, sacred shrine.
These different peoples, knit by kinship which belief
In the same God gives, were able soon in Persia
To deal a final blow to th' Sassanian monarchy.
Though the Caliphs at Damascus ruled long,
After a time the chief seat of the empire was
Changed to Bagdad on the Tigris. Having at home
Conquer'd th' Persians, Egypt was quite easy to gain:
For it has been a prey to any one who cared
To take it since the fall of Rome. The Mohammedan Turks,
Whom the Romans called Saracens, burnt the famous
Library which the Ptolemies at Alexandria

Had collected. Mohammedan fanatics wished
No books but the Koran, which has much of truth
In it: for knowledge not alone from Jews and Christians
Did Mohammed gain. Quite conscious that he talked
With visitors celestial he had confidence
To write and inculcate his laws.
Easily all of Northern Africa the Turks
Occupied, th' Moors absorbing; thence from Tunis
And Morocco pass'd to Sicily; then a century
Later set a giant foot on Spain where they
Improv'd and beautified a region much neglected
Since the days of Roman rule. But long and fierce
Th' struggle, with many bloody battles ere th' persistent
Turk the crescent rais'd o'er Capitol decadent
Of the Eastern Empire, where for centuries
Byzantine culture under licentious rule had smoulder'd.
Since Naziansen's bonfire no more classic learning.
In all the motley crowd since Rome had come to rule
Beside the Bosphorus, but one was ever called
"Good." Though chief of the army for a quarter of
A century, as Emperor, Michael Sixth was asked
To abdicate the throne in one short year. Then ruled
In quick succession weakling men and wicked women.
After sacking Rome and crushing Greece, barbaric
Hordes from th' north and east for some time helped to hold
The Turks at bay. The Byzantines, surrounded on
All sides by enemies, yielded in the fifteenth century
To the sword and faith of Islam.

The people we call Scandinavian older are

Than we think. At foot of hills whose beauty only
Th' modern man attracts, their culture buried lies.
No signs remain of this first race. Some songs and sayings
Wise by their descendants were left in Iceland, where
A portion of a second race we find, who here
Ruled long before Phœnicians found their way
To northern seas. A tree of life and knowledge grew
For these simple folk, whose fruit was rudely shaken
Down by Tyrian pirates, who, returning south,
Many towers and castles planted on the coasts
And erst received the name of Norsemen.
In these latter days upon a budded branch
Of their tree of life has come a blossom, a poet
Born in Skien.[11] Both Scotch and German blood runs in
His veins, and in his eyes the sorrows of mankind.
He has urged the world to see its social ills,
Nor has he failed to see beyond this vale of tears,
Where lov'd ones live, and can be seen by all whose eyes
Are clear'd and who to soar are willing to resign.
Sweden, too, had her great son, a prophet,
One who to th' world belongs.

Th' English call all Northmen Danes, the races
Of the Scandinavian countries failing to
Distinguish. Yet they differ greatly. The Dane no kinship
Had with veritable Norsemen, for the Viking
No liking. Long, long after th' earlier civilization
In the North it was that Danish people came
To live along the Baltic shores, and took possession
Of the Jutland peninsula; then made war upon

Degenerate Northmen, Kelts and Anglo-Saxons, or
Any one who came within their reach; their time
Spent in exploits like the schoolboy of to-day,
Who cares much more for football than for classic lore,
Letting strength grow in his heels rather than his head.
Th' Danish pirate bent on sport, his days to theft
And rapine given, took no time to think or brood.
That he conquer'd but a day he held; for, having
Naught to give for that he seiz'd, nor anything
That might the parts cement, they slipped away as fast
Almost as he grasped them.
Driven from their Asiatic home by Roman
Conquerors, led by wicked chief, from Asgard after
Pompey's triumph, a barbaric horde it was
That follow'd Odin to th' north and west, that hailed
Him King in life and after death disrobed him,
Called him God, the evil that he did exalting,
Excusing all his wicked deeds by classing them
As supernatural. Odin to his people left
Some crude runes, some tales and songs brought from their distant
Eastern home, wound 'round with minstrel lays, extolling
Their wild life and victories. These a book of legends
Make, by them as early history held. Though th' softening
Light of Christianity has for many, many
Centuries been among them, th' Danes as yet have no
Central thought, no firm ideal, for the centuries
Of plunder no richer left, no wiser for their years
And years of greed and rapine; and th' few good men
And women who within the Danish realm have found

Birth, by right belong to other lands. Yes, verily —
Their one, ideal man a world possession is,
And in spirit belongs to Germany.[12]

Italy also has produced no child for reasons
Different far from those which made some other nations
Barren. They had given nothing to the world,
While she has given her all nor kept enough at home
To feed her poor. In some respects it is the same
Whether nothing or too much, but not in all;
For those nations that give nothing have in turn
Nothing to expect; while she who gives her all,
Becoming empty, receives from all, or will receive
When time has shown the world the obligation owed.
Italia has never been united, always
Feuds and jealousies internal; central fire
None on which to heap the débris of the race;
No charioteer to drive the steeds which gallop where
They will, full speed, like woman with too many lovers:
Full to th' brim with charm she husbands not her forces,
Sits not by the hearth to rock the cradle, but
Would forever on the public way be seen.
Her little faults forgiving, and of her gifts to other
Nations only thinking, note the casket full
Of jewels in either hand she bears.
Assisi 'mid the Umbrian hills half hid, still guards
Th' tiny chapel Francis builded, its stones made smooth
By pilgrims' kisses who from far and near come here
For visions rare and answered prayer, find rose leaves stained
With blood which speak of sacrifice and saintly life.

One Franciscan friar far outshone the founder.
By his tomb at Padova all receive a blessing
And many weary faithful ones miraculously
Are healed, while in every country shrines and altars
Do attest the love and faith inspired by that
Young saint who ever holds the lily.
Ruled so long by popes at Rome, like nuns no marriage
Rites permitted, no thought of child, for orphans of
Th' world has Italy clothing made and sung eternal
Songs, has painted pictures full of truth divine
To help the nations yet unborn.
Her Dante, morning star of verse, belongs to all
Th' world. Who knows not his Divina Commedia,
Its height and depth, and th' Vita Nuova, is poor indeed.
Marvel well we may at his imagination.
Joy we often shall at love that so transform'd
His life. Yet o'er his unforgiving spirit, that
At last his life so darken'd, and our thought of his
Great genius shadows, weep we must.
Then her Petrarch with broad brow and luminous eyes,
Remember'd long by all whose Lauras to th' heights
Them lead, a lover, patriot, friend, philosopher he,
And poet laurel crowned, lives at Rome to-day,
At Pisa and at Florence, though at Arqua rest
His bones. His statue speaks a message to the children
Of Padova, as on their way to school they play
Around their town's late tribute[13] to the bard who learned
Much lore within the gate where Galileo's tower
Is seen, where still his rostrum reverently guarded is,
In the quiet halls which held a host of choice

Spirits in the bygone days. They loved the chapel
Built upon the old Arena, whose walls hold pictures
Fair that make us feel there is a vision seen
Alike by poets and painters. Giotto's inspiration
Dante's portrait drew in fresco fine while they
Abode in Antenor's town.[14] Here Petrarch came to pray,
And Tasso too in later days; and while celestial
Vision ever came to Giotto's aid, yet in
Mary's Chapel better than in crypt or tower
We see the master's hand who knew so well what color
Suited best each saint, who used th' legends old
And Holy Scripture stories right, and never failed
To give to saints their holy eyes. In every branch
Of art he far outstripp'd his master, Cimabue,
Whose sweet spirit still pervades many sacred
Fanes and makes us glad he found and taught the shepherd
Lad and recognized his peer.
Luini th' Lady Mother drew and saints that hold
A rare perfume. Though dim with age th' undying still
Is written on each perfect brow.
DaVinci knew the face of Christ; to it the phase
Of womanly as well as manly strength he gave.
But Guido Reni saw the Blessed Mother clearer
Than his peers, and of the gentle John of Patmos
Gives a portrait true, while Beatrice's tearful
Eyes are not more lifelike than the face and form
Of his Michael, warrior archangel.
The art of old Perugia town is full of quaint
Religious feeling; hosts of angels everywhere
From brush of Fra Angelico or Raphael's teacher,

Perugino. Raphael depicts on his
Madonna faces every phase of woman's love
And power to suffer. We like to think that this most blessed
Lady cannot be portrayed by any one
Type, but that she stands for ideal womanhood.
What of Titan Angelo, who strength of sculptor's
Art to painting carried; in color carving figures
On his canvas so that prophets walk and sibyls
Almost talk on ceiling of the famous chapel
Of the popes. Not higher than his time did his
Religious compositions rise, but when he gave
A dome to Peter's Church we knew that Angelo
Many talents had, which, if in one groove they
Had run, he would be hailed as Italy's greatest genius.
A majestic mixture in his art of pagan
And half-bred Christian; in his poems and letters th' gentle
Heart we find that would have grac'd earth as a prince.
A princess, yet true woman, helped to mould the manners
And the inner life of him she honored most.
Yea, Colonna, to you the credit be of much
We find in men whom you call'd friends.
While Italy is the native place of Christian art,
From rude designs on walls of catacombs to mural
Paintings quite superb in palace and cathedral,
Art by no means was all scriptural. Many mythic
Scenes we see and Titian well deserved praise
Gained for rarest coloring, yet not erudite
In fabled lore, his pictures often fail to tell
Th' story. His Assumption and fresco of Mary on
Th' temple stairs are justly famed. Tintoretto,

Veronese and Jacobo Bassano as
Colorists each the other much resembles; but
One can always tell Bassano by the family
Portraits or the little brown-ear'd dog. To naught
In Venice second is the Cana marriage feast,
Tintoretto's masterpiece, though Palma Vecchio's
Saint Therése more talked of is. The Ariadne
And Europa side by side in Doge's Palace
Illustrate the love of classic, Veronese
And Tintoretto felt. At Parma has Correggio
Left his most superb Madonna group, and while
Some cry decadence, all are spellbound held by warmth
Of feeling, grace, and opal tints. Guercino of
Bologna, though his coloring is less delicate than
Correggio's or Guido's, rarest portraits gives
In mythical and scriptural scenes.
When canvas all is worn and pigments e'en are faded,
On Ghiberti's doors we still shall gaze and wonder,
Nor fail to praise Verrochio, nor say that any
Him excelled in equestrian art. Perchance
He sculptured better than he knew; though Donatello
Gave to David and Saint George more perfect forms,
Both in marble and in bronze were master workmen.
Cellini's Cosimo and Perseus are inspired,
While Canova modell'd many lovely forms.
All these and many more made Italy's tree of art
Blossom for three centuries. Now came blight from bigoted
Religious zeal, which kill'd th' artistic spirit, which
Imprison'd Galileo for knowing more than pope,
Which burned th' wise Dominican friar who dared denounce

Corruption in the Church and warn the wicked Borgia
Pope as well as Florence's lowliest sinner. Then
When God's instrument, Charles of France, from Alps to
Naples
Marched, Italia's iniquity was chastised,
And France gain'd literary and artistic birth
Which the mother's death knell sounded.

CANTO II

Egypt

Let geologists tell the minute process of the birth of lands. Let
physicists and chemists wrestle with the problem
Of changes wrought that made the land a habitation fit for man.
Suffice for us to know that mankind on this planet
Lived ages ago, not only man, but wise men, seers and teachers.
Unless the seer be teacher too, what mission has he

Fulfilled? Who in times to come knows whether he lived
Or not? To Egypt we should go to learn what man
Did for man, yea, for mankind in th' dawn of th' sixth
Day, that day which now is and will be for ages
Yet to come th' most glorious by far that e'er
Has been; that day when, all things being ready, th' time
Fulfilled, man into being sprang, his temple of clay
Entering, leaving fins and feathers, fur and hide,
Too thick for higher uses than to defend him from
Th' beasts of prey, behind. Then shedding tails and wings,
He stood with vertebrate strength to claim his kingdom, not
On earth alone. At first too weak to climb, he sought
Th' level land and quiet water-side; the placid
Lakes his bestial nature calm, and nature's beauty
Reconciles him to the change.
That sweet poet who by stream of fecund Nile
Sang of creation's days, inspired was to speak
Of the evening and the morning. How beneficent
As well as wise the hand designing evening to

Precede the morning! Who that first beheld the radiant
Morn and felt the noonday heat could live through night?
Darkness to one ignorant of its purport would
Be enough to stunt the growth of life and leave
A man bereft of reason who for th' first time felt
It after daylight. No death, perhaps, has been
More terrible than the yielding to sleep that first night after
Seeing th' god of day descend.
Did light precede the dark? In any life or lives
Does it e'er come first? The seed lies in the ground;
Th' bird is hidden in the egg; from the dark womb comes
Th' infant life. Yes, always darkness, then the light.
Out of the cloud comes lightning. O great negative mother[1]
From whom positive force proceeds! O blessed wisdom
That decreed the night should day precede! In th' evening
Light was born! In th' twilight man first came to life.
A little light, then a long, long night before the brightness
Of the rosy dawn. So Erebus Phœbe precedes.
Nyx with her dark horses drives before Eos
With her saffron robe! Leto wander'd long
Ere chain'd Delos came in sight where birth she gave
To twin lights.[2] Even Phœbus must destroy the python
Ere from Phœbe's hands the shears he takes, declaring
His hair shall ever be unshorn.
Having elsewhere had their primitive lives, a few
Develop'd souls to Rhea[3] in their astral nimbi
Came, and wove terrestrial bodies out of Mother
Earth's fabrics, in climes best suited to their need.
Th' age call'd Pleistocene[4] came earliest in Greece,
Persia, and Nubia. In each of these

Climes a race matur'd, nor knew of others than
Themselves. The forerunners of these races, those who came
From other planets, in their astral envelopes,
Temples of clay constructing from the elements, were
Spirits so advanc'd that inspiration easily
They received from beings of a higher order,
Who not only aided them in preparation
Of these new tenements, but taught them what to do
For the betterment and development of all creatures.
Nubia, set 'round with mountains, wreath'd with clouds,
A land of many pure fresh-water lakes which flowed
Northward to the sea in after days, the foster
Mother was of a race in sinew strong, in mind
Wise. As all of earth's first children, they the sun
Worshipp'd. Into life its genial rays had warm'd
Them, as still it does the ostrich eggs when hidden
In the desert's golden sand. The radiant orb
Of day they lov'd and mellow moon and twinkling stars,
Yet when night-time came they fear'd th' monstrous beasts
Who own'd th' waters and the forest ere man came.
Of all the myriad forms of life the serpents were
By far their greatest enemies. Of superhuman
Size, still upright,[5] walking on their tails, these creatures
Worshipp'd were by man, through fear.
When the golden age of earth had pass'd away,
Some seers and trusted teachers of these earliest times
Were, to men of later days, as gods. One Kofu
Open'd such a mine of wisdom to the new
Made race of men that he was father call'd by all
Of his disciples, and by many deem'd th' father

Of the Nubian gods. He sometimes is miscalled
Kephera, and was by his descendants worshipp'd in
Th' moon. A little later Sepa, learn'd in secret
Lore, by his descendants worshipp'd was as sun.
Th' life in trees was nam'd for him, and many words
Still found in northern lands betoken that his name
Was one with wisdom.[6] Nu, an early ruler, gave
His name to all the land so lately under water.
He was call'd th' water-god; while Nut, his wife,
By her children nam'd Goddess of th' Sky,
Had figure made with feet and hands upon the earth
While her body fair is as the heavens arched.
Shu, whose place it was to uphold the sky, and keep
Th' earth and heavens apart, a teacher was of many
Things so little understood, those coming after
Nam'd him God of Air; and many of his words
Treasur'd long beyond his day were taken into
Syria and later to the Chinese realm,
Where in curious ritual crystallized we find
Them to-day in valued books, the Shu-King called.
Shu and Tefnut, wiser than their day, were only
Mortals worshipp'd when their faults were all forgotten.
Keb, less given to talking of th' sky than his
Father Shu, unveil'd th' treasures of the earth,
Helping men the secrets of the soil and rocks
To unfold; was given the name of Earth-God by
Those who wish'd in after days to honor him.
All these before the day of kings.
Th' earliest of the Nubian chiefs e'er honor'd as
A god was Thoth, who thought the moon was greater than

Th' sun, and instituted worship to that pale orb.
Thoth's teachings, not unlike the cult of Kofu,
Were in later days brought north where several kings
Assum'd his name. We know not all whose children made
Them gods, for next to sun and serpent worship, which
Everywhere was earliest, came the adoration
Of the ancestor; if he had anything
Worthy of recording done, or if his children
Thought so, and were rich enough to make their boast
In metal or in stone, this one would be to future
Generations as a god.
As century after century pass'd th' people who
Their earth-beginning had on Nubian soil o'er all
Of Æthiopia spread, and northward came beyond
Th' then high Atlas mountains going to a fair
Island called Atlantis. Here the men who chose
A southern clime for their beginning rapidly
Develop'd; many incursions made on the mainland north,
A maritime power becoming, 'til their progress was
Arrested by the Titans in Greece.[7]
This island of Atlantis in its civilization
Equall'd anything this earth as yet has seen;
But as the people in material wealth and knowledge
Gain'd, they lost in wisdom and in goodness, so
Had degenerated in a few thousand years
Into a very wicked nation. Then the Pilot
Who guides dear Mother Rhea, knowing that some portion
Of the earth must be thrown off, its shape and orbit
To preserve, the island of Atlantis chose
As least worthy to be saved.

Little did the luxury and refinement of
Their rich civilization help assuage the anguish
Both of mind and body that on one and all
Seized in that storm of storms, which rocked and sway'd
Their isle three days and nights, and loosen'd from th' mighty
Deep the roots of land, and sent a piece from Rhea's
Breast far out in space, or sunk beneath the high,
High waves the land that fail'd to hold. Where once was verdure
Now was mud; where temples, palaces, and gardens
Fair, and all that men and women covet of
Earth's rich stores, were in profusion, now was naught
But salt waves lapping mud, which barr'd for many years
That passage to the inland sea where stood the gates
Of Herakles. This cataclasm, of great ones second
On our planet,[8] which has had so many fires
And floods, not only threw Atlantis off, and many
Smaller isles submerg'd, but clove asunder Afric's
Mounts, and let the many waters of the Nubian
Land in river flow, long call'd Ægyptus,
Afterwards the Nile. A world of sand was left
By th' receding sea, not yet made fertile, still
A desert call'd Sahara, which between Ægyptus
Land and ocean made a barrier.
One man escap'd th' doom that met his kind that day
When this mighty earthquake buried low all towers
And temples of the Nubian land. Without a mate,
Without a home, by all he had endured nigh
To distraction driven, Kahab with the beasts

Consort'd and ere his days on earth were ended saw
Th' human partly imaged in half beast, half man.
Th' mustang and the ape from Kahab took on human
Traits and partly human heads, yet kept their tails,
Some their claws. With human heads e'en serpents came,[9]
And men with heads of vultures, rams and dogs, so that
In after days these strange mysterious compounds worshipped
Were; yea, reverenced by a few, and feared
By many. Painted in rock tombs or graven on
Temple walls their portraits oft we find. The great
Sun-god Ra e'en had a head of ram, for he
In earthlife to the half-beast race belonged; yet
Deified he represents the sun whose rays
Vivifying, were suggested best by strong
Creative force in rams. Hence Aries, the sun's
First house, mark'd th' vernal equinox, when life
Returns to trees and herbs, when man and beast feel most
Desire to multiply. So in the upper world,
Also in the underworld, has Ra the head
Of ram, and many are the emblems found that show
His power, greatest of the race from Kahab sprung.
This race, half beast, half man, in time held sway o'er all
Th' valley of the Nile. They left one monument
Which still defies the hand of Time, and keeps the savants
Guessing what it means and whence it came. By these
Strong-limb'd people built, the great stone sphinx on lion's
Body bears a woman's head.
In those far-off days the woman larger was
Than man, with passions stronger. This the lion's body

Indicated. She who had so lately been
A beast had mind develop'd less than man, who had
Been longer out of th' animal state. Man, hoping his
Mate to rule by keeping her in ignorance,
Capp'd her thinking thereby to suppress her mind.
From the great stone sphinx, still peering o'er the sand,
We learn what in those early days man thought of woman
Whom he almost worshipp'd, half fear'd, and wished wholly
To subdue, yet dreaded doing so for fear
He might thereby defeat his perpetuity.
Valued only as producer, kept as slave
For the gratification of the animal man,
Not permitt'd to use her mind like children close
To Nature, woman then had much of Nature's wisdom
Unalloyed. Judgment never used, her
Intuition was more strong. So now among
Th' women of this curious race, so lately sprung
From beasts, were sibyls who had such divining power
That men from far and near consulted them as to
Th' portent of the future. Of these women, taught
Wholly by the lore in Nature's book, such wide
Celebrity one attain'd she gave her name to all
That land, and many lesser seeresses in later
Days the name of Libya adopted, claiming if not
Descent from her held high in days of Ra, at least
A portion of her power assuming.
Not along the river Nile but in the hill
Countries of Apollo's land were Amazon women,
Able to produce their sons in sinew strong
And larger than themselves; of whom some came a little

Later to Libya's land, there mixed with the smaller
Darker people in whose veins yet ran the blood
Of rams and bullocks, who possessed still a portion
Of th' serpent's guile. From out the east and north
Another race migrated to this valley, water'd
By the long strong river, which e'er since that fearful
Cataclasm from pure fresh lakes in Nubia
Had rolled and cut its way amid the hills, its bed
Of mud in that great sand tract making, 'til with many
Mouths it reach'd th' Magnum Mare.
In the lower valley of the Nile, made rich
By many overflowings of the giant river,
A race arose amalgamated from the three —
Syrian, Greek, and those half-animal beings who
Mark'd their highest era by the great stone sphinx
And the worship of the sun-god Ra. Yet not
Forgotten was the reverence for the moon. An early
King of Thinis took the name P-tah, a Nubian
Moon god, then made lunar calendars; so now
Again the moon became the first of deities.
By its quarters time was measured; and to these
Men, who first by Luna's quarters measur'd time,
What we call months were years. Then later thirteen months
Became the lunar year, as now.
By its light the moon converted night to day,
Its apparent comings and its goings birth
And death suggested, rebirth and immortality
Foreshadowed. Surely P-tah a great god was, and many
Priests who knew the secret lore were glad to take

His name for their cognomen, thereby gaining power
Over superstitious persons whom they purposely
Kept in ignorance. All writing was by signs
Known to priests alone. E'en monarchs were dependent
On the priestly hierarchy for their knowledge
Of science or of history. Pyramids they built
For astronomical observatories which
Later were built over, added to or alter'd
And used as tombs by kings who ceas'd to reverence
Th' science of the stars. Yet many temples, builded
By these priests, to-day tell us how well they knew
Th' movements of the heavenly bodies, and betray
By their orientation what religious cult
Was uppermost.[10] Those pointing to the summer solstice
Honor'd Nile whose flood-tide started at that time;
Oriented to the vernal equinox
Others, showing that their builders held to forms
Of worship where the Tigris and Euphrates rose
In springtime. Some to rising, some to setting stars,
Tell th' inquirer in these latter days the age
Of these temples, and the time when different races
O'er this land held sway. For by their knowledge of
Th' stars and deep religious feeling, records true
Have been left in great stone temples by these builders
On the banks of Father Nile.
There came from out the land of Punt, some thirty centuries
After the great cataclasm, a mighty chief,
Osiris nam'd, who all of Lower Egypt gained,
Making the peoples of the different races all
Subservient unto him; his rule at Thinis having

Firmly 'stablish'd, many other cities built;
Then with army vast to Nubia he sail'd
And brought a number of the large dark-skinned race
North as slaves. But with diplomacy acting, Osiris
Add'd th' Nubian deities to his own pantheon.
Kofu and Thoth now took their place beside the chief
Gods of Lower Egypt, Ra and Atum, whose
Worship had been added to that of Am, brought by
Phœnician conquerors from Syria. To each
Sun-god a place was given: Kofu, call'd the Opener,
Represented th' sun at early morn; the heat
And power of the noonday sun was Ra; while Tum
Or Atum, closer of the day, the sun at evening
Was. These gods did service also for the seasons;
Kofu, spring; the summer, Ra; the autumn, Tum.
Never more than three hours for each day, nor more
Than three seasons to the year.[11]
Th' Nubian moon-god Thoth for long held sway beside
P-tah, who venerated mostly was as teacher
Of metal workers; he, a veritable Hephæstus,
The fires of th' underworld controll'd.
His conquests finished, Osiris taught the people by
Th' Nile the cultivation of the vine which grew
To such perfection in his native land.[12] To Egypt
He became a Bacchus, and many temples built
Oriented to the equinoxes as
In Syria. Astronomers and architects
Imported were from Babylon. Both the lunar and
Th' solar calendars were by Osiris used,
Who added to the solar year five days, thereby

Confusion making: earlier it was more nearly right.
Osiris was a fighter brave, successful conqueror;
But by far the greater soul his sister
Isis, whom he married and made queen,
Jointly to rule with him. She was not only
Beautiful and learn'd but greatly loved,
And became a power for good in the land
She rul'd. Isis taught the women many things.
Greatest of all the truth from her they learned
Was the dignity of motherhood.
Upon that cult which worshipp'd virgins Isis
Frown'd. She cared not for the stern, cold maid;
She did not sympathize with Neith, the goddess,
Boasting that no man had pierced her veil.
Isis was proud to be a wife and mother.
One of her favorite names was Mut. One of
Her much-lov'd symbols was the cow, whose milk
Nourish'd not alone its own but higher
Offspring. Isis strove to make all 'round
Her aware that woman God's final
Creation is, His highest work, most like
The Creator. Through becoming a mother
She not only created sonship, but
Conferr'd fatherhood upon her husband.
It was from this Phœnician princess, Egypt's
Greatest queen, that women of the valley
Of the Nile not only did, but all
Who will may, learn of motherhood th' intrinsic
Value and in creation woman's place.
But dimly the truth we apprehend that last

Shall be first. Not strange it glimmer'd faintly
On these childlike minds. Yet after Isis'
Day the Egyptians deem'd th' goddess higher
Than the god, th' mother ever more
Than the father god. From the day of Isis
Th' mother-thought is never absent. Th' child
Of Egypt was a Trinity of Beings.
In every triad of gods we find two gods
And one goddess. In the hand each god
Holds a symbol of the threefold life.
Under many names the great Egyptian
Mother was ador'd; she was not only
Demeter, but Persephone, whose gentle
Breath discovers, when trees in spring their life
Renew, the body of Osiris, her
Beloved brother, grief for whom had almost
Demented her when he by serpent worshipping
Set was slain, because he would put down
That cult which his enlighten'd mind abhorr'd.
Many lessons all may learn from th' blessed
Mother of Horus, who with Horus in
Her arms was full moon, also she the eyes
Of Horus was. When he as sun was worshipp'd,
She was represented by the dog-star:
Its heliacal rising hailed the goddess,
Bringing th' sun to light, while Sirius
Setting was the goddess Hathor,[13] th' cow.
Her greatest temples oriented were
To Sirius, erected centuries after
Her life on earth, when she was deem'd a goddess

Only, all her frailties forgotten.
Countless statuettes in metal and
In precious stones, e'en more than temples at
Dendereh and at Thebes, attest the fact
That motherhood was worshipp'd by these people.
Many pages in the poetry of this land
Are filled with myths that multiplied about the deeds
Of Isis, Osiris, Set, and Nephtys. Temples found
In fourteen places typify the days of th' waning
Moon: his heart at Abydos buried tells us that
This place was the center of Osiris worship.
Many places honor'd him who was not only sun
And moon but Nile god, all that gave fertility and
Increase to the land. His wife, the moonlight had
For veil; it represented the mystery of birth;
This mystery it was, and not the moonlight, that
Was worshipp'd. Noting the use of veils we very nearly
Can follow the decadence of religions; for
When all inspiration from the fountain head
Directly comes, so long as nothing is between
Th' individual and his God, there is no need
To conceal the form divine. When human wisdom
Substituted is for revelation, th' serpent
Having enter'd th' garden, for secrecy there arises
Necessity, lest one should detect the fallibility
Of the hierarchy: hence the mysteries
Are inaugurated. Only priests may enter
Th' inner sanctuary; none but initiates
May see the form of th' goddess. After a while there are
So many veils the covering often is mistaken

For the form. If veils are spotless no one asks,
Is the King's daughter all glorious within?
It was not enough to veil the goddess; priestesses
Must wear veils to indicate that they were virgins.
Mortal maids e'en strive to hide with tissue veils
Th' imperfections of their bodies, as the blemishes
Of soul are hid by fleshly veil.
Laban made the veil of Leah so thick that Jacob
Wedded her instead of Rachael, his belov'd.
Not only Syrians and Egyptians used veils;
Was not Iphigenia arrayed as a bride?—
And as she sings that Greece shall be her nuptials, Greece
Her children, the saffron veil, betokening that she must
For her country bleed, hides not the cruel blade
That priest at altar wields, unsexing her for others'
Sins. So Polyxena likewise suffered, veiled
As bride while priests pretended that her sacrifice
Necessary was Achilles' shade to appease.
If only they were veiled enough, how many crimes
Sanction'd were by priests. No veils to-day our temples
Have, yet maidens drap'd with lace are ofttimes sold.
Th' veil of temple at Jerusalem was rent
By earthquake, when the Bridegroom of the Church, who
came
To break all veils, was crucified.
Yet mysteries are still in vogue; altar veils,
Chalice veils, and veils for ugly truths, and much
Of simple beauty cover'd deep with years of weaving.
How much further are we on the way to freedom
Than those children in the olden days? Some light

From other spheres the childhood of the race had brought.
Mysteries of life to it were more apparent.
Life and death and birth are mysteries yet. Before
Th' life on Rhea is the free, full life we crave,
Lifted must be many veils.[14]
As time went on the worship of Osiris was
Restricted to the waning moon and to the sun
In Duat, the underworld, where he with Ra divided
Honors. The world of shade most vividly pictured was
By th' Egyptian, who gave serious thought to th' place
Where he expected to spend much time, and from whence he
Would return. His earthly tabernacle preserved
Must be, so that his Ka, or astral, might in some
Mysterious way partake, through it, by means of prayers
And offerings, made by priests and friends of th' pleasures of
This life, which would last as long as th' mummy was
Preserv'd. To weave another body for his Ka,
To return to labor and to suffer in earth life,
Would indeed a hardship be, if, as he hoped,
He had to Duat gone equipp'd for life with Ra.
Hence was so much time and labor vast expended
On the tomb, and money willed whenever possible.
To pay for services and offerings. Was it strange
That these beliefs were foster'd by the priests, when rich
Harvests they thereby did reap?
Many curious paintings on the walls of tombs
Show not only what their life was here, but what
They thought of the Hereafter. One idea is far
In advance of later ages. In the judgment
Hall of Duat a picture shows Anubis, son

Of Isis, weighing th' heart of man. Decision is
In favor of the man's rectitude if th' heart
Is more than a feather's weight. That a man is as he thinketh
Was by a wise king said some centuries later. We
Still are spelling this trite lesson written on
Th' tombs of Isis' descendants. Life Hereafter held
A large place in the minds of these sun-worshippers; yet
Th' cult of Isis was so popular it spread
In later days to Greece and Rome, where costly temples
To the great Egyptian Mother-Goddess were
Erected. There to-day we find in marble, statues
Of her beautiful priestesses, who in one hand carry
A symbol call'd th' "sign of life."[15] With it they conjured.
If the hooks when shaken turned down, the seed
Would sprout. The future was foretold by those with psychic
Gifts, while others made wild guesses at the truth,
As many would-be psychics do to-day. These cults
Were inaugurated long years after Isis
Herself had passed to the world of shades; but during
Her lifetime was Osiris deified, and
Their son Horus sat upon the throne of Lower
And of Upper Egypt, when he had avenged
Th' murder of his father. Horus conquer'd Set
And all his followers, in a long religious war
Abolishing serpent worship throughout the land. He was
Then declared by worshippers of the sun and moon
To be th' reincarnation of Ra, whose name was added
To that of Horus; the sacred serpent[16] was to the royal
Crown attached; a hawk's head was given him,

Which bird, when drinking, by the position of his wings
Represents the force creative.
Even in his lifetime Horus was consider'd
Th' putter down of evil, the victor over the works
Of darkness. And what more than this a sun-god makes?
While Ra was never forgotten — does he not direct
His bark in the nether world, and give that beautiful care
Of th' divine pilot? — Horus was exalted
To the rank of highest sun-god Egypt produced;
His worship that of Kofu, Atma and Ra included.
As the lotus flower symbolizes the fertility
Of nature, Horus rising from this sacred blossom
Of the Nile was chosen to signify that life
In the spirit higher is than life of earth.
Deity ever matter transcends.
Horus' children, four, were for th' cardinal points
Nam'd, and for a thousand years did his descendants
Rule the Valley of the Nile. To magnify
Th' deeds of Horus they delighted, and oft depicted
Him as conqueror of all evil. Th' sun-disc winged
Over temple doors or humble dwellings was
Suppos'd to ward off powers of darkness, and betokened
Their faith and trust in Horus' strength.
Descendants of the son of Isis were the last
Dynasty of Egyptian kings divine entitled;
Phœnician rule by conquest end'd as it began.
There came from out the East a grandson of that Noah
Who from Persian deluge with his family was
Sav'd. This Semite Menes conquer'd Thinis; there
His throne established; then built Memphis which he called

For himself. That he was greatly rever'd, if not
Worshipp'd by his children's children, is attested
By the monuments in his honor erected by
Posterity. Those colossi at Luxor, sometimes called
"Th' Vocal Memnon," statues are of mighty Menes,[17]
Several centuries later than his day erected.
Th' Semite race, from Menes and his followers
Descended, ruled Egypt fifteen centuries.
They enlarged or rebuilt the pyramids
That were near to Memphis. Ata, a king of the first
Dynasty, built a step pyramid, while in the dynasty
Third, the pyramid of Medum Seneform
Erected, importing Babylonish astronomers.
Dynasty fifth pre-eminently priestly was;
Towards the end, in the reign of Assa, we find a moral
Philosopher whose name betokens a worshipper of
Th' moon. P-tah-hotep,[18] of Memphis high priest, left
A book of moral maxims written in verse, which more
Than a curiosity is. These maxims to-day
Are valuable as literature as well as precepts.
Though the oldest writings yet in Egypt found,
Their style betrays the fact that P-tah-hotep, however
Great, was no originator of a written
Language. Among the many excellent gnomic poems
One on how a man should treat his wife is modern;
One on courtesy in conversation full
Of wisdom is. He says not merely with the lips
But with the soul to speak, and silent keep unless
Th' thing that thou canst speak is perfect.
Near the end of the old empire, in the sixth

Dynasty, higher than either priest or king, we find
Th' name of a common man, a son of th' soil, one Una
Of Abydos, who by ability and integrity
Placed himself at th' head of affairs.
Now a period of decline, by civil feuds
Caused, and Memphis ceased to be the seat of government;
Ammon grew in power; many temples built
Or alter'd were while priests of Thebes for centuries ruled
Th' land, restoring order by the undertaking
Of enormous works: the Fayum drain'd, th' Nile floods stored
In Lake Mœris, canals built. The aristocracy
Saw that they were powerless against these wise
Priests. In time, the civil authorities were strong
Enough to insist that Ra should not neglected be,
A compromise effected was, the name of Ra
Added to that of Am, the All-god of the Syrians.
Henceforth th' cult at Thebes was that of Amen-Ra.
During th' latter part of the dominion of
Th' Amorite priests, when a pharaoh also of some power
Reign'd, it was that Abraham of Ur visiting
Egypt was surpris'd to find its civilization
Advanc'd beyond that of Chaldea, especially
In the deference paid to women and the sanctity
Of the family. Since the days of Benothis,
In the second dynasty, women were permitted
To reign, and since the time of Isis motherhood
Had been venerated. We revere that pharaoh
Of the thirteenth dynasty who, because he had
So little power, took to himself so many names,

Who with the beauty of Abraham's sister-spouse,
Sara was taken, yet as soon as he was told
That she the wife of another was, restored her
To her Hebrew husband. Famine which had driven
Abraham to Egypt, prov'd to be a great
Good. He profit'd doubtless by the wiser laws
In that land which is the mother of civilization,
Where the highest symbol is the lotus flower
Whose blossom is the woman, stem the child, and root
Th' man. This trinity of earth the father, mother,
Child, was first in Egypt worshipp'd.
Some three centuries after the Hebrew patriarch's visit
To the land of th' Nile, the power of the pharaoh
Being greatly weaken'd by th' domination
Of the priests, who though most learned men were never
Warriors, the Edomites, of Esau followers,
Descending upon the people of Lower Egypt, a kingdom
At Memphis establish'd, introducing th' worship of Bel;
They otherwise became Egyptianiz'd. This rule,
Which is known as that of Hyksos, or the shepherd
Kings, from th' thirteenth to the seventeenth dynasty lasted.
These Edomites it was who th' great rock pyramids
Converted into tombs. They also built vast temples
Of marvellous beauty, and tombs for sacred bulls, their god
Bel or Baal in later days as Apis known,
Whose vital fluid was by priests for healing used:
Caught in richest cups of silver and of gold
This potion taken tended to produce longevity.
During the period of the Hyksos kings it was,
In the reign of Iran Ra, the Superb, The Dreamer

Sometimes call'd, that Joseph, a Hebrew lad, descended
From Abram, Isaac and Jacob, by his brethren sold
To the Midianites, to Egypt came, a slave,
Where for a time he labor'd, was unjustly imprisoned,
Yet finally through his gift of divination was
Brought before the king, whom he so pleased that
Iran Ra bestowed upon him many honors,
And gave to Joseph, Asenath, daughter of the priest
Of On, for wife. Their sons, by Jacob blessed, became
Leaders, two of th' tribes of Israel nam'd for them.
By his remarkable foresight godly Joseph enriched
Egypt in the time of famine, also brought
His father and his brethren to this land of plenty.
The descendants of Jacob lived and multiplied
By the stream of Nile for centuries four or more.
Though the Hyksos kings had been expelled by
Aahmes, that great Nubian warrior whose grandson,
Thothmes, the worship of the moon reintroduced
At Thebes, as yet had nothing disturbed the peaceful lives
Of Israel's descendants. Thothmes First and his
Grandson Thothmes Third were given to war, and many
Successful conquests made, the empire extending from
Ethopia to Palestine and East
To th' Euphrates, into a province erecting Syria.
Of all the energetic sovereigns of the eighteenth
Dynasty, Queen Hatasu is the most distinguished.
Though half-sister to Thothmes Second, and seven years
His senior, she became his wife, and reigned jointly
With him. Then through the minority of the third Thothmes
She ruled alone, and many temples and obelisks

Erected. Her name at Del-el-Bhari still is seen,
While from other temples it was by Thothmes erased,
Who two great obelisks[19] set up at Heliopolis,
Both of which to Alexandria later were removed.
At Elephantine and at Luxor structures were
By Thothmes Third begun which Amen-hotep, his
Great-grandson, finished, whose wife, a Syrian princess, urged
Th' change in worship at Thebes from moon to that of sun.
In the reign of Amen-hotep Fourth, who also
Married a Syrian princess, once again sun worship
Prevails. A hymn of this time seems to change the cruder
Notion of sun worship to that of sun as source
Of energy. Philosopher, reformer, and patron of literature
Too radical to find favor at Thebes, this prince
With his Syrian consort th' capital to Tel-el-Amarna
Removed, where some years ago a correspondence
Political in character, showing friendly relations
With Syria, was unearthed. After this dynasty
A period of military despotism ensued,
Which last'd till Ramses First, a Hittite warrior, founded
Th' nineteenth dynasty. His son Seti First, a serpent
Worshipper, as his name betrays, it was of whom
Th' Hebrew scriptures say: "He knew not Joseph." Now
Began the persecution of the Israelites
Whom the Hittites feared and hated. It was Seti
Who decreed that all male infants of the Hebrew
Race should be destroyed. The ark in bulrush hidden
Wherein the baby Moses rest'd, by Miriam watched,
Was by Seti's daughter found. This Hittite princess

Beautiful the babe to palace brought and begged
Permission of her father to adopt it. Stern
Seti could refuse his darling daughter nothing,
So it came about that Moses educated
Was in all the learning of the Egyptians. After
Th' death of Seti, Ramses Second, his son, who as
His name betokens worshipp'd rams, did not with favor
Look upon the Hebrew lad who found it dangerous
Now to stay in Egypt; for in trying to
Defend an Israelite an Egyptian he had killed.
Into the land of Midian thence he fled and came
To Jethro's house. The aged priest from Jacob descended
Was so pleas'd with Moses that he gave his daughter
Zipporah to him for wife. For several years the future
Prophet led a peaceful life, the flocks of Jethro
Tending. Hearing how his kindred suffer'd under
Rule of Seti's son, the longing to deliver
Israel Moses seized, so that he begged Jethro
Him to bless and let him go.
Th' aged priest had in his house a potent rod
Which to give his son-in-law he much desired.
One morning after earnest prayer th' wise old man
For Moses shepherd's crook the rod substituted.
Three days and nights was Moses on th' mountain absent;
Returning was by Jethro met, who saw at once
By the new light in his face a great experience
Had come to him, who to his father-in-law related
All the marvels of the precious rod, recounting
What Jehovah, great archangel, said, who in
A blaze of light appear'd like fire within a bush,

Yet burn'd it not. The vision like a god to him
Spoke, declaring the Almighty had the cry of his
Afflicted children heard, and now was calling Moses
Their deliverer to be. Then Jethro knew
Who chosen was to set his people free, so gladly
Gave the rod of power to him, its history telling,[20]
How an angel stay'd th' hand of Abram, Isaac's
Life to save; how he on Jacob the rod bestowed,
Who many visions had and wonders did perform
While he Laban served; that with this rod the Dreamer
Joseph e'er divin'd, and to distinction rose,
Whose son Manasseh, knowing that it must be saved
Though he could ne'er it wield, had carried it to Jethro's
Home, and bade him keep it safe 'til one arose
Who might with it be trusted God's mandates to
Perform. Magicians many knew the use of rods
Who would rejoice possessing this, but Providence
Had it preserved not to be misused. Then Jethro
Godspeed bade to Moses, sent with him Zipporah
And their two sons. To Egypt as he journey'd with
Th' rod of God in hand, his brother Aaron came
To meet him in the wilderness, and they each other
Kiss'd. Then Moses told to Aaron what words Jehovah
Spake, declaring unto him the Lord Almighty's
Help, by whose strong arm the children would from bondage
Come into the Promised Land.
To Aaron Moses showed the rod, and told of all
Th' signs and wonders wrought by it, and promised that
In sight of all the people Aaron should these feats
Perform, and speak to Israel's Elders e'en as Moses

Bade. When Aaron deeds miraculous had done
And to th' assembled host what Moses dictated spake
The Elders and the people bowed their heads and worshipp'd
God, obedience promising Moses. Yet when Pharaoh
Did refuse request that they might go for holiday,
And sacrifice unto their Lord present, the people
Murmured, blaming Moses for the harshness Pharaoh
Show'd, who sent the messenger away saying,
I know not who the Lord is that I his voice obey.
And that same day he gave command that labors be
Increas'd which Israel's children wrought for him unpaid.
Then to Jehovah Moses spake complaining, for
Well he knew the hardness of this king with whom
In Seti's palace side by side he was brought up.
His angel guide did him assure that God was hard'ning
Pharaoh's heart, yet in a little while the king
Would drive them forth, for strong the arm of Righteousness.
Still great discouragement Moses felt, for if in earlier
Days, while yet his father reigned, Ramses gladly
Had seen Moses exiled, now when ruler sole
Of Egypt in the zenith of his power, the prince
Welcom'd not the coming back of this brave man
Who would the cause of Israel champion.
For nearly fifty years had Ramses ruled with
Rod of iron. Not only all at home the knee
Did bend to him, but from the east much tribute came,
Which show'd that part of that great Asiatic realm
He had regain'd, that Thothmes Third had earlier to
Th' empire add'd, which had been lost for many years.
Not only stranger tribes did Ramses fight, but his

Father's people; Hittites felt his cruel onslaughts,
Though later with his kindred he made peace, and married
A Hittite princess, yet when boasting of his exploits
He did not hesitate to magnify his victories
Over Hittite kings. These wars most graphically
Described, in vivid though in somewhat exaggerated
Style, the groundwork form of Egypt's greatest epic.
Ramses, tired of wars, desired a record that
Should lasting be of his campaigns. The preservation
Of rare heroic verse, in which the poet Pentaur
Celebrates the victories of this boastful king,
We owe to Ramses' vanity, who the verses that
His exploits glorified caused to be carved
Upon the massive pillars of the temple at Karnak,
Where his father, Seti, had great pylons raised
To close the sanctuary to the light of solstice sun,
Where the priests had praised Osiris for the rise
Of Nile. Nor would these ram and serpent worshippers let
Th' light of sun those temples flood which oriented
Were to vernal equinox, for these were built
By worshippers of the sun and stars who came from Babylon.
As conquerors each succeeded each in Egypt; as
In other lands they brought with them religious prejudice;
Yet finding here so many temples of gigantic
Mould, expedient often found it not to destroy
But these massive structures alter; hence it is
That pillars block the entrances and darken ancient
Sanctuaries, when one cult to another gives place.
Not alone were pylons raised by Seti and
Ramses, but heads of rams were everywhere in evidence,

And statues of these kings were seen on any possible
Site. At Abou Simbel four of Ramses Second
Are still on guard. This superb rock temple was intended
To glorify Pharaoh, but to-day it stands a monument
To the Israelites whose patient labor builded
It and many another, while they wore the yoke
Of servitude in Libya's land.
Now living in the glory of these magnificent temples
And tombs, which only could be builded by an oppressed
People, far from easy was it for this Pharaoh,
Who had never in his life been crossed, to let
His slaves go even for a three-days' feast. Grown old
In selfishness, greed, and arrogance, the heart of Ramses
Was hard indeed. He lov'd but one thing besides his power,
Meren-p-tah, his son, who like his father feared
Th' Hebrews secretly, yet was loath to part with them.
Moses knew these men so well he doubted even
God's power their hard hearts to soften. That
Pharaoh easily yield was not intended now;
First he must see the power and might of Israel's Lord.
To this end Moses and Aaron skill were given beyond
That of the Egyptian magicians who could do
Many occult feats, the potency understanding
Of magnetic rods. Yet through the rod by Moses
Or by Aaron held, Jehovah's strong arm acting
Made or stayed the plagues at will, sent horrors, suff'ring,
Grief, to th' homes of Egypt's mighty men, yet left
Th' land of Goshen free from pestilence, pests, and death.
Nor frogs nor lice disturb'd th' Israelite though found
In Pharaoh's bed. To th' fields of Israel's children came

Nor hail nor fire from heaven; neither did the locusts
Eat the tender herbs; their cattle died not though
In the Egyptian's field both man and beast did perish.
On that last eventful eve, when God so sorely
Smote, it was that Moses did the hearts of his
O'erburden'd people prove. If they Jehovah's arm
Would trust, if in the true God they believed, their faith
Must written be in blood. Where o'er the doorway now
Th' sign of Horus' power appear'd, e'en here the blood
Of lamb must strike, on lintel and on posts be seen,
That Death's grim messenger might know whose faith was firm.
No longer from the wingèd disc of sun-god they
Might protection seek; on Abram's, Isaac's, Jacob's
Lord alone rely. Minute directions Moses
Gave, and strict command concerning th' lamb whose blood
To them would ever be as token that the Lord
From hand of their oppressors had deliver'd them.
With fire the lamb must roasted be, with bitter herbs
And bread unleaven'd eaten at night, and nothing left
'Til morning; gird'd their loins and staff within their hands;
Shoes upon their feet. In haste must it be eaten,
Rememb'ring that it is the Lord's passover. This
Feast in Egypt, instituted their deliverance
To commemorate, forever must be kept,
Their children and their children's children taught its meaning,
Commanded to observe the feast for seven days,
From the evening of the fourteenth to the evening
Of the twenty-first day of the month of Abib

Which from henceforth was to be the first of th' year.
Nothing served to show the change in their religion
More than altering th' year's beginning from the Nile
Flood at summer solstice to the time of vernal
Equinox; for this the lowliest among
Them would perceive a separation indicated.
But whether even Moses fully understood
Th' symbolism of th' lamb, its blood upon the door,
Th' bitter herbs and bread unleaven'd, very doubtful
Is. The Lord Jehovah he obeyed in smallest
Details, while in later years the seers have seen
What was typified by Moses' passover feast
Which has helped to point the way.
So great the cry in Egypt when in every house
Th' first-born died, that Moses and Aaron summon'd were
By Pharaoh in the night, and bade go serve the Lord
And take with them their flocks and herds; for urgent now
Was the Egyptian that this people, by reason of whom
They had so keenly suffer'd, should depart. So Moses
And Aaron hasted, and that selfsame day the children
Of Israel out of the land of Egypt marched six
Hundred thousand strong; for they beside the Nile
Four hundred years and more had lived and labored. They
Carried Joseph's bones with them, as he had bidden
When prophesying that God would surely visit them.
Before the Israelites had crossed the sea, repented
Pharaoh that he let them go from serving him.
Then all his horsemen, captains, chariots, sent he after
Them. Yea, even the young Meren-p-tah who ruled
Beside his father, with the army went, for so

Willed God. When Israel saw the army of Pharaoh
Pursuing, 'gainst Moses bitterly murmured they for bringing
Them into the wilderness to die, for surely th' Egyptian
Host would them annihilate.
But Moses feared not, and to the people said,
Stand still and see the salvation of the Lord, which He
Will show this day to you. The Lord shall fight for you
And you shall hold your peace. Then spoke the angel, saying:
Tell the people to go forward.
All that night a strong east wind prevailed, sent
By the angel of God, which caused th' smoke to go
Between the camps, so that the Israelites could not
By their foes be seen, yet light the chosen people
Had enough from Sinai, sacred mount, whose crater
High threw out, in form of pillar vast, the cloud
By day, the fire by night. The same east wind which drove
Th' smoke between the camps of Israelites and Pharaoh's
Host, the waters of the sea did make recede
So much that Moses, stretching out his rod, was able
To divide the waters,[21] on either side a wall
And in the midst thereof the land, so that his people
Through the sea did walk as if it were dry land;
Yet when pursuing army came, his arm again
Across the sea extending, Moses bade the flood
Of sea return which covered chariots rich and horsemen
Many, all of Pharaoh's host. So Israel's children
Saw the dead Egyptians lying on the sands;
Then feared they God and in his servant Moses trusted,
And sang forthwith a great triumphal hymn. Then Miriam,

Th' prophetess led, with timbrels and with dance, the
women's
Choir, antiphonally singing with the men a hymn
Of praise to Israel's Lord whose mighty arm had them
Delivered from the house of bondage.

CANTO III

India

Th' Israelites who still preferr'd the laws of Nubian Shu to those of Moses, eastward journeyed to th' land of Chaldees.

Here some eagerly receiv'd th' ancient wisdom brought by Jacob's children from the mother land, while others frowned

Upon the cult. So Shu's followers soon to th' Punjab migrated, where for many years in peace they dwelt beside the Indus.

Brahma, soul develop'd, who though an Aryan spirit
Was of Malaysian parents born, to th' land of India
Came as forerunner of that race which still in Iran
Dwelt, who destined were to drive the Semites north,
And conquer th' aboriginal tribes of northern India.
Those who to the conquerors would not submit
Retreated to the hills and mountains where are found
Their descendants still. These Aryans coming into
India from th' Iranian plateau a century
After Brahma's time, possession took of this
Fertile valley, and assimilat'd th' culture
Of decadent Malaysians, as the Romans did
That of th' Greeks. Though Roman bricks ofttimes th' Greek
Marbles cover'd, never for a moment did
Their lamp of light outshine or overshadow Hellenic
Radiance. But the men of Iran not only drove
Th' yellow-skinned people from their fertile fields
In the land of th' seven rivers, and new methods

Of agriculture introduced; but collecting
And translating their great store of sacred writings
Neglected to ascribe them to an ante-Aryan
Period; while the numerous bright divinities of
Th' Aryans quite eclips'd th' somber shadowy spirits
Of the primitive race they conquer'd.
Malaysians, the autochthonous race of India, coming
To life on Rhea[1] only a century later than
Th' earliest,[2] warriors, priests and tillers of the ground
Were, whose civilization had so degenerated,
When the Aryans came it was no more than that
Of the American Indian when by Anglo-Saxons
Found. Yet they had left not only mounds and rude
Rock-tombs, but hymns of highest merit, a drama of such
Value that its fragments make the world to-day
Richer, helping all who seek the truth and desire
Liberation. Th' names of India's earliest poets
We know not, nor th' conditions under which they wrote,
Yet of their inspiration there can be no doubt.
Thirty-three are th' gods of which the Vedic hymns
Speak, divided into three groups differing in
Degree, in state and station, though th' Almighty is
Immutable. These old bards the shining ones above
Knew, the devas recognized as distinct
From th' dark earth spirits, dasyus or preventors
Of light. They also knew the deva-Rishi, saintly
Man, who from his seat in spheres above his brothers
Help who still are bound to earth.
Knowledge of things divine the Veda is, and writers
Of these sacred songs had certitude; they knew.

Not merely dances and rude mimes their drama, as
Often is suppos'd, but literature. The highest
Philosophic truths these dialogues contain,
Fragments of which we find in the Upanishads.[3]
Nachiketas, greatest seer in Brahma's day,
To whose home repaired many pupils, some
Sons of th' royal house, and even kings themselves,
Preserv'd for later ages th' greatest of th' truths
Found in these Malaysian dramas. Nachiketas
Taught his pupils reverence for the mother-god,
Th' one of all the gods in India earliest worshipp'd,
Not Privati, ancient goddess of the Earth,
But that primeval stuff from which the gods as well
As men proceed, and part of whom resides within
Each one of us e'en though unrecognized.[4] This self
A light, a finger's length, lies hidden in the heart
Of man. The wise beholding it within themselves
From sorrow cease and choose the better rather than
Th' dearer things in life, no longer led away
By greed for earth gauds. He who chooses wisdom, wisdom
Gains, and learns that what is Here the same will e'er
Be Over There. He knows this light within his heart
Is one with th' inner self of All; that he in substance
Is the same as God. A tiny spark of fire
Must e'er contain the elements of fire. The creature
Made in image like unto The All, to his
Creator is as drop of water to the ocean;
Who sees a difference restless and uncertain is
And goes from death to death. The knowledge of this Life
Is gained neither by speech nor sight nor meditation,

Only by affirming it. The light is that
Which Jesus call'd the candle, and said it should be set
Upon a hill, not hidden as is oft the case
By worthless mass of rubbish. How the self to th' great
Dynamic force of life by radiance may be join'd
When man, by meditating on the mystic Aum,
Shall learn to rise by measures three, and pass the narrow
Gate which leads to higher spheres, where food in pastures
Green and waters clear life-giving streams may be
Partaken of, while yet the soul in house of clay
Doth dwell, wise Pâppalâda taught.
This sage in Brahma's time suggested what in after
Days the Nazarene command'd — Go in and out
And pasture find, and take of life's waters freely.
This was the food which He partook of when He said,
Meat have I that ye know not of.
Th' saintly Sâkayâna warns his hearers not
To preach the secret doctrine save to pupils of
A mind serene. An esoteric circle has
Always been encouraged by great teachers. Jesus
In parables spake to th' many, for their time had not
Yet come. A time there is for all things, all things come
In time. Not all mankind for vision ready are.
God's children differ greatly in attainment,
As in age souls vary. When on earth for th' last
Time, a glimpse at least of other spheres the soul
Will have to make the journey heavenward easy. Seers
Are those who see beyond. The righteous Sâkayâna
Taught that mind the cause of bondage is, as well
As cause of freedom, and that man his way to life

Eternal wills, when life within beholds The Life;
This can never be until from wickedness
Th' soul has turned away, and emptied envy, hatred,
Malice, prejudice, from the heart. Then tranquil, free
From fear or grief, the man will see by grace of God
Th' majesty of self, and know by choosing that
He can one become with Universal Self,
Nor lose an atom of any good that he has gained.
Besides the many Brahmanical seers and sages who
Th' philosophic dissertations of the Malaysian
Drama preserved, there were gifted poets among
Th' early Brahmins, singing of non-Aryan as well
As Aryan heroes, giving glimpse of a golden
Age that passed away before the Semites came.
Valmiki, holy hermit, pearls of poesy gained
Through pity. Aided by Narada, messenger of
Th' gods, of Dasa-ratha's dutious son, the noble
Rama sang, who Vishnu-like, unfaltering in
Th' truth, was by privation chasten'd and prepar'd
To be a father to his people, th' kind Kosalas
And Videhas in their glorious day, when men
Of Ayodhya righteous were, when Oudh and Behar warriors
Marvellous prowess had, and culture deep their priests.
Valmiki not alone of Rama's wanderings sang
But of Rama's bride, Mithila's princess Sita,
Janaka's daughter from the earth with birth imputed
Miraculous, whose faithful wifehood many sufferings
And purgations have to womankind endeared
Her, and given her a place in every Hindu
Woman's heart. The valiant brothers Rama and

Lakhmana were descended from devout illustrious
Monarch Sagara, also from the saintly king
Bhagiratha who the lovely Ganga, daughter
Of the vast Himalaya mountains, led to th' sea.
Centuries after Rama's day the Kuru kingdom
On the upper Ganges stood. 'T was here Bharata's
Godlike race of knightly men, with maids and matrons
Fair, so fam'd in song and story, reverenced
For long years the Holy Vedas, also their authors
And their heralds, fed the sacrificial fire,
Gave abundant feasts to rich and poor; made costly
Gifts, not only from king to king but from the wealthy
To the needy man; acknowledg'd that the shining
Ones above were cognizant of their acts; and offerings
Made to saints and gods celestial, who from seats
On high o'er them did watch, as well as gifts to saintly
Seers and priests and holy hermits, helpers here.
They believ'd that bright immortals came to view
Their gay parades; and taking pleasure in their pleasures
Above them sailed in the sky in cars, from whence
Dropped heavenly flowers whose perfume filled th' air.
Not only did these men of Kuru have their massive
Palaces gaily painted, their women much bedecked,
Their monarchs and their princes jewel-girdl'd, gauntlet'd,
Their bows and knives and swords aflame with precious stones,
Their chariots drawn by milk-white steeds and swiftest coursers,
Their actors and their minstrels well paid, loyal their friendships,
Their paternal and maternal love alike

Firmly grounded, so that the mandate of a mother
To her sons was final; but many of the heroes
Of this Bharata land were god-born, or their birth
God-inspired, fighting to the end their fight,
Yet dying they forgot not to forgive their murderers.
So it was in Kuru kingdom when Vyasa
Of Hastina's ancient walls did sing, which Ganges'
Bright wave washed; and of Yudthisthar's palace
Built on Jumna's sacred shore, and of the old
Blind king Dhritarashtra, father of Duryodhan,
Who the sons of Pandu fought so fiercely when
Jealousy had darkened his hard heart so that
Even saintly, white-rob'd Drona, warrior-priest,
Could not stay his murd'rous hand. So peerless Bhishma
He bade lead the Kuru race in war unrighteous
'Gainst their kindred; thence fell many godlike men.
Now we read that Krishna with Hastina's monarch
Pleaded long for peace and love with sweet and soft
Persuasion; that the fatal feud might cease; that Bhishma
Strongly urged Duryodhan yield to Krishna's counsel;
That Drona, wise preceptor, bade him list to these
Peerless chiefs and not to those who wished th' war,
Prophesying that brave Arjun, son of Indra,
Aided by the righteous Krishna, could not be
O'ercome; and that the sightless kind old father wept
And strove to turn Duryodhan's mind, the friendship of
Th' noble Pandu brothers begging him to seek,
Letting strife and hatred cease. But proud Duryodhan
Was with ten strong kings allied, and naught could bend
His ignoble pride nor quell his boundless greed.

He hop'd to wipe his hated kinsmen off the earth.
Also we read of Drupad, fair Panchala's monarch,
Whose dear daughter Draupadi, in mighty contest
By Arjun gain'd, the wife of Yudhishthir
Became; and of Matsya's King, whose daughter fair
Was bride of Arjun's beauteous boy. These kings the army
Of the Pandu brothers joined.
We read of wind-born Bhima, stalwart fighter, who
With furious valor strove; of Arjun, Vishnu-like,
Who, when god-incarnate Krishna served him
As charioteer, the death of peerless Bhishma caused.
Then when Abhimanyu, fair Subhadra's boy,
Was slain by Sindhu's monarch and six Kuru warriors,
Boundless Arjun's wrath and deep his grief for death
Untimely of his valiant son, while fiercely burn'd
His vengeance on that day of arduous, cruel quest.
Krishna, ever kind and thoughtful, groom'd and fed
His jaded horses, healed their bleeding wounds ere Arjun
Drove his furious car against brave Jayadratha,
And laid him low with vengeful arrows.
Yet when Drona, peerless, wise preceptor, slain
Was by Panchala's prince, a filial tear brave Arjun
Dropped o'er his lifeless corpse. When sun-born Karna
Whose famous bow Vijaya that once to Par'su-Rama
Belong'd, met Arjun with his bow, Gandiva, gift
Of gods, these heroes equal were in strength and bravery.
Naught did Karna fear save Arjun's charioteer,
And begged that mighty Satya, Madra's king, his car
Might drive. This favor by Duryodhan granted was.
Then for two long days these archers, so well matched,

Fought, and neither knew that both were sons of Pritha.
At length when valorous Arjun conquer'd dauntless Karna,
We know that more than mortal strength was his, and this
Was granted him, we're told, because in path of virtue
He was fighting for the right.
On the fifteenth day, the last day of the war,
Bhima, having slain Duryodhan's brothers all,
Met the hateful king, and for his many crimes
Him arraigned, calling hideous deeds the one
After another to mind ere him he sent to Yama,
Monarch of the regions of the dead. Then from
Hastina's palace hall came forth the Queen Gandhari
With many moaning maids and widow'd matrons, weeping
Bitter tears o'er loved ones' corpses found on field
Of battle. Stately in her sorrow stood Gandhari
While to Krishna speaking. That Duryodhan now
In heaven dwelt herself she comfort'd. When the funeral
Rites were o'er the sightless Dhritarashtra with
His Queen Gandhari and the ancient Pritha, mother
Of the Pandu brothers, into retirement went
To the forest, where ere long they met their fate
By fire. One after another the heroes die, then Arjun's
Grandson, Prakshit, upon the throne is placed, and pious
Yudhishthir proceeds to Paradise in car
Celestial. We follow him and note that Krishna now
In heavenly form the good man meets, and him presents
To Draupadi his dear earth mate, to father and
To mother and all his brothers brave. The sun-god Indra
Then shows the king the heroes Bhishma, Karna, Drona,
All the true and virtuous chiefs of Kuru kingdom.

In the glimpse we have of heaven mention is
Not made of selfish, impious king Duryodhan.
So closely this historic epic of the war
Of th' Bharatas twin'd itself around the people's
Hearts, that generations later when a writer
Or a teacher would preserve a legend or
A maxim emphasize, it was inserted in
The Mahabharata. So Vyasa's bouquet
Of verses[5] has to vast proportions grown, wreath'd 'round
With much that's good midst many weeds. When Krishna worship
Dominant became, the ancient dialogue
Between brave Arjun and his heavenly charioteer
Was by wise preceptor Sanjaya heard with inner
Ear; wherein the godlike slayer of Madu teaches
Th' son of Kunti helpful truths, instructing him
That slaying a man's body in no wise slays the man,
For he to the imperishable belongs; having been
From the beginning, will be always. The everlasting
Abiding Ancient is not slain when th' body perishes,
Yet Arjun wishes not to smite his kindred
Not desiring victory. Krishna then assures
Arjun that this fight is lawful, and 'twould be
Dishonorable in him not to wage the battle.
Further th' Lord to Pritha's son explains the rule
Of work: that no man wins adeptship leaving work
Undone; without the doing of deeds no one can come
To the plain of rest, but wise is he who ever unwearying
Works with no desire of fruit of works, for that
Work done free from attachment wins to the supreme.

Further Krishna to his faithful one makes plain the difference
Of the moods, and how to pass beyond them by
The cleansing power of knowledge, which through faith to him
Is given who wisely holds the reins of his emotions.
Mind than sense is higher, understanding higher
Still than mind, while self that in the heart abides
Highest is, for of the Undivided Supreme
It is part. "Who refuge seeks within and casts
His cares on Me wins peace at last."[6] Thus spake the Lord
Whose words were ages later into this epic woven;
Which by many later critics is considered
Modern, but Sânkarachârya called it
The essence of all the Vedas; while to-day the native
Men of erudition hold that th' Bhagavad Gita
Was long before Vyasa's day, before the Aryans
Migrated into India,[7] though much mutilated
Now by modern would-be seers.
Time came when the prophet Brahma was forgotten.
Though half hidden by the rites and mummeries of
Th' sacerdotal order, much of his teachings remain'd.
Yet men of learning claiming to be than monarchs higher,
Some enlightened and some not, but knowing that
That which animates the man is spirit, worshipp'd
Breath, and taught that Brahma was th' Creator. While
Th' ignorant and uncultur'd here as elsewhere had
Many gods, th' Brahmin monotheistic was
At first; the lesser gods were all impersonations
Or the attributes of Brahm.
Th' Aryans brought a number of deities from Iran;
Then adopted all they found in their new home,

And invented for this sunny clime a bright
God who became in time a veritable Apollo,
Athwart the sky his chariot driving, attended by
Th' haratas; Indra gradually took the place of th' great
Mother, honors alike sharing with th' protector
Vishnu and th' destroyer Siva, who together
With Brahm had form'd a triune God.
Th' Brahmin minstrels, singers of sacred songs, at first
Became the priests, and later on a caste, whose claim
To superiority was enhanced by
Th' teaching that the Brahmin proceeded from the mouth
Of th' Creator, while the Rajputs from his arms
Came forth, the Vaisyas from his thighs, and from his feet
Th' Sudras. Of course those who proceeded from the mouth
Must teach; those coming from the arms were warriors
And princes; while the product of the belly or
Th' thighs should work; and those born of the feet be slaves.
Separated were these castes by iron-bound rules
Fost'ring prejudice, injustice, pride. To break
Their rigid order no one tried until the Master
Came, the Samda-Budhi, reincarnate Brahma,
Greatest of the Aryan teachers, th' brotherhood
Of man proclaiming; founding th' Order of the Yellow
Robe, so that deliverance from delusion might
To mankind be preached, th' barriers breaking down
That bind the soul to earth lives; fetters cutting that
Create necessity for reincarnation. Buddha
Sought and found in man and womankind wise helpers —
Men to preach and teach; to nurse the sick and tend

Th' temple, nuns and matrons kind, who food and clothes
To th' despised poor dispensed, also practic'd
Generous hospitality, gaining lasting good.
Whether in oval isle of Ceylon, or
In northern land of Ouhd where Sâkyas dwell
As tributary princes to Kosala's
King, was this rare prince Siddartha born
Is of little moment. Whether palace
Was his home or humble dwelling place
Matters not. Or if as later legends
Say, his mother Maya was by gods
Above impregnat'd — what of it? A Virgin
Is a man begettor. Yes, one able
To produce a virile man, a hero;
For consciously or unconsciously is all
Conception caused by Holy Spirit power.
Who knows her kinship to the gods will be
Th' mother sought by souls who purpose help.
Whoe'er his father or his mother, born
On earthplane was the master call'd Gautama,
Who the key to heaven's kingdom found;
Show'd th' open door to those made ready
For the vision; taught that knowledge freedom
Brings to those with eyes and ears for truth,
Th' many moral teachings of the past
Condens'd into the eightfold path, a doctrine
Plainly pointing to the cause of suff'ring;[8]
Stating how to quench the thirst for earth lives,
How to vanquish vain desire and banish
Delusion; how to overcome the tempter

Of forest! Then an order founded of mendicant
Monks, who donn'd the yellow robe with meek
Grace, their daily bread in bowl accepting,
Making the giver richer for the gift.
Brahmins not alone to this new order
Came, but high or low were welcome if
Ready in themselves to seize a ray
Of light that from Gautama's well enlighten'd
Soul in floods fell round.
Then as rivers all to ocean run
Whatsoe'er their caste had been, these men
As one Bhagava cry, Exalted One!
Buddha! He who knows.
Among the earliest converts of this prince Siddartha
Were the mighty kings of Magahda and Kosala,
Also wise Jivaka whom Bimbisara appointed
Physician of the Order. When Buddha at Benares
His first sermon preach'd, he won a numerous following.
Then in Jetavana's garden many merchants
And many men of humble birth he taught, while women
Throng'd to hear him, though to highest fellowship
None admitted were. The gentle Yasodhara
Became a nun, and good Visakha of Savatthi
Praised was for hospitality.
Maggollana and Saruputti, Buddha's early
Friends, though disaffected for awhile to th' master,
Return'd anon and faithful followers were; but none
So well as Ananda understood his word, though many
Brethren went throughout the land the Way of Peace
Declaring, which the Buddha had proclaim'd; and after

He had shed the mortal shell his teachings at Patna
Were collected. But divisions came, and neither
Th' council of five hundred nor of seven hundred
Held the believers to one mind.
Asoka, grandson of the famous Chandra Gupta
Of Behar and th' daughter of Seleukis, who
With Antiochus th' Great made treaties and extended
His empire southward, made of Buddhism a state religion,
Conven'd a council, corrected heresies, collected
Th' sacred books, promoted institutions of learning
For men and women, hospitals built for man and beast,
Missionaries sent to teach. Conversions always
By persuasion were and never by the sword.
Numerous rock inscriptions permanent record make
Of good Asoka's work. His son the sacred canon
To Ceylon carried; thence it spread to Burma and
Th' Eastern Archipelago.
Buddhism grew the better for transplanting. Though
It prevailed in India for a time, never
Was Brahminism entirely crush'd or rooted out.
From the pen of Megasthenes we learn that kingly
Government in Gupta's day was much the same
As that prescrib'd in Manu's laws.
While the Gupta kings in Ouhd were reigning, and
Th' Sah kings held the northwest near Bombay,
Those vast invasions by the Tartars started, which
For over a thousand years all India devastated.
Fame one monarch won attempting to drive the Scythian
Hordes beyond th' Himalayas. Th' Samvat era began
In honor of his victories. Then a century later

Th' successful exploits of another valiant king
Th' Saka era marks. But still the Tartars came.
Ishmael's descendants, cultur'd Arabs, in th' eighth
Century of the Christian era conquer'd th' Sind,
Mohammedanism introducing, which a rapid
Growth had in the north, while in the south of India
We find the faith of Brahma reasserting itself.
Kumarila of Behar the Vedic doctrine
Preached of a personal God, and while in his
Day the Buddhists suffered persecution, he
And his most famous pupil Sâncharachârya mould'd
The philosophy of the Brahmins into the more
Popular religion of the Hindus.
Siva now became the favorite deity. In
Th' minds of th' cultur'd class this is the wisdom of
Th' serpent, while to th' ignorant man or woman it is
Only phallic worship. Vishnu never was
Forgotten; he who brighten'd day at morn, at noon
And eventide; who from his home in heaven willingly
Descended, taking human form, as Rama First;
Then, as Krishna incarnating, high-soul'd princes
Of the great war epics, Vishnu, god of light,
Slowly gain'd pre-eminence in the minds of th' people
Especially those of th' middle class. The worship of
Vishnu spread, becoming the popular cult of even
Th' most despised caste, after Ramanand
Of Benares chose his twelve disciples from
Th' poorest, and the dialect of the common people
Used in th' familiar folk songs and war ballads.
One of Ramanand's disciples, Kabir, to unite

Th' Hindu and Mohammedan strenuously strove.
Eloquently he set forth the oneness of God,
Saying to the Mussulman: To th' West, to Mecca,
Thou for God dost look; and to the Hindu: Thou
Lookest East, to Benares; but if only your
Heart you would explore, there both would find the same
God, the Inner, He to whom the whole wide world
Belongs,—the Father of both peoples.
From Usman's raids to Ahmad Shah's devastations
Th' triumphs of the army of Islam were but partial
And temporary, meeting with resistance in
India keener than elsewhere. Yet by Muhmud twelve
Times was India invad'd, though it was not 'til
Th' day of Akbar that an Islamic empire existed.
Most wise his policy was of giving to the Hindu
Chiefs high posts in government, which not only brought
Them into political dependence on him, but induc'd
Them to mingle their blood in marriage with th' Mughals.
Thus did Akbar reduce the states of Upper India
To provinces of the Delphic empire. Yet withal
In the south his efforts frustrated were by th' valor
Of a queen.[9] To various forms of religion Akbar
Was hospitable; he also encouraged learning; his
Red stone fort at Agra is still admir'd, and stands
In marked contrast to the exquisite marble temple
Erected by his grandson Shah Jahan. This was
The height of the Mughal empire in India. Even before
Th' British came, decline began. Mohammedan princes
Resist'd th' English army at many places, yet soon
Th' great Mughal was but a puppet, mov'd by British

Hands. The longest and the strongest opposition
To British rule came from the Hindus.
Th' military supremacy of the English in
India only began after the battle of Plassey.
Th' victor became the Governor of Bengal, and made
Vain but most heroic efforts for good government.
It was after Clive's second administration
During th' term of Macpherson, English governor third,
That the orientalist Jones, the translator of
Th' Persian poet Hafiz, found the Sanskrit drama,
And made an English version of the Sâkoontala
An exquisite picture of the pastoral life in the dawn
Of India's day. Though oftener we read the poetic
Translation of this drama by Monier-Williams, to him
We owe most thanks who to the western world first brought
Kalidasa's light, a poet greatest among
Th' nine bright gems who grac'd the court of Vik-rama-dity,
King of Ujjain, in a day when Buddhism was
Uppermost in India, ere it was transplanted
To China, Siam, or Japan.

CANTO IV

China

It was the canon of the Scythian King Kanishka, who held the last great Buddhist council and revis'd th' sacred books,

That became a state religion of China, spreading through the north of India, thence to Thibet, Tartary and the southern

Part of China, where Buddhistic thought is still preserv'd in purest form by people who know that spirit first is born,

Which weaves an envelope for itself best suited to
Th' sphere in which it dwells. The soul life then evolves,
Spinning a little coarser thread for rougher uses,
Forming a case to work in, lastly th' earth-house, call'd
By some the natural body. So the law of life:
First that which is spiritual, and afterwards
Th' earthy, cemented by a middle life which rules
Th' emotional man. As in the unit, so it should
Be in the mass; and if we but look deep enough,
Go back far enough in the history of a race
That has come to aught, we ever find it so.
China's child is law; and children here not only
Must have little feet to be aristocratic,
But must be laced about the waist, and bound in many
Layers of rich clothes, so nothing of their natural
Form is seen. Conventions multitudinous
Have hemm'd her children in so long, her men and women
Can be walked upon. Yet underneath, like frozen

Stream in winter, th' current still sets toward the sea;
So, though held by too much outward form, the nature
Of the Mongol is not frigid; deep down under
Th' crystallized surface paternal love still moves
His heart; his spirit yearns for higher spirits that
He believes are ever near.
If we stir the stream of individual life
We find it warm within; so if we drop the plummet
Down the sea of th' race, we find a prophet, whose
Name is but a name for God.

Early in the morning of Time, beside
Th' river Wei, in land now nam'd for him
Tartary, lived the grand man Tao, who
To his land the first laws gave — and they
Are more to-day than then, for laws of spirit
Live and grow. The sage of Tartary bade
His disciples live a simple life,
Not seek to govern men, but strive the nations
Of the kingdom inside to subdue.
His word was ever self-effacement. His
Favorite figure was the valley; for
As to th' lowlands all the waters of
Th' hills must run, and all the richest earth
Be borne, so honor ever to the humble
Man will come, and that which without seeking
Comes is always best.
For the sake of results must naught be done,
Else th' result will not avail, says Tao.
He taught the easy, level way: that small
Things must be considered great, and few

Many; while with kindness injury ever
Must be recompensed.
To Tao there was neither Yin nor Yang, but just
Th' All. Forgetting that e'en life in process of
Creation must have ebb and flow, repulsion and
Attraction, th' Taoists of to-day have stopp'd progressing;
Their religion only one of forms, the prophet
E'en forgotten by his followers, a word his name.
Yet 'neath the sands that give it birth pure water sinks
To rise again in other lands, or flow in wells
When men dig deep enough; so ages after Tao's
Stream of spiritual wisdom buried was in Tartary,
It rose in China, when the Old Child, Laotze,
Who kept the archives for the King of Chu, the fountain
Found, the heavenly stream of Tao recognized,
Knew the pearls of thought he found encrusted by
Th' ages, and gladly gave them light.[1]
Confucius of Lu to th' Old Child went for wisdom;
But so unlike were these two men in mental build,
They found no common ground on which to meet; yet both
Would teach the golden mean, would have men live by
golden
Rule. Confucius was courtier, politician,
Reformer more than philosopher; regarding outward
Modes of life was sage. He voiced views held long
Before his day; a canon of ceremonious customs
Codified that from earliest times existed.
His disciples gather'd th' fragments left from ancient
Feasts in baskets five, which gave the history, poetry,
Laws and manners of antiquity.

Th' earliest race in China passed away before
Th' time of history. Next the Mongol evolved, but
Not for many centuries mixed his blood with that
Of Malay or of Tartar neighbor; yet the three
Gradually an amalgam formed, with a sprinkling
Of that Semite stock which brought the cult of Shu[2]
Across the Tibetan hills when they by Aryans were
Driven out of northern India.
From what the Chinese sages saved we learn that in
Th' ancient days the Highest One by China's children
Under name of Yao worshipp'd was; that heaven
Descended were their emperors deem'd, and reverenc'd
As the fathers of the race; that later dynasties
Gained their names from new religious cults; that those
Recognizing God within are Yin, those seeing
More of God in outward things, the Yang or Wang.
Woo Wang, founder of the dynasty Chou, a memory
Left not reverenc'd less than that of Yu, who follow'd
The heavenly Emperors Yao and Shin, when he with almost
Superhuman power had dealt with mountain floods,
River courses changing, marshy lands reclaiming.
In the Trigrams of Fu-hsi we see the knowledge
Of a positive and negative force in nature;
But in the hands of priests the hexagrams became
A system vast of divination.
Mencius, mother'd carefully, cull'd th' flowers Confucius
Cultivated, tied the seeds in labelled packets.
Mo-Ti, to whom antiquity was not as sacred
As to orthodox Confucius, affirms that all
Evils in family or in state arise from want

Of mutual love—as altruistic he as Yang-Chu
Is frivolous. Broad are Schopenhaur's ethics compared
With Yang-Chu's, whose denial of free-will
Is a link in the process of decay of th' Chou
Dynasty, far more pregnant than the change to Tartar
Dress by King Wu-ling, or introduction of
Cavalry to a people used only to chariots.
Neither th' building of great walls nor burning records
Stayed th' ship which rides the waves of history. Woo,
Taitsong's widow, ruled th' land for forty years,
When enlighten'd Arabs built a mosque at Canton;
But not 'til Marco Polo wrote did th' western world
Know much of that vast empire rul'd by Kublai Khan,
Grandson of the ablest of the Mongol leaders.[3]

CANTO V

Persia

Had Genghis Khan ne'er conquer'd Syria, still upon the soil of Persia we should find the impress of the dominant eastern

Race. For ages long before the Tartars teas'd their eastern neighbors, or their territory tried to gain, they westward

Marched, passed th' Tibetan mountains, and an empire founded in the plain between the rivers Tigris and Euphrates.

Here as elsewhere on this planet, man on th' sixth
Day began to live. At once he surpassed all
That had existed here through ages, ofttimes called
Days, before the heat within the globe came forth
Enough to foster him. If upon the surface of facts
He liv'd and saw some light that since is lost,—nay, only
Clouded for a season,—if he read a message
In the stars that has been blurr'd for years, his children
Yet unborn shall fairer, fuller lessons read
When light their robes of clay has percolated. This mud,
Th' elements three times three containing, used was
In form of sun-dried bricks impress'd with ideograms
To tell the story of their civilization; yet
Long years before they felt the need of written records
These prehistoric races warr'd over their religious
Differences. The overworld they worshipp'd with
Its day- and night-time luminaries, but the tribes
Dispers'd and families were divided as to whether
Th' Sun be called Ar or Ra, or Al or La.

Th' Persians never had a definite mother god;
But Tur, the thunder, thought to be a force malign
Was worshipp'd as a goddess. Devotees of Tur,
Turanians, early went to Africa, Italy and
Spain; there the city Tarshish built.
Wars between the sons of Selim, Tur, and Irij
Many heroes made; the foremost one of whom,
Rustem brave, whose father Zal by Simurgh nourished
Was, with axe of Sam in hand, astride Rakush
His wondrous horse by demon foaled, seven marvellous
Feats performed; then the Persians led 'gainst Turan
And the allied Tartar hosts, and champion proved.
Yet his majestic child, Tahmineh's son, Sohrab,
Unwittingly he slew, and all too late his offspring
Knew. But still their deeds in fadeless colors live
On Firdausi's poetic page.[1]
By and by religious amalgamation effected
Was by Iran and Turan to protect themselves
Against the Tartars who brought learning from the land
Of the Sacred Tongue, where the sun was more
Than an archer god; where men for ages had
Studied th' movements of the heavenly bodies, th' spirit
In and behind them worshipping, rather than their form.
It was the Tartars who to Persia gave th' Sumerian
Culture and a language than th' Semitic older
Far. One branch in history known as Hittites drove
One of th' earlier races northwest, where in the mountains
They retain'd their primitive ways. To-day these are
Caucasians called. Persia's other Titan race,
Known to-day as Aryans, for a time were driven

South and west. Some went to Egypt; thence returning
Settled in Phœnicia; but before this time
Cyclops from the north had come and left their story
In the massive stones at Baalbec. Very much
Of the record of the earliest peoples was
Destroyed in Noah's deluge, but one book, that of Job,
Th' Aramaean philosopher, full of dramatic fire,
Th' kernel of the Christian faith containing, was
Saved; and their thought was carried on by one
Born in far-fam'd Noë before the flood,
    Saved in the ark, so marvellously
    Built. While yet a little child he saw
    His father and his grandfather thanks return
    To the God of Earth and Heaven, when
    On Ararat they saw the waters abating.
    Is it strange that Shur's soul should be
    Strongly stirred, and his heart for action
    Throb; or that he should the will of heaven
    Feel, and early know his destiny? Taught,
    While still a little lad, by his father Shem
    To pull the bowstring, not at elk or doe
    Or mountain goat he aim'd, but upward sent
    His arrows, hoping they would pierce the sun.
    When later he had grown to be a mighty
    Hunter, heavenward his thoughts were sent,
    And still extraordinary deeds he craved.
    Feeling th' power of tides and waves, yet knowing
    Not their origin, he shared th' popular
    Belief that Anu, god of the celestial
    Ocean, inundations brought about

As punishment for wicked men. To help
Mankind above all else was Shur's desire.
Having slain a goodly lion, he
Sacrificed him to the sun, then built
Altars three — to fire, to earth, and water.
Around the last a temple rear'd to Nun,
Where priests in robes resembling fish[2] petition'd
Heaven ne'er to send another flood.
Near this temple soon arose a city
Built by mighty men, a chosen band
Of Shur's, and he their lawgiver was and king.
Th' wheel with wings he made his emblem, ever
Conscious that his inspiration came
On wings from place beyond the sun, which orb
He worshipp'd as the source of life terrestrial.
Not only his descendants took his name,
And rul'd in Nineveh, but all the country
Round was called for him Assyria.[3]
Shur's kinsman, mighty Nimrod, Erech conquer'd
And Akkad, builded Calneh in the land of Shinar
Where for centuries Tartars had held sway. 'T was here
Gishdubar laurels won, Eabani fighting.
Here Istar for long was deem'd a goddess. Brave
Merodach exalted was to sun-god when
He had slain Tiamat, great sea serpent, whose
Spirit shone in Milky Way.
Two centuries after Shur a sovereign nam'd Shargina
Arose who master'd Babylonia, then carried
To the Mediterranean Sea his arms. He called
His empire Sumer and Akkad. Naram Sin, his son,

Left a wonderful portrait of himself in stone,
And maintain'd his father's empire, keeping the Elamites
At bay, who ever sought to destroy the arts and records
Of the towns of Lower Zab.
A civil war arose in Peleg's day,[4] which drove
A remnant of the Semites further south. So Nahor
Went to Gurra's land and Terah dwelt at Ur
In Chaldea; whence his son by God was call'd to Canaan,
Where Abram by Melchizedek was blessed, who gave
Him bread and wine. Here Abram fought with Sodom's king
To rescue Lot, and slew the king of Elam. After
This with th' angel of the Lord, to spare the wicked
Cities Sodom and Gomorrah, Abram pleaded.
Now Amraphel of Shinar, in the vale of Siddim
Warred, and th' Elamites to their mountains drove,
Then reunited Sumer and Akkad. Now Marduk
Bel supreme became, whereas En-lil of Nippur
Had long been call'd the All. The change was only one
In name; both worshipp'd the creative fluid of
Th' bull, which as a potion taken gives longevity.
Th' limits of his empire Amraphel not only
Now extend'd, but peace restored, literature
And astronomy encouraged, and a written
Code of laws to his people gave. One of these
Graven tablets was to Susa taken five
Centuries later when the Kassites conquer'd Babylon,
Where for full six hundred years they held the throne,
And assimilated Babylonian culture.
That the Semites mix'd their blood with that of Huns

We learn from grief Rebecca show'd when Esau took
To himself a Hittite wife, from which admixture
Th' indomitable Edomites arose, whose country
In early days the Israelites pass'd round when Edom's
King refus'd their marching through; nor with this people
Israel fought as they with many of their kindred
Did as well as nations strange. Yet Balaam saw
A star arising out of Jacob that should possess
This people; while post-exilic Isaiah spoke of Christ
As one from Edom coming, his garments stain'd with blood.
Soon after Israel came again to Canaan, his next
Capitol Shalmaneser built at Calah which
Later was absorbed by Nineveh. Then for a time
Semite Nebuchadnezzar led victorious armies;
But that he gained could not hold, while his successors
Were overcome by th' rising power in Assyria.
They felt the sway of that strong king—"Conqueror
Of hostile countries and subduer of all rebels,"
As Assur-ris-isi was by his greater son
Tiglathpileser styl'd — who statesman was as well
As warrior; even unto Egypt his success was known.
His lengthy annals tell of many prosperous
Expeditions, widely extending Syria, conquering
Babylon, Canaan invading, coming e'en to Lebanon.
But as night follows day, after conquest a period
Of inaction usually ensues. Tiglathpileser
Found no one in Syria or in Canaan able
To resist his arms; but when two centuries later
His successors tried to reach th' Phœnician coast
They were not only met by Aramæans, who

On th' fallen Hittite empire had a kingdom
Founded at Zobah and Damascus, but in Palestine
Found new forces firmly planted, for a kingdom
Israel had established there.
Samuel, prophet-priest, to th' cries of Israel's children
For a king had acceded; Saul, tall son of Kish,
Anointed them to lead to battle; but not the rod
Of Aaron did Samuel give to Saul, which Joshua, son
Of Nun, of all the Hebrew leaders greatest, brought
To Canaan; with it dividing th' waters of Jordan, tumbling
Th' walls of Jericho through knowledge of acoustic
Laws long since forgotten; making the sun on Ascalon
Stand still, or appear to do so by the help of his
Angel-guide and th' mighty rod. This was the weapon
Caleb used to fight the giants. Othniel, son
Of Caleb's brother Kenaz, with this magic twig
Th' king of Mesopotamia defeated. Then arose
Left-handed Ehud, son of Gera who the king
Of Moab, Eglon, slew, and in his belly left
Th' potent rod which, used for death instead of life,
Long was lost. This rod once only by a woman
Was possessed. Poetess and prophetess
Deborah judged Israel many years. She aided
Barak rout their enemies; then sang the praise
Of Heber's wife who drove the nail in Sisera's head,
Captain brave of Jabin's army, when in the Kenites'
Tent he rest'd while his mother peering through
Th' lattice wonder'd why the chariot wheels so tarried.
Again did Israel evil in the sight of the Lord.
So the Midianties, Amalikites and Amorites

Prevailed against them 'til an angel brought the wondrous
Rod to Gideon, mighty man of valor, whose
Chosen men their trumpets blew and cried, Th' sword
Of Gideon and the Lord, which sword was Adam's rod.
With it their foes he vanquish'd, yet refus'd to rule.
For many years no ruler came. Then greatly fearing
Ammon th' men of Gilead sent to th' land of Tot
For Jephthah, on whom the spirit of the Lord did rest.
With Gideon's rod in hand he sallied forth to fight,
Vowing to sacrifice whatever should come forth,
First, on his return to meet him, when victorious
To Mizpah he came. Behold, it was his daughter who
Came out with minstrel and with dance to greet him. Jephthah
Sorrowfully now his vow perform'd, his only
Child condemning to virginity.[5]
Next Manaoh's Herculean son heroic deeds
Accomplish'd, Dagon's temple overthrew, the death
Of many causing. Samuel, like Samson, was the child
Of aged dame, hence rul'd by judgment more than passion,
Kept the rod throughout his lifetime, realizing
Saul from witches e'er was seeking aid, advice
From familiar spirits asking, instead of gaining
All his wisdom from the Lord.
To David, whom in Hebron he appointed, Samuel
Bequeath'd th' precious rod, and taught the son of Jesse
How with other spheres he could communicate
By means of Ephod,[6] Urim (earpiece), thumbpiece (Thummim)
Form'd of clay and epho in shape to user suited

Best. To priests of Egypt this was known, and used
By Levites who understood its law.
Able men surrounded Jesse's youngest son,
Sons of Zola of the tribe of Issachar
Were men that understood the times. Those that to David
Came in Zikley ambidextrous were in throwing
Stones, while sons of Gad with faces lionlike
Could the shield and buckler handle, and were swift
As roes upon the mountains. Amasai of captains
Chief, Jehoshophat, son of Ahilud, recorder,
Zadok, Ahimelech, chief priests, and Joab, leader
Of the hosts, were all trustworthy valiant men.
When the great grandson of the gentle Moabitess
Ruth, the singer of the psalms of Israel, King
Of Judah, turn'd his face to th' wall his soul return'd
To God, his youngest son, Bathsheba's child, inherited
Not only all the kingdom but the rod of Aaron.
So well did Solomon wield this rod that far and wide
His reputation as a sage was spread, and Sheba's
Queen from Egypt journeyed his advice to ask.
Rich gifts she brought to him, and wonder'd at his treasures.
Though in extent his kingdom greatly was reduced
He richer grew, rare woods, rich colors, spices, gold
And silver shower'd were on Solomon.
As in very early days Gudea, priest-king
Of Sirgulla, to Lebanon sent for cedars, so now
These priceless trees desiring for the building of
Th' temple, Solomon asked them of Hiram, king
Of Tyre, who aided him in every way. This temple
Was seven years in building. Syrian in design

And very rich in ornamentation was this house
Which Solomon dedicated to God with song and prayer.
To Israel's children very dear this temple was.
But with all his wisdom, Solomon altars built
To strange gods to please his many wives: to Ashtoreth,
Goddess of th' Zidonians, Chemosh, Moabite god,
To Milcom and to Baal, which so displeased Israel's
God that Solomon's kingdom He divided and only
Two tribes gave to Rehoboam, in whose reign
Jerusalem was sacked, its palace and temple treasures
Carried into Egypt were by Pharoah Shishak,
Th' ten tribes now to Jeroboam of Zereda
Given, whose father Nebat, one of Solomon's servants
Was. Yet Jeroboam and his sons were so
Displeasing to the Lord that soon we find in Israel
Kings enthron'd by military despotism.
With Omri, able general, who Samaria builded,
Arose a new dynasty. His son, Ahab, influenc'd by
Th' wicked Jezebel of Tyre, the worship of Baal
Introduc'd, whose prophets manifold and those
Of Ishtar were at the royal table fed, while prophets
Of Jehovah hid in dens and caves; until
Elijah th' Tishbite, living with a widow in
Th' village of Sarepta, near to Sidon, rebuked
Ahab and a mighty miracle on Mount Carmel
Wrought; then fearlessly bade the people slay the prophets
False of Baal. On Horeb in his lonely hours
Elijah found that inner chamber where the voice
Of God is heard. On leaving this world Elijah bade
Elisha, whom for his successor he had chosen,

Make a request. A double portion of the prophet's
Spirit was what Elisha ask'd and gained; for
Elijah bestow'd on his disciple th' mantle which
Was Aaron's rod.[7] Elisha many marvellous things
With it perform'd, and to political as well
As spiritual power attained. Knowing that the house
Of Ahab would be destroyed, he appointed Jehu
Of Ramoth-Gilead king. The Baal-worshippers then
He strategically slew, yet allow'd th' golden
Calves of Bethel and of Dan to remain. Throughout
Jehu's reign and that of many generations
Succeeding, th' struggle of Israel with Damascus continu'd
To be a losing one. Th' Assyrian conquest of
Th' Aramæan kingdom brought relief to Israel
And to Judah. Then ensued civil strife.
During these times of dissension Judith[8] of
Bethulia, by her great beauty and deep strategy,
Secur'd and bore within her bag of meat the head
Of Holofernes, captain chief of th' Assyrian host,
For which brave deed both priest and people sang her praise.
Ahaz, king of Judah, to Tiglathpileser Third
Appeal'd for help, though by Isaiah warn'd that ruin
Would come. This was that Isaiah, son of Amos,
Who the shadow on the sun-dial made go back
Ten degrees. When this was noised abroad, and also
Hezekiah's wonderful recovery, priceless
Gifts to Jerusalem were sent. Then Hezekiah
Ostentatiously display'd th' royal treasures
To ambassadors from Babylon. Now Isaiah
Prophesied that not only these treasures

But the people also would to Babylon be carried
Captive. Just a little while it was until
Hezekiah dearly paid for heeding not
Th' prophet's voice; for th' destruction of Samaria
Begun by Shalmaneser was by Sargon th' Later
Complet'd, and Israel carried into Babylon. Sargon
Also captur'd Gaza and Ashdod, and took
Th' Philistines to his realm. His greatest conflict was
With th' Chaldeans, a people lately risen to power
In southern Babylonia. But Judah was not
Devastated or th' Chaldean monarch expelled
From Babylon 'til his son Sennacherib's day.
After the murder of Sennacherib by his sons,
And before the rebuilding of the city by
Esar-Haddon it was, that Tobit who dwelt an exile
At Nineveh, sent his son to Rages, guided by
A holy angel Raphael, one of th' seven who
Th' prayers and praises of the saints to God present.[9]
For the young Tobias, Raphael found a wife
Fair and rich, his cousin Sara, daughter of Raguel
Of Ecbatana; also Raphael taught Tobias
How to heal his father's blindness, who, so grateful
That his eyesight was restored, wrote a prayer
Of rejoicing, telling of Jerusalem
The city Over There, whose streets are paved with gold.
Tobit prophesied Nineveh's destruction
Which happened in Tobias' lifetime, though his father's
Instruction following, to Medea he had moved.
On the ruins of Assyria arose the new
Chaldean monarchy. The fate that renowned Jonah,

Priest of th' famous fish-cult, hesitat'd to tell
For Nineveh so long ago, had overtaken
Her. When Nabopolassar join'd th' Medes besieging
Shur's ancient capitol, Nineveh was raz'd
To th' ground, and th' wonderful library of Assurbanipal
Was buried, that future generations might not only
Read of th' last of th' Sargonids (a fierce and merciless
Warrior, who was educated in all the arts
And sciences of Babylon) but through these clay tablets
Learn the culture of the people.
Necho, son of Pharaoh Psammet, during th' siege
Of Nineveh advanc'd against Carchemish where
He was defeat'd by th' young prince Nebuchadnezzar, who
Had allied himself to Medea by marrying princess
Amytis. She car'd not for th' mighty walls of Babylon
Built by semi-mythic Semiramis, when from Tartar
Hands the rich plain first was wrest'd nor did she care
For military prowess as that Amazonian
Semiramis reigning in a later day, to whom
The credit of the walls is sometimes given. Though
With richest stuff from Lydia and from Egypt and
Many golden candlesticks and vessels from
Jerusalem her palace crowded was, yet Amytis
Was sad. She sighed for her mountain home. To please
This creature of the woods and hills the king had built
A mount and thereon hanging gardens, which were long
Accounted one of the seven wonders of the world.
Many and magnificient the structures Nebuchadnezzar
Gave to Babylon. In his reign Jerusalem
Was besieged, for it had revolt'd despite

Jeremiah's warning, who predicted captivity
On account of their sins, yet taught that children need
Not suffer for the sins of fathers, but be rewarded
Every one according to the fruits of his
Doings. Jeremiah used an almond rod
For divining, which was not so powerful as
Th' apple rod that came from Eden; but that one
Daniel had to Babylon carried, where he sat
In the king's gate as Mordecai in earlier
Days had done, whose brave niece Esther pleas'd th' king
Ahasuerus and outwitted wicked Haman.
With Daniel were three other noble youths who in
Th' king's palace stood. The golden image refusing
To worship, Shadrach, Meshach and Abed-nego
Were thrown into a fiery furnace, but protected
By an angel they came forth unharm'd. Th' mighty
Michael, prince of all the Hebrew people, spake
To Daniel; and the great archangel Gabriel guided
Him; so many things he prophesied that came
To pass: the death of King Belshazzar, and the coming
Of Cyrus, prince of Ausan, king of Persia, who
Had overthrown th' Medean empire, and the beautiful
Capitol of Lydia taken. Crœsus, son
Of Alyattes, at whose court wise Solon feasted,
And the cripple Æsop moral fables told,
Had allied himself to Nabonid of Babylon.
So though meriting punishment Cyrus pardon'd him
As at a later day he Nabonid forgave.
On entering Babylon Cyrus peace to all proclaimed.
Sympathetic with their many religious cults

He much praise to Marduk gave, yet favor'd Ormuzd
As portray'd by Zoroaster the Iranian
Reformer, who another form of phallic worship
Taught in fire dimension which is nine, and nine
Th' measure is of man,[10] as Ezekiel versed in
Kabbalistic lore, in mystic language tells,
When he had seen the chariot wheels in his own temple,
And learn'd to go without, and browse within the courts.
But even more than to his religious liberality
Cyrus' fame was owing to the edict which
Gave the Jews their freedom; yet not all return'd
To Palestine; a century later we hear of Ezra
Th' scribe, and Nehemiah cupbearer to Artaxerxes
Going to Jerusalem to assist in rebuilding
Th' temple and repairing of the city walls.
It was in this day Zechariah, son of Iddo
Th' prophet, urg'd th' spiritual restoration of Zion.
He in vision saw the seven-flamed lamp[11]
Whose oil feeds myriad lesser lights.
From the river Indus to th' Ægean Sea,
From the Jaxartes to the land of th' pharoahs, Cyrus'
Empire vast extend'd. His son Cambyses dethron'd
Amasis in an Egyptian expedition, and would
Have reigned over th' largest empire on earth had not
An accident shorten'd his life. Under Darius who now
Was chosen king, the empire was organized anew.
Desiring to be master of the world, Darius
Sent his armies not only eastward to the Indus,
And northward to th' Caucasian country, but tried to conquer

Greece. Mardonius his ablest general with
A host of long-hair'd Medes landed on the coast
Of Attica, where they signally were defeat'd by brave
Skillful Miltiades who a chosen few,
Th' flower of Athens, led to battle. Still the Persian's
Grave is seen upon the plains of Marathon.
Next at Salamis Xerxes' ships a sad fate met,
While he sat by and wept. In Susa's palace Queen
Atossa saw Darius' ghost, which said to her,
"My son defeated is by great Themistocles."
After this the Persians thought no more of conquering
Greece, but half a century later ask'd from Hellas
Help. Then Xenophon with ten thousand sturdy men
Aid to Cyrus Younger lent; returning after
Countless hardships found the gates of Sparta closed.
Th' battles of Issus and Gaugamela decided
Persia's fate when Alexander th' Great the power
Of the third Darius overthrew. Then began
A second era of civilization for Persia under
Th' rule of th' Seleucidæ, when the customs and culture
Of the Greeks were introduced.
Once again in Persia power arose. The brave
Sassanides disput'd th' east with Rome for four
Centuries. But th' victorious career of Sapor
Second, king of this new dynasty was by th' rising
Power of Palmyra checked. Here in the old
Tadmor of the desert Odenathus reigned,
And after him his brilliant, beautiful wife Zenobia,
Who later recklessly fought Aurelian, and was taken
Captive to Rome in chains of gold.

Subtly Hellenic and Hebraic influences
Met and mixed in Syria and in Asia Minor,
Where Seleucus and Antiochus made the Jews
Ever welcome. But th' Judean state had fallen
Into sad corruption; high priests now were secular
Princes, finally chiefs of marauding bands of whom
Judas Maccabæus most noted was; yet even
Now from Pontus Mithradates was driven while
All of Asia Minor to Rome submitted. Finally
Under Pompey, Syria was reduced to a province
Of the empire, and th' Hasmonean monarchy was
Forever extinguished. High priests tributary vassals
To Rome became. Idumean Antipater ruled,
Whose son Herod, tetrarch of Judea, rebuilt
Th' temple and adorned Jerusalem, which pleased
Th' Romans so they overlooked his many hideous
Crimes. He died four years before th' established Christian
Era, which was th' same year Jesus Christ was born.
After this Judea was to th' prefecture
Of Syria join'd, and ruled by the Roman governors.
Pontius Pilate, at whose hands the Lord Jesus
Suffer'd, weak was, not wick'd, only an instrument in
Th' hands of Providence to hasten th' end of that
Life on earth, which for all time will be an example.

CANTO VI

Japan

Th' Son of Righteousness, whose goings forth from of old have been, as Micah saith, whom Malachi with healing wings did see,

Not only rose in Palestine, and left warm tints of afterglow athwart the western sky, but in the far, far East

Ariseth, where the isles already gifts to Him are bringing, whose glory th' earth shall cover as the waters cover th' sea.

Even now the light of Bethlehem commingles
With the light of earlier days in Shinkoku.
In this Meigi period Japan's thinking man
Embraces Christianity as he welcomes science,
Political theories, social reform and industries
Of the western world; yet with terrific tenacity
Holds to ancient creeds, as he has always held
To belief in an unbroken line of sovereignty.
Yesterday's revolution was an earthquake almost
Destroying old picturesque Japan. The pent-up life
Of the race in centuries long of isolation,
Of such silent preparation, was the ebb
Of a tidal wave. And just as that grand man
Hamaguchi,[1] residing on the heights, the waters
Saw receding, knowing what the flood would bring,
Burnt his rice the village folk to save; so in
This latter day the Samurai gives up his swords;
The hereditary princes of Satsumi,

Choshi and Hizen, resign their fiefs to th' crown,
Hoping to break the power of the Shoguns, their
Enemies since the day of Jeyasu, diplomat
Unsurpass'd, who set aside the youthful sons
Of Hideyoshi, councillor great, then quell'd the turbulent
Daimyos, compelling them to live at Yeddo.
Since Yoritomo overthrew the Tairo clan
Six hundred years ago at Kawakura, establishing
Military rule which only a nominal strength
Left to th' sovereign, virtually had the land been rul'd
By the Shogunate, which now yields to foreign powers,
Giving them an open door at Yokohama.
Th' court at first oppos'd to western ways, pollution
Fearing for Yamato's land, abolish'd th' Shoguns
With a weapon by Prince Mito forged, polished
By Motoori, and enlarged by Hirata.
Then standing on the heights the statesmen call the people
To come up! And culture, long the sole possession
Of the court, is rapidly being democratized;
Literature no longer left to women, though
Morasaki, creator of prose epic in
Japan, has to the Fugiwara family lustre
Given, while Seishonagon's lengthy "Pillow Sketches"
Are remember'd. Lyrics of the Heian age
Are read, and Hitomaru call'd a god. Still reverenc'd
Th' Kojiki, for does it not declare their land
To be of origin divine, their Mikados
All of heavenly birth! Yet press and public school,
Philosophy and psychology are to-day far greater
Factors in the life of every Japanese

Than even that colossal Buddha erected by
Th' efforts of the Empress Glorious, Komio, Spouse
Of Shomu, who when offering flowers to Buddha feared
To pluck them lest her hands the blossoms might defile;[2]
Or Ise's sacred temples with their wealth of Shinto
Liturgies publish'd by the Empress Gensho, Jito's
Daughter, who the court at Nara fixed, and there
Preserv'd th' code of laws and old traditions by
Tennu, her noble spouse, collect'd. Yet to her past
Japan is loyal, loyal to her present, and
Loyal to her belief in a future life. On China's
Laws and India's sacred lore she has been fed,
And woven the richest of each into her native faith,
"Th' Way of th' Gods," preserving all that makes for bet-
terment.
Other nations have had light that comes through avenues
Of the soul, have known how to lift the veil between
Th' seen and unseen, yet have not given freely of
This knowledge to the world. In India it was only
For a chosen few, and hence her light is waning,
Her civilization fast becoming but an ornament
Upon the English life. A heritage rich has China
But too carefully husband'd; she has been forgetful
Of hospitality, a virtue none must overlook;
She has shut her doors when feasting. So to-day
Th' father and the elder brother to the younger
Son are giving place; the robe and ring are his
Already; even now the feast for him is laid.
Of the nations three, set apart to bring the psychic
Wave to earth, the Japanese are in advance.

From of old it has been so: not Cain the outcast,
Not Abel whose gift was preferr'd, but Seth, the third
Son, was chosen; Shem's nor Ham's but Japheth's children
Have the richest dower; Issac, son of promise,
Was a younger brother; he unwittingly blessed
Jacob, who in turn preferred Joseph, and
Exalted Manasseh. As with th' children so it is
With the nations of the world. The last shall be
First. The race is very young now ruling Yamato's
Land, whose rude rock caverns ages older are
Than the fall of Sasanoo, whose sacred Fugi,
Mighty mount of Daisen, rais'd its snowy cone
Long before e'en Izanagi cross'd th' floating
Bridge, before those fourteen chieftains slew the spider
Men, who dwelt beneath the ground in Izumo,
A remnant of which race we find in men call'd Ainos.
Th' younger son a mixture of Malaysian is
With Mongol. Coming from Korean land, led by
Jimmu Tenno, he firm possession of these rich
Isles has taken. Jimmu (as all emperors since
His day) traced descent from Mingi-no-Mikoto,
Grandson of the goddess of the sun, the beauteous
Amaterasu-O-Mi-Kami, whose sword the dark
Dispels, whose mirror life reflects, whose jewel rests
Within the heart of every loyal one. Goddess
Of miraculous birth, from Izanagi's eye
Produc'd in Izumo, fair province of the gods,
Mother to be of mighty kings, Mikados all
To thee their lineage trace, to thee their high descent
Ascribe. For ages thou didst hide in caverns of

Th' sea, whence woo'd by myriad gods with song and dance
To gladden heart of fair Yamato's race, thy rays
From ocean depths came forth, and shone on great Nippon;
With ropes of rice-straw wast thou bound to hold thee fast
To Shinkoku. Thou Kwannon art of thousand hands,
Who on the lily stand'st refusing rest of heaven
To aid the souls of men. Amida Buddha thou;
Gyogi recogniz'd thy light as one in all,
When on the seventh night of vigil to him thou spakest.
Behind the orb of day thou peepest forth thy work
To do, illuming lands made ready for thy light.
Thy robes of variant hue o'er earth are spread. The dawn
Is seen in cherry blossom petals in Japan.
Thou new aurora of the eastern seas, your blossoms
Scatter o'er a smiling land, and laugh and shout,
Yea, cry aloud, ye sons of Izumo! The sun
Which for centuries Japan has worshipp'd, will
Soon be up; and not as horse or bull or lion
Will she appear, but as a serpent spreading o'er
Th' sky a roseate hue; then setting on the earth
Its tail, its head will swallow all the little snakes
(Small pretensions to the psychic truth magicians
Make), as Aaron's rod of old.[3]
Has the youngest child of th' yellow-skinned race
Found the charmèd rod that blossoms for the one
Who knows its use? It need not be of apple tree
Or almond,[4] such as Israel's prophets potent found;
Cherry tree magnetic is. Its blood-ting'd blooms
Speak of war; its juicy fruit of intellectual
Life; its wood that easily yields to artist's hands

Typical is of this small nut-brown race who practice
Jiu-jitsu so well, with serpent-like guile, the power
Of non-resistance knowing. Yet her fighters valiant
Are, believing they are guard'd by heroes who
Have passed beyond. They fight, and fear not, knowing death
Is not dark, and that a life more beautiful lies
Just Over There. The Japanese are not afraid
To let the world know what they believe. Did not their Admiral
Togo thank the deva-Rishi for his glorious
Victory, when by might of right Yamato's sons
Drove the larger, stronger forces of the Russians
From Korea, which land China had so lately
Ceded to them after a fair fight? And was not
Korea Japan's territory by right, since Jingo,
Widow of Chuai, bravely fought Formosa
Folk and left her son a heritage? Great-grandson
Of Yamato-dake, subduer of the Ainos,
Ojin was, and after reigning forty years
Th' title gain'd of God of War.
Hidegoshi contemplated conquering China
When Korea he had taken; but later rulers
With th' peninsula were satisfied, until
Religious differences — so often cause of war —
Made th' Conservatives in Korea aid of China
Ask. Now young Japan herself expressed, and
Gain'd Port Arthur. Then the Slavic bear crept in,
And China welcom'd him. But greed, in brutes, exceeds
Diplomacy: Russia violated agreements

With the powers, and sent her troops into Manchuria
To protect her interests there. But lion-hearted
Kuroki and brave Oku and Nodzu drove
Th' Russian army back to boundary line with loss
Of thousands upon thousands of the Slavs and very
Few of Japanese; while Togo kept the Russian
Fleet confin'd in harbor, aided by Marconi's
Wonderful invention. Even more than in
Rapidity of fire or marksmanship, superior
Mobility marks the Japanese.
And is it not significant that both Russia and
Japan should come to these United States to settle
Their dispute, which has resulted in making Japan
Th' dominant power in the East?
They are very young, these children of the Orient
Isles, and use their fists as children will; but they
Are running fast, and soon will overtake, yea, pass,
Their elder brothers on the way. They know the power
Of non-resistance. Using th' subtle method of
Jiu-jitsu not to fight for rights o'er here they come,
But just slip in. Yes, e'en to-day are many sons
From Yamato's race of Aryan parents born
On American soil. They come because rebirth
They understand; for just as individuals pass
And repass from one body to another,[5] nations
Places change. It is decreed that th' yellow-skins
Shall one day the western hemisphere inherit.
Now they come to families that know them not,
But that will educate them, and property leave to them.

Then more will come. We know them by their eyes, their
smiles,
Their silent, winsome ways, their knowledge of the art
Of living, which, as Soshi says, lies not in criticism
Or antagonism, but in gliding into spaces
That do everywhere exist.
Their serpent lies not prostrate on the ground, nor swallows
Its tail as if afraid to leave its mouth unguard'd;
It curls not up, and sleeps beneath the grass; but on
Th' path it coils quite ready for the charge — that serpent
Which so long has crawled, mindful of the curse
That put it on its belly, but forgetful of
Th' cross that, even in the wilderness, raised it
To higher, nobler uses. Japan's serpent head
Is up; her wisdom not secreted, wide she opes
Th' door, and lets the sunshine in that all the world
May know her goddess. Fast, so fast, she is acquiring
Th' knowledge of the new, and adding it to th' knowledge
Of the past; nor letting go of truths she long
Has held, and seen to be as pearls.

CANTO VII

Greece

In other isles, in earlier days, the sun in female form, with shears as symbol of creative power, worshipp'd was;

Phœbe rul'd as light primeval 'til the Dark brought forth the Delian twins, when she resign'd the Delphic shrine to Phœbus.

Then fecund feminine force in brain of Zeus produc'd th' virile maid Athene, whose pole for ages rul'd Hellenic men.

Very old the fruitful plains of Attica by
Natural bulwarks bounded, warding off the sea,
Through great travail produced, fertile made by much
Fire. For even now the close observer sees
Th' form of two gigantic extinct craters between
Which majestically rises the acropolis.
Gone their fires, no streams of boiling water issue
From the rocks, Hygeia's wells are dry. The soil
Yet is light and fruitful; but the lava which
Mother'd forests is to ashes turn'd; the trees
Have to earth gone back; the rocks alone remain
Much the same for ages, yet have broken, crumbled,
Fallen, singing as they fall, The hills made low.
On the glist'ning quarries of Pentelicon, or
O'er the purple slopes of huge Hymettus gazing,
Where rich store of sweets the bee still finds, we know
That they too, in time, when inward fires are kindled,
Lava will send forth, to first destroy and then

Enrich these plains time-honor'd. Yes, though silent now
These great sentinels shall send forth their fire by night,
And cloud by day, until they too shall be brought low.
Then the sea, long at bay, shall sweep at will
O'er Athene's olive trees. But ere that rock,
Fam'd so long in legend and historic page,
Be splinter'd at its summit, we would trace the record
Left by all who here have lived.
First the Titans, children of the earth and heaven,
Well named, having elsewhere had beginning, brought
Enough of force to clothe their souls with elements found
Here. Our mother Rhea garments rich provided
For this heaven-sprung race who worshipp'd God the Father,
Yet builded fanes to honor her who brought them forth.
Cea, celestial mother of the Titan gods,
Though your temple now is hid from view, on it
Rests the only perfect building in this world,
Which the firmer stands because that yours was builded
Well by loving hearts and willing hands, made strong
Through firm faith in you and all that you had taught.
Without reward your sons and daughters labor'd, this
Part of earth to make a dwelling fit for all.
What if Asteria turned to meteoric rock —
Had you not Titan sons: Antyos,[1] strong of limb;
And Helios, bright one like the sun; yea, grandsons too
Of whom you could be proud? Prometheus, overwise,
Wasted heavenly fire; Oceanus, so learn'd
In laws that govern water ways, was father called
Of all fresh water streams; while sages and poets in

Later days ascrib'd the source of life to him,
Dimly apprehending that of elements needed
For sustenance of the vital frame the first is water.
Hyperion, whose golden hair and visage bright
Won for him the name of Sun, outshone his father
Helios. Themis, just of soul, and Thia devout,
Tethys,[2] fruitful vine, and many more whose names
Here are not record'd for generations lived
In sweet accord, and made the golden age of Greece.
Few and rare the monuments to prove that they
E'er lived; for when the streaming, groaning mounts their last
Lava streams sent forth, and giant craters sunk,
Th' Attic Titan age was over.
Mother Earth had other children rear'd in other
Lands; so, when the time was ripe, a remnant of
Another race from out the north came here, who thought
Themselves the first. The Cronids erstwhile were a cruel,
Savage tribe; yet even they were worshipp'd once,
So prone is man to magnify the merits of
Th' dead. These Cronids dying left no lasting monuments.
Before the flood o'er Asia's shore extended, when
Peleg was divid'd,[3] one portion of that warlike
Race to farthest west did march, and came to Greece;
Routed all that yet remain'd of Cronids. These
Semitic peoples left a record on the rocks
Which is ofttimes deem'd th' first in lore historic.[4]
We fain would praise them more, had not the giants that
Succeeded them thrown down their temples, and with mighty
Rocks cut from Hephæstus store built walls and castles,
Covering all Pelasgic art had left. They stand

To-day on Attic plains, in Pelops' isle and on
Asia's shore, to tell the tale that men had far
Outgrown the natural frame allotted them. To us
Cyclopean signifies the massive and
Th' strong, but speaks no word of beauty or of grace.
Cyclops giants work'd for ages; yet no written
Page they left to tell from whence they came or who
They were; so those coming later, at their deeds
Marvelling, oft imputed to them even natural
Wonders, vomiting of huge rocks from mountain tops,
Earthquakes, noises made by subterranean fires,
And gas. Rich knowledge of the use of fire they surely
Had; the Cyclops metal forgers were, as well
As builders of strong walls of sun-dried brick and hugest
Rocks; yet they in turn were conquer'd, not by men
Of larger limb, but by ones with stronger nerve and brain,
Who came across the great blue sea from out of Libya's
Land. Well arm'd were Cecrops and his men. The Cyclops
Fell before superior skill; while fair Cecropia,
Built by dext'rous hands, soon grac'd th' rocks where Titan
Temples long had stood. The Cyclopean walls,
Thought this Libyan king, were well enough; on them
His palace rose,[5] a stately edifice facing th' southern
Sun, and looking towards th' temple of the mother
Of the gods, which soon was builded o'er with marble
White, and nam'd for Egypt's virgin goddess Neith.
She it was who long would rule the Attic plain.
Statues of Neith, and many priestesses with waving
Hair and rich embroider'd robes, were brought to deck
Cecrops' palace halls, where pillars rare of basalt

Stood, as pedestals for gaily painted maids,
Around the court. A winding staircase under ground
Led to grotto of old Pan, where Cecrops' daughters
Danc'd, and music made to charm the gods, who were
Pleas'd no doubt, with music, dance, and prayers, yet
All the temples ever built, and all the prayers
E'er pray'd, stay not the shafts of death's relentless hand,
Which on Cecrops and his tribe too soon perchance
Fell; and strangers worshipp'd in his temple rare.
In other parts of Greece grew citadels less fair
Than that on Astu's rock, yet strong; and many heroes,
Good and brave, fought beasts and beastlike men with valiant
Might, to rid their land of monsters.
Alcmene's warlike son, bred in Æolian Thebes,
Where Phœnician Cadmus wiser than the Sparti
Of Bœotian plains, by music-loving Amphion
Aided, builded well a walled city called
Cadmeia for himself—here Herakles the brave,
Long enduring, hardiest of many vigorous
Sons of Greece, grew strong through suff'ring; then when freed
From arduous labors he to Elis came, in Phrygian
Pelops' day, and on far-fam'd Olympia's plain
Gained lasting bays; nor for himself sought praise,
But to father Zeus a monument rais'd who erstime
Sire of Herakles was called.
Zeus had long time worshipp'd been where oaks Thesprotian
Were thought to wave articulate sounds, whence with her doves
And serpentine divining rod, Dodona, priestess

Egyptian beautiful, declar'd the portent of
The signs, and made a name that even Pythia failed
To take away, great sibyl of a later day.
Yet to Argive Zeus was precedence 'stablish'd firm
By mighty Herakles, who knew the love men bear
Sports and glory gained from prowess.
Other sons had Zeus, who sang his praise in different
Ways. Cadmeian Thebes besides strong Herakles
Boasts of Semele's great son Dionysus,
Who planted first the vine on Hellas' shore, which here
Grows more perfectly than elsewhere; still in grapes
And grape leaves is wreath'd th' head of Semele's
Son, and ivy vine which shelter'd him when born.
Praises still to him are sung by bards in many
Lands for inspiration as the bowl o'erflows
Its purple juice, while many theatres on Grecian
Hills attest the power he wield'd o'er the stage.
Heaven-born, O Bacchus, is thy genius, e'en
Though a mortal mother'd thee. Persephone oft
Call'd thy sister, goddess fair in bud and blossom
Worshipp'd, mourned in winter, welcomed in the spring,
Daughter of Demeter, Mother of Agriculture —
Child of Zeus and bride of Hades, well may she
Share they meed of praise; and as 'tis meet, O loved
Bacchus, through our tears we worship thee when climbing
O'er the steps of that great temple justly famed,
Where Demeter's gift to Grecian men and thine
Were together solemnized.[6]
From the Colchian realm rich cargo Jason brought
To Greece, in what to us seems early days; Medea

Was his greatest prize; by those who envied her
Costly robes barbaric princess called. She
Taught Thessalian women how to cook; she boiled
A ram with certain herbs that made it seem like lamb.
Pelias' dull daughters thus persuad'd that
Their father would be young if cooked, stewed him
In Medea's pot, nor knew that life could never
Be restor'd by fire. Alcestis who would not
Lend her hand to such a deed, was by her sisters
Hated, and driven to wed that odious king Admetos,
Whose love of life led him to sacrifice his yielding
Consort rather than to Hades go himself.
One redeeming trait had this most selfish prince,
Welcome wide to guests, which one day made him happy
Host when Æsculapius chanced that way, no doubt
Sent in answer to the prayers for Alcestis,
Self-devoted wife, who willingly resigned her
Life to save her spouse;[7] yet was restor'd by love
Divine. Apollo's son, with strength of Herakles,
Wrestled with the powers of death, and gave unto
Th' king, his host, his bride again. Alcestis then
So lately from the tomb restored, mourned greatly
For her father. Soon Thessalian maids and matrons
All made life a sad thing for Medea, until
To Corinth she was glad to go, not knowing that
Glauke fair would there take comely Jason from
Her side; yet, knowing his unfaithfulness, the while
Feigned ignorance, and in her heart did rancor
Nurse, which she so justly felt towards him she long
Had serv'd and trust'd. To grace erstwhile the bride, Medea

Sent a robe of cloth of gold which unsuspecting
Glauke donned delighted with the shimm'ring thing.
Trying to quench the flames contain'd within that
Poison'd gown, the king's fair child was drowned.[8] Then
Wise Medea fled from angry Corinth, and
Drove her chariot to old Ægeus' palace; whom
By her wiles she soon subdu'd, and ruled th' Attic
King the better that she still lov'd perfidious Jason.
So insatiate was her love of brewing poison
That this Colchian princess would have ended th' Pandion
Line of Attic kings, and placed her son Perses
On the throne. But otherwise rul'd th' gods and Ægeus'
Dulled senses quickened, so he knew his sword;
Hence the poison'd cup he spilled, that his son
Sprung from Æthra might not be cut off from life
As Medea plann'd. Then Theseus, who with mighty
Valor rare strategic powers combined, th' hamlets
Of these fruitful plains allied; nothing loath
Cecropia's virgin goddess to adore, whose name
Chang'd had been, for her his kingdom called Athene.
By the Amazonian queen did Theseus gain
Hippolytus, a son most beautiful, in mein
Godlike; who the chase and woodland sports so loved,
Artemis fair he kept enshrin'd within his heart,
Nor ever thought to worship elsewhere. Aphrodite,
Always jealous of the chaste, would punish one
Who to her ne'er sacrific'd; so sent from Eros'
Shaft a barb through Phædra's heart, which made the queen
Too eager for her step-son. Failing in her amorous

Wiles, with passion mad and wound'd pride, she died
By her own hand, accusing falsely Theseus' son.
On Hippolytus, the chaste, the fair, his father
Cruel curses heaped, and learn'd too late the truth.
Not Attica alone but Trœzen, Argos and
Mycenæ mourned the untimely death of this
Much-beloved Amazon's son.[9]
Theseus then with grief and shame nigh craz'd, yet with
Hot blood unsubdu'd, no more to emulate
Th' Theban Herakles and rid his land of monsters
Caring, seized th' fair young daughter of Tyndareus
Of godlike beauty; fled with her to Libya's shore,
Where alone he left his Helen,[10] as in earlier
Days he had abandon'd lovely Ariadne
On the Naxion isle. By her twin brothers rescu'd
Helen was borne back to Pelops' land, where long-hair'd
Menelaus made her Sparta's queen and worshipp'd
Her immortal beauty, nor knew how faithless would
She prove. By Aphrodite aided Paris, Dardan
Prince, persuaded Menelaus' wife to fly,
Sailed with her to Troy; hence indignation righteous
Fill'd th' breast of every Grecian chieftain that
From their land by guest perfidious a queen should be
Decoy'd. To arms they call'd their choicest youth; then sailed
To Mysia's shore with every ship by flower of Greece
Mann'd, determin'd Helen to bring back with all
Th' treasure Paris stole, or raze the walls of Priam's
Town, where Dorian Greeks, Apollo's special care,
Shelter'd Sparta's beauteous queen.

This internecine feud became a war of gods
As well as men; for many valiant heroes counted
Lineage from Zeus; while some for Helen claim'd
Descent from heaven; sprung from Perseus was she not
Whom all Hellas loved? Offspring of Danaë
And the golden shower he so beauteous, so
Bright, had god-descended shown himself in mighty
Deeds, whose number grew in later days, so much
Did Greece desire to honor Helios-like Perseus.
Though her beauty from her lineage high did Helen
Erst derive, yet she of frailties had so large
A share her visage was a torment to her soul,
While she to Hellas was a scourge.
Rous'd from lethargy and luxury by their anger,
That a Trojan prince should dare so basely use
Sparta's hospitality, not alone youthful
Men for battle strong, but agèd seers long past
Their prime lent aid to valiant Menelaus. Atrides,
Call'd king of men because his frame was larger
Than his race in days when many men were large,
Became their leader; having brought a hundred ships
Yet in arrogance exceeding what was kingly,
Anger'd Peleus' son, who of all the chiefs was heartiest
In the fight, though unforgiving in his heart;
Thence Achilles pray'd his goddess mother his wrongs
Avenge. His prayer lovely Thetis heard, from ocean's
Waves arose, and swiftly sped to high Olympus,
Zeus' aid to ask. The cloud compeller gave
His assenting nod, at which Olympus trembles.
Satisfied her suit was granted, silver-footed

Thetis to the sea returned, while Cronion
Always true to his nod, deluding visions sent
To Agamemnon's tent; who, guided by this dream,
Rather than by judgment or advice of sage
Nestor or the wily Odysseus, again
Waged war; and gods with men and men with gods
Fought and many valiant heroes gave up life.
Immortal gods who could not die were wounded. E'en
Laughter-loving Aphrodite wept when Diomed
Pierced her ambrosial veil, and Iris carried
Love's goddess to her home in heaven; while
Apollo bore Æneas from the tumult, and
Took himself the form of man to aid the Dardans;
Called on Ares, blood-stained lord, to take Tydides
From the field; but he, of all the Greeks the bravest,
Whose sire gave his life at Thebes, who himself
For the seven-gated city fought, now aided
By Pallas blue-ey'd maid, arrayed for the fray
In veil of airy texture work of her own hands,
Th' tassel'd ægis round her shoulders whereon was
Monstrous gorgon's head, and on her brow a golden
Helmet, in her hand a mighty spear—to fight
Ares feared not. When Pallas call'd th' son
Of Tydeus dearest to her soul of all the Greeks,
In his breast such courage she instilled that
Thrusting forth his long and mighty spear, Tydides
Wounded Ares 'neath his low-girt belt; who cried
So loud it were as if ten thousand men had shouted.
Then with speed did Ares go to Zeus his father,
Show'd his wound, and bitterly complain'd of Pallas.

Cronion bade Apollo heal the wound, but said
"Ares, 'tis from Hera you your love of strife
And proud unbending mood inherit." Now while Ares
Rested from his murd'rous course the field of battle
Pallas left with Hera, and to Zeus' abode
Came, where guarded are the gates of heaven by
Th' Hours, where all the gods in gorgeous palaces in
Th' deep recesses of Olympus dwell. Zeus,
Abiding in his house of brass, Hephæstus' work,
Victory wills to Troy, while all the gods repose
But Discord, who upon the battle-field remains.
Then those who to the Argives wish success indignant
With Cronion grow for aiding Hector; yet none
Save Queen Hera dares oppose the will of Zeus.
Borrowing Aphrodite's belt, the queen beguiles
Her lightning lord, who sheds a golden-colored cloud
O'er Ida that the mystic rites of love he may
Enjoy with ox-ey'd Hera. When by Sleep and Love
The Sire subdued is, Poseidon, ocean king,
Leads th' Grecian host in furious fight, while Priam's
Son, the noble Hector of the glancing helm,
Th' Trojan troops arrays against the great Earth-shaker,
'Til Ajax hurls a pond'rous stone, and smites brave Hector.
Then th' omniscient Zeus swift-footed Iris sends,
Who like the wind descends to Ilion's sacred heights,
Mandate to the Earth-encircler gives that he
Shall quit the field of battle. Now the dark-haired god
Of ocean declares himself the equal born of Zeus,
Stating how old Cronus' kingdom was divided:
"To Hades, realm of darkness; sky and cloud to Zeus;

The hoary sea assigned to me; but earth and high
Olympus are to all a common heritage."
The rainbow goddess by soft speech, Poseidon did
Assuage; yet ere he sunk beneath the waves sends word
To Zeus that their fraternal feud can ne'er be healed
Should great Ilion's towers be saved.
While warrior Greeks deplore Poseidon's loss, Cronion
Bids Apollo wave on high the tassell'd ægis
To daunt the Greeks, and also give his special care
To godlike Hector. Gladly the behest of Zeus
Phœbus of the golden sword fulfills, delighted,
The guardian god of Troy, to shield brave Hector. Before
Th' dazzling tassels quail'd th' spirit of th' Greeks;
Their well-wrought wall Apollo easily broke, and bridg'd
A way for Trojans o'er the ditch.
Beside their ships now standing all hemmed in, with arms
Outstretch'd to every god each chief uplifted prayers.
Nestor, mighty soul'd sage, to father Zeus
Open'd heart and lips. His prayer the Sire of gods
Heard, and thunder'd loud to quell the Greeks; yet raised
Th' courage high of Trojans and their allies, willing
That with fire they wrap the beakèd ships of Greece.
Not until the flame of hostile fire that seized
The poop of Ajax ship was seen, where Myrmidons
Safely by the sea were moored, did Achilles'
Stubborn soul give ear to Patrocles' desire
To aid the Greeks. Within his tent still sulking Peleus'
Son his anger nursed toward the king of men,
Who from his embrace withheld the lovely Briseis.
Achilles wish'd that every Greek might taste of death,

Save himself and Patrocles, his loved friend,
And they two raze the walls of Ilion; but now,
Fearing for the safety of his ships, in his
Shining armor hasten'd to array his friend's
Godlike form: the spangled breastplate bright with stars,
The helmet with its horsehair plume, the mighty shield,
The silver-studded sword, and his stout spears, reserving
Only that far-famed Pelian ash which no
Hand save his could poise; his charioteer most trusted
Sent to drive the flying steeds of birth immortal,
Whom nor honey'd word nor threat could move to seek
A safe retreat or join the fray, they stood as column
Stands to mark a tomb, beneath the splendid car
Drooping to the ground their heads, their manes with dust
Defil'd, their eyelids full of scalding tears e'en Zeus
Pitied these immortal steeds, who could the misery
Share of mortal man, when their dear charioteer
Was by Hector's hand laid low. Though very valiant
Not with single arm could Hector in the dust
Patrocles have lain, who, ere his thread of life
Was broken slew great Sarpedon, dear son of Zeus,
And to Trojans three times nine dealt death. So he
The well-built walls of Troy had razed, had not Apollo
Stood thereon, with hands and threatening voice repelling
Godlike strength. In mortal form the Delian fought
By Hector's side to vanquish Patrocles. "Me fate
Hath slain with Phœbus' aid, the victory Zeus has given
Thee," Pelides' gentle, courteous friend did cry,
As to the Shades his spirit fled. But ere his eyes
Closed in death he dar'd predict that Hector soon

By Peleus' matchless son laid low should be. Achilles
When he heard how his loved friend had fallen, moaned
So loud that Thetis heard, in cave of ocean, where
She sat by nymphs surround'd, who wept and wail'd with her.
Coming then to where Achilles stood, his goddess
Mother begg'd to know his cause of grief, reminding
Him that prayers which he had prayed in bitterness
Of soul, not thinking what the issue, had been answer'd.
Deeply groaning, Peleus' son his goddess mother
Tells how his dear comrade was by Hector slain,
And how the glorious arms, the gods' gift to Peleus,
Had been stripped from his loved friend. Then swears Achilles
Never to his home will he return till Hector
Shall be vanquish'd by his spear.
Passionate his grief, remorseful that his anger
Towards the king of men had kept him from the strife;
Knowing that his term of life is short he but
Desires that Hector of the glancing helm by his
Hand shall fall. The silver-footed goddess bids
Achilles not go forth to battle 'til new arms
She brings, which surely will Hephæstus make at her
Request. While Thetis hied her to Olympus, then
To th' fire-god's forge beneath the sea, fierce rag'd th' battle
Round the body; Hector shouting loud his comrades
Onward cheered, as in glittering arms late won
He, with aid of Ares and of Zeus, came like
A great war cloud upon the Greeks;
Even valiant Menelaus, and Ajax of

Th' tow'ring shield, call'd loud for aid to save the corpse
Of Patrocles from dogs of Troy. Idomeneus,
Brave Meriones, and many more of lesser
Note, now swell'd the battle of the Greeks. So had
They easily won the day, but that in human form
Apollo rous'd Æneas, who spoke winged words
To the chiefs of Troy, by Hector's side fighting.
Now the will of Zeus was changed, who sent the blue-eyed
Maid to stir the strife, in bright-hued cloud array'd.
In voice of phœnix Pallas spoke to Menelaus,
Instill'd th' boldness of the fly within his breast.
Then Iris bade Achilles to the rescue go;
Because, without his arms he hesitates, o'er his
Shoulders Pallas throws her tasselled ægis, while
With a golden cloud his head encircles; then
Joins her voice with his in three great shouts that fill
With terror all the Trojan host. Beside their chariots
Twelve of the bravest fell, while from the fray the Greeks
Bear the body of their comrade dear away.
Achilles sheds hot tears, and vows no funeral rites
To celebrate until the arms and head of Hector
He shall bring into his tent.
All night the death of Patrocles the Myrmidons
With loud groans bewail; while Briseis, whom Agamemnon
Had restored, threw herself upon the bier
And wept aloud; while all the other captive women
Join'd th' wail, the death of Patrocles a pretext
Bitter tears to shed, each for her private grief.
When rosy-finger'd morn appear'd, who her glad light
On gods and men does shed, from ocean's cave arose

Thetis, bearing to her son Hephæstus' gift.
As Achilles gazed upon this miracle rare
Of art, his eyes enjoyed th' feast, but fiercer burn'd
His wrath. Refusing food and drink, though urg'd by wise
Odysseus not to fast, lest hunger should subdue
His strength, now to th' front Achilles drove his fiery
Steeds; though Xanthus, noble horse, endow'd with speech
By goddess Hera, had foretold Pelides' day
Of doom was near, and that 'twas truth Achilles knew,
Yet angry he that Xanthus had predicted it,
And urg'd th' steeds whose feet with zephyr's breeze might vie.
When Peleus' godlike son they saw in glitt'ring arms
Arrayed, tembled every Trojan.
Not long to join the fray the gods delayed. Themis
By command of Zeus a council call'd to high
Olympus. Rivers and nymphs of various grades were there;
Old ocean only stayed within his bed. Poseidon
Ask'd th' will of Zeus, which was that all the gods
Should mingle in the fight. So angry war was by
Th' gods unchained. Zeus thundered, earth was shaken
By Poseidon so that Mount Ida quail'd from top
To base and rock'd proud Ilion and the ships of Greece,
So great the shock that Hades fear'd the solid earth
Was breaking o'er his dark abode. With men and horses
Throng'd th' plain; the earth rang loud beneath their feet.
Urg'd by Phœbus, Aphrodite's son Æneas
Advanc'd to meet Achilles; boasting each: of his
Lineage high Æneas, of his prowess Achilles;

With spears and swords and stones they fight. But that for others'
Guilt Æneas may not sacrifice his life
Poseidon casts a film before Achilles' eyes,
And bears Æneas from the field.
Onward then Achilles urg'd th' valiant Greeks;
Likewise Hector cheers the men of Troy, to them
Saying, "Fear not Peleus' son; I too with gods
Could in words contend, though not in arms." Achilles
Said, "Draw nigh and quickly meet thy death," and nothing
Terrified is Hector at such lofty speech
But modestly replies, "I own myself the weaker
Yet with the gods th' event if thou or I this day
Shall die." Then Pallas lends her aid to Peleus' son,
Who in fury strikes the misty cloud that Phœbus
Rais'd o'er Hector. Now his rage on other chiefs
He spends, and drives his chariot o'er the bodies of
Th' dead. The flying host, some o'er the plain, some towards
Th' city rush; a mingled mass of men and horses
Into the whirling stream of Xanthus piling. Th' river
Soon ran red with blood, while fearful groans arose
From those by sword of Achilles stabb'd. Of slaughter tiring
From the stream twelve youths he dragged,—their hands behind
Them tying, bade his comrades lead them to the ships,
Their lives on funeral pyre of Patrocles to forfeit.
Then right and left he slew the men of Troy, nor listen'd
To the prayers of suppliants 'til the mighty river
Spoke. To move Achilles by his words he failed,
So to Apollo th' lovely stream appeal'd, reminding

Phœbus 'twas his duty to defend the men
Of Troy. Achilles, nothing daunted, plung'd into
Midstream to battle with the angry flood. To th' gods
Soon he cried to save him from an ignominious
Death. As it was not decreed that he should be
O'erwhelm'd by a river, Pallas and Poseidon
Came to aid him. This increased Scamander's rage
So that succor from his brother Simois he
Now asked. Hera seeing that the swollen stream
Was likely to destroy Achilles, called Hephæstus
Heavenly fire to bring. Then aided by the winds
A strong blast summon'd so the trees along the river
Bank were burned. The dead upon the plains were all
Consum'd by fire. The waves were e'en with fiery breath
Scorch'd. Then spoke the mighty river, begging Hephæstus
To restrain his wrath and prayed th' wily goddess
Call away the fire. No Trojans more to save
He pledg'd himself. So Hera heard his prayer, checked
Th' flames, and in his wonted bed the river flowed.
Yet 'mid other gods contentions rose. Triumphant
Some, and some in angry mood their seats before
Th' cloud compellor took. Apollo, fearing that,
Th' gods withdrawn, the Greeks would raze his well-built
walls,
Enter'd now the gates of Troy.
King Priam standing on a lofty tower, marked
How Achilles drove the Trojan hosts and bade
Th' warder open wide the gates. So now within
Th' walls the Trojans from the Greeks escaped; only
Hector stay'd without nor listen'd to his father's

Voice imploring him, nor yet his mother's anxious
Pleading not alone to meet Achilles by
Th' Scæan gate. His parents' tears and prayers were vain;
For with dauntless courage Hector stood his ground,
Thinking it were better th' fight to dare, and know
At once to whom Zeus triumph will'd. Yet when, in armor
Bright as rising sun Achilles brandishing his
Ashen spear aloft, drew near, then trembling Hector
Fled. Pelides, swift of foot, pursu'd with hate
Untiring. Phœbus lent such suppleness of limb
And strength to Hector, him Achilles ne'er had conquer'd,
But that in his golden scales their lives did Zeus
Weigh and Hector's sank. Then Pallas with her woman's
Wiles, the bravest of the Trojans lur'd to death,
To Pe'ides' side him bringing, who noted where
Th' armor which from Patrocles he'd stripped failed
Hector's body to protect; now into this chink
Achilles drove his spear, the stream of life thus sev'ring.
Dying, Hector did predict that Paris' hand
Helped by Apollo soon should end Achilles'
Life; to which Pelides made reply: "My fate
Shall I meet whenever Zeus decrees." Then while
He stripp'd the blood-smear'd armor off, the Greeks press'd round,
Anxious each to add a wound to Hector's noble
Form. Pelides bound with leather thongs the ankles
To his chariot, leaving the graceful head to trail.
On the walls of Troy Andromache, Hector's loved
Wife, not able to behold so sad a sight,
Swoon'd, piteously mourn'd her fate and that of Hector's

Son Astyanax; while Hecuba and Priam
Wail'd aloud, as to the ship that lay by th' broad
Hellespont Achilles drove his car, the corpse
Of Hector dragging, which he flung by Patrocles'
Couch, it for the dogs intending.
That night, while sleeping 'mid his Myrmidons upon
Th' ocean shore, Achilles saw in vision the Shade
Of Patrocles, which asked him that the funeral rites
Be hasten'd so that he could pass the river that separates
Th' unburied from the buried dead, and begged that
Their bones should together be interred, when
Achilles should have met his doom beneath the walls
Of Troy. To this request Achilles in his waking
Hours gave thought, commanding that in golden urn
Th' bones of Patrocles remain 'til his be ready
For the tomb, then over both a mound be raised.
In honor of his friend, Pelides gave rich prizes
To those who in the funeral games contend'd. Tydides
With Athene's aid the chariot race won easily.
Antilochus, noble Nestor's son, came next, his father's
Word that skill is more than strength thus vindicating.
For Admetos' son Eumelus, whose flying mares
Came last, Antilochus of Achilles begg'd an added
Prize. Wise Odysseus the blue-ey'd maiden prayed
To give him speed of foot, and lo, the goddess Ajax
Tripped, giving prize to him who trusted her.
In archery, royal Teucer far excell'd them all,
Yet forgetful to request the aid of Phœbus
Archer king, by Meriones was surpass'd,
Who ere he drew his bow an off'ring vow'd to give

Th' great far-darting god. In all the games some god
Or goddess still took part. The crowd dispers'd; Achilles
Still his dear friend Patrocles did mourn and bitter
Tears he shed. Behind his car the corpse of Hector
Trailing in the dust, the circuit three times made
Of Patrocles' new tomb. The blessèd gods with pity
View'd th' sight. The great Sire summon'd Thetis, bade
Her hasten to her son, acquaint him with the rage
Of Zeus, and say that when rich ransom Priam to him
Bring, the dead he must restore.
Next to Ilion's king swift-footed Iris came
To urge him take such presents as would melt Achilles'
Heart, nor fear alone to go. His best lov'd bird
Zeus as omen sent; also the gentle guardian
God in form of princely youth, who to the aged
King spoke wingèd words of praise regarding Hector's
Bravery. Then did Hermes Priam's confidence gain.
Th' royal Dardan, following Hermes,
As suppliant clasp'd Achilles' knees, and sued th' chief
With honey'd words for Hector's corpse. Achilles' heart
Touch'd, th' costly raiment took yet left enough
To clothe the corpse; then urg'd the king to eat and drink,
Reminding Priam that e'en Niobe from food
Did not abstain when robb'd of fourteen children. So
Of Achilles' hospitality Ilion's king
Partook and each admir'd th' other's mien and speech.
From war twelve days Achilles promis'd to refrain
'Til Hector's funeral rites were o'er.
Scarcely was the solemn feast in Priam's palace
Ended, when Apollo thought of his prophetic

Words by Troy's hero to his slayer spoken;
So soon beside the Scæan gate Pelides fell
And o'er the body war was waged.
Achilles' son aveng'd his sire by wounding Paris
With a poison'd barb. Her Paris dead, what now
At Troy held Helen? Th' Grecian chiefs were all for going
Home, save only Odysseus who upheld the king
Of men in his desire to raze the walls of Ilion.
Th' wily one a plan conceived which Agamemnon
Approv'd. A monstrous lion-horse they made of pine,
Bound firmly round with bands of iron; this left upon
Th' plains while seen to sail away the Grecian fleet.
Bewilder'd were the men of Troy; what was the portent
Of this sign? No doubt to Athens virgin queen
An off'ring. Thinking for themselves to gain the goddess'
Favor, over th' walls they haul'd th' wooden horse.
Too late the Trojans wak'd to their mistake. The fleet
That night return'd from Tenedos, their comrades hidden
In this mock Palladium ope'd the city gates.
Behold, the enemy now within their walls, Troy's towers
And temples soon ablaze, and Priam slain beside
His household altar. Æneas, by his goddess mother
Warn'd, with chosen few escap'd.
Th' work of devastation wrought, the city sack'd
Of all its treasures, beauty perfidious who the long
War had caused, smiled upon her erstwhile lord
And was forgiven; nay, for pardon asked not
But made fair Menelaus think regaining her
Prize enough for all the woe of Greece. Returning
To their Spartan home, her husband's love the firmer

Helen held for ten years' absence. Yet as vain
And heartless as of old, Electra said,[11] that time
She nurs'd Orestes, helping him to bear his load,
Telling him of her long years of daily woe.
Sin sown ages ago, when Tantalus in pride
Defied th' gods, by ivory-shoulder'd Pelops nourish'd,
Grew apace in Thyestes' hands; inherited by
His sons. Loud cried th' crimes when palace doors were open'd
To murders new. Now all this weight of woe and sin
And crime for many generations past, his family's
Heritage, awaken'd in Orestes' heart.
When upon the blood-stained blade he gazed which
He had plung'd into his mother's breast, his grief
Was madness. Furies rag'd; th' conscience of his race,
Long buried came to life in him.
At length with laurel bough in hand to Pythia's cave
He came, and knelt and pray'd for penance, his burning brain
To calm. Not only with knee bow'd but heart inclin'd
To do the will of God, he waited for oracular
Voice his punishment to declare: "From Scythian Taurus
To Pelops' isle his sister he should bring." By good
Pylades aided, Iphigenia home he brought,
Whose virginity had been sacrificed to Artemis
When the ships would sail for Troy, so coming from
Th' Dardan realm, like fate had Polyxena suffer'd.[12]
Many peaceful years Orestes reign'd o'er Argos
And Mycenae, obeying e'er Apollo's mandates
E'en though ignorant of their portent.
What time he interview'd th' sage Tiresias,
Where beside the stream of deep flowing ocean in

That far country, whither Circe bade him sail
To know his fate, Odysseus learned much of what
At home had happened in the land of rocky Ithaca,
For to drink of th' blood came many spectres, from
Th' shades of Tartarus. His mother told him that
His dear old father Laertes still mourn'd his absence;
That Telemachus, his much-lov'd son, to manhood
Grown, now sorrowing sought his father; that by suitors
Who his substance wast'd, Penelope was surround'd.
Agamemnon wept aloud, recounting all
His suff'rings and his wrongs, at sight of him wept also
Odysseus. Lastly Achilles, whom the Argives honor'd
As a god, spoke sorrowfully, saying he'd
Rather live above the ground and be a hireling
Than a ruler 'neath the earth. Of all the souls
By Odysseus seen, tall Ajax, son of Telemon,
Alone refus'd to speak to him, still angry that
Odysseus had prevailed against him in the fight
For Achilles' arms. The loss of his bright heavenly
Armor had made Ajax take his life; the gain
Was recompense far too small for all Odysseus
Had endur'd. His wand'rings have been call'd a myth.
Many seem to be the inconsistencies
Of this eventful voyage; yet in that day water
Was where land is now, and islands then which now
Have disappeared. No doubt for dramatic effect
Some things exaggerated were, but license more
Is permitted the comedian than th' historian.
Th' author of th' Odyssey had in earlier days
Woven an historic scene in dramatic form,

Which for centuries was fiction deem'd, until
In these latter days the hoe and shovel have
Shown where Trojans fought with Greeks. The landmarks of
Th' Dardan realm by archæologists are pointed
Out, and many fragments found which tell us now
That the life then lived is depicted clearly
In the Iliad, greatest of all tragic poems.[13]
Not an empty name but a living soul
Homer is, the world's supremest genius.
His geography from ours may differ.
Not exactly a chronicle of facts
May his history be, for poets write
Upon whatever canvas fate has given
Them. How gloriously Homer painted
On that background of old Troy, in lines
True and faithful drew those heroes as
They were, yet paint'd th' gods in colors bright
Enough to let us see their faults and follies!
Well he knew the use of satire's sharp
Blade. It is the string on which his boldest
Songs are strung. He with this weapon would
Destroy the pantheistic creed of his
Day, the polytheistic belief of that
Generation. Very frail are his
Olympians; very human are those gods
He made for Greece. Ever Fate than Zeus
Is stronger, th' thread of life she spins, which even
Th' mighty cloud compeller cannot lengthen.
This great father of gods and men his wife
Blames whenever anything goes wrong.

She is constantly deceiving him.
Hera, also Pallas, hates Troy, and not
For any righteous reason, only that
Paris had declared Aphrodite
The most beautiful goddess; yet even this
Baneful disease of jealousy does not prevent
Hera flying fast as thought. We see
How Homer veils, yet tells, the truth that thought
Travels. Thetis knew when griev'd her son
While Achilles betimes presag'd ill.
Animals as well as men were given
Foreknowledge. Rivers as well as horses speak,
Th' elements join the fight in such a way
We feel the poet's cognizance of nature's
Laws. Apollo, healing god, is sunlight
In the physical world. Athene, th' air
Queen, to aid those who on her are calling
Works in various ways; she demonstrates
To Achilles the restraining power of a deep
Breath; in Menelaus' arms and knees
Pallas stirs new vigor, plainly telling
What fresh air will do to calm the nerves.
In the sacred river, fainting heroes
Bathe their wounds. So water, fire, and air
Give much strength to those who use them rightly.
Homer often shows that God's will
With the human working, betters all
Conditions. Glaucos prays; he knows his prayer
Is answer'd; glad he is and straightway pain
Ceases. Hector, sorely wounded, not

Even able to pray yet ever reverent,
Hearing Apollo's voice receives great strength,
Yet begins to revive the moment Zeus
Wills it. This is a well-defined statement
Of the truth of so-called absent treatment.
Th' poet seldom knows how much of light,
How many godlike thoughts, his page enfolds,
While he fearlessly writes what God puts in
His heart. In after days the multitude
Praises him who in his lifetime was
Derided. Now we weep recalling Homer's
Keen privations: going without bread
To pay for parchment; going without sleep
To write what came in visions of the night,
Immortal verses singing far beyond
Th' mind of men those days, whose nearest friends
Thought him mad; great loneliness of spirit
Suff'ring; knowing not his future praise,
Though long delay'd, proportion'd to his anguish
Of heart and mind would be.
An earnest study of the poet teaches
Us that he who suffers most will, when
Time is ripe, bear richest fruit. There are
Bulbs that grow in water; flowers that
Too quickly spring, and die as quickly; but
Th' great strong trees come only when the frost
Has crack'd their nuts, while they best root'd are
Which must split the cold hard rocks themselves.
There are vines that climb, but bloom not 'til
They reach great height, their chalice holding open

To the sky all night, not seen by man.
Like to these white, heavenly scented glories
Of the night, great Homer art thou spreading
Thy vine, not only on the dwellings of
Th' learned to-day, but over many humble
Homes, rare sweetness shedding o'er every one
Who cares to come your way.
Not until Lycurgus went to Crete to study
Minos' laws,[14] did Homer's poems find their way
To Greece as we know Greece, the land of Helen; where
At Sparta they were sav'd though not rever'd as
Good Lycurgus wish'd, who knew their worth, because
An impressionist himself, receiving laws
Divine as roses dew receive.
Solon a Codifier of far different type
Than Sparta's great lawgiver, called wise indeed
Because he knew what others understood or thought
They knew, from Egypt, Syria and the islands gleaning —
This noble man of Salamis to Athens gave
A code of laws for that day perfect.
In Solon's day were many men of wisdom. Thales
Taught that Homer dream'd that water is the source
Of life terrestrial. Poets ever bear the torch,
Light the path for minds material.
Corinthian Periander helped Arion take
Music rare to other courts than his. The tyrant
Pittacus, to whom Alcæus war songs sang,
For whom the cup was filled by Sappho's brother, is
Immortalized, because upon her lyre the tenth
Muse a sympathetic note did strike while he

O'er Lesbos reign'd. Of Love's sad pain to Aphrodite
Sappho did complain, the hearts of many touching
In her day and in after days.
As 'tis said, the head of Orpheus floated o'er
Th' sea, and landed on the Lesbian isle; so Sappho's
Flowers of verse, dyed so red by broken heart,
Wafted were by gentle zephyrs to Æolian
Thebes, where in Corinna's soul they found an echo,
Whose sweet singing taught great Pindar how to spread
His eagle wings. A deeper mine of philosophic
Truth in Æschylus' majestic lines we find;
This man of Marathon gives speech to mountains, makes
Th' sea waves weep, and shows in true dramatic form
How man's rebellion to the will divine still holds
Him chained upon the rocks of Time.[15]
O'er many men of pow'r that day Aspasia
Like a goddess spread her saffron robe; her willing
Slave was Pericles, who Athens ruled as
Zeus had erstwhile rul'd th' sky. By his persuasive
Arts this earthborn god made men his bidding do.
So, soon, upon the ruins the Persians left, arose
Buildings fairer than had been. Not only bloom'd
Th' great Acropolis with temples, statues, trees
And gardens fair; but halls and palaces most rare
All of glist'ning marble from Pentelicon
Builded were on other hills: the hall of government
Upon the Pnyx; near by Aspasia's palace faced
Th' sea; while on the hillside opposite a little
Hut, where Kalicrates fram'd th' plans, with clear
Vision, of Athene's perfect temple. Others

Help'd th' sacred fane to fashion for their loved
Virgin goddess; skillful, willing, unpaid hands
Rais'd th' fluted pillars, on which Time's
Hand has laid the amber tints, as if the sun-god's
Sisters yet were weeping that such beauty could
E'er crumble. Still they stand, those perfect columns, of
Mother art the sentinels, though earthquakes, flood,
Fire, barbaric hands and bombs have hammer'd them.
As we climb the steps or tread the floor of this
Stately Parthenon, we honor all who worshipp'd
Wisdom in a woman's form. Here Socrates
Came to pray. If, while the priest intent upon
Th' lamb for sacrifice his knife uprais'd, th' people's
Head bent low, the great sad eyes of the philosopher
Search'd th' sky for hidden truth, we still must say
Socrates came here to pray.
Golden precepts from the great truth-seeker's loom
Gleam in shining threads upon the page of Bacchus'
Youngest Child,[16] who in the temple of the god
Of wine libations rich pour'd forth in sweetest verse,
Singing strains of love or pæans of pain to show
Th' merits of self sacrifice to suff'ring man.
Euripides the same fire felt that Socrates
Sustain'd, when through his human frame the hemlock sent
Death's chill, while round him stood his lov'd disciples
Thinking of the "Good" their teacher had proclaimed.
One there was who wrote what Socrates had said
As nearly as he could, and many sought the shrine
At Delphi where Apollo's temple rested on
Th' rock beside Castalia's spring. 'Twas here the great

Philosopher heard th' oracular voice. It bade him listen
To the inner voice divine (which few can hear),
And never disobey its leadings.
Of all the Pythias that ever sat upon
Th' tripod to interpret Phœbus' words, not one
Surpass'd th' Delphic priestess of this day. Not all
Who tried could play Apollo's lyre; not all could catch
Th' music of the sun-god's voice, which never has
Been mute.[17] His sacred fane from times remote was call'd
Th' centre of the earth; and far and wide the fame
Of every Delphic priestess spread.

CANTO VIII

Rome

When Æneas left the burning walls of Troy, his father on his shoulder, leading his young son, by faithful band

Follow'd, to Greece he sail'd, ascended to the shrine of Troy's lov'd god, that he might learn where to go to rear an altar

For his household gods that he might give to less enlighten'd lands the culture and religion of the Dardan realm.

Little did Æneas dream of all the perils
And the toil he would endure before he reach'd
Th' spot long destin'd the traditions of his people
To preserve. So earnestly he desir'd to find
Th' place Apollo bade him seek, that Macedon's
Vast lands nor Sicily's fruitful fields detain'd him long;
And had he not been shipwrecked on the Carthaginian
Shore, he ne'er had dream'd of Dido, fair Phœnician
Princess, who with winning ways enslav'd him for
A year. While mending were the much betatter'd sails,
Her generous aid and lavish hospitality readily
Th' Dardan did accept. Yet naught availed her
Wail of woe Æneas to detain, when ready
To depart. By duty and ambition ruled
He sail'd away, while passionate and uncontroll'd
Dido stabb'd herself upon the funeral pile.
Little thought Æneas of the life that he
Had wrecked. Love's voice now fail'd to reach his ear.
Pride of conquest, for discovery keen desire,

Led him where destiny had design'd that he should dwell.
At Cumæ landing, fairest city on the famed
Hesperian shore, built nobly, filled with richest store
Of rare Etrurian art,[1] with harbor grand and mountains
Warding off the inland foes; a spot to be
Desir'd Æneas thought, and forthwith made alliance
With the Latin king, who fear'd th' Trojan arms;
Therefore gave his daughter to Anchises' son
In marriage, who a city built and call'd in honor
Of his wife Lavinium.
In this and much else that Æneas undertook
Th' sage advice his father gave he follow'd, when
Midst the sulphurous fumes in her mysterious grotto
Th' wise Cumæan Sibyl brought Anchises from
Th' Shades to hold communion with his pious son.
Yet not all the admonitions of his father,
Nor the worldly counsel of the Sibyl to whom
Much gold he'd given, from the enmity of Turnus,
Betrothed of Lavinia, kept Æneas. Fierce
And many were the battles ere this foe was vanquish'd.
But of this and how the Trojans ever gained
More and more, did Vergil amply sing, and tell
Of the goodly kingdom left Ascanius,
When to th' Shades Æneas passed.
Th' long-fam'd Alba Longa by Æneas' son
Was builded, who made alliance here and there with scatter'd
Tribes of old Etruria's once great stock, a people
Part from Egypt, part from Persia, who along
Italia's shore had built, before Calabria from
Th' sea came forth to lure the pleasure-loving, wand'ring

Greek. An island in Æneas' time, Hesperia
Had been desir'd by all who heard of its fair clime,
Its orange and its lemon groves, its cornfields and
Vineyards rare. Its city proudly faced th' western
Sea, secure in Nature's bulwarks.
Little did Cumæans dream that they and all
Their palaces would some day buried be beneath
Hot rocks and streams of molten lava, when the mighty
Avernus his work should do, and mount be lost
Save in name of placid acrid lake; and river
Fam'd its course would change, and later change its name;[2]
While the greatness of Etruria's state in days
To come be but a schoolboy's tale.
Not in Ascanius' day, nor in that of his
Most noted descendants came these changes vast; yet northward
Press'd th' Trojans and their Latin allies, peoples
Of the valleys fighting, nor the mount e'er yielding
Where Alba Longa stood, where king after king held sway
From Dardan Æneas claiming descent.
But wicked men arose, and brothers fought. The daughter
Of the king was forc'd to be a Vestal Virgin,
However brought forth twins, by Mars, she said. Fain would
Th' usurper slay these babes; but otherwise the gods
Had will'd, and sent to save them from a watery grave
A shepherd kind, whose wife was Lupa call'd because
Of her free life; a woman kind of heart to these
Starved boys gave suck. So Roman art and history
Preserve her memory, wee Romulus and Remus
Picturing nursed by a wolf.

When to manhood grown not shepherd's staff but huntsman's
Sports appear'd to Rhea Silvia's sons; their natural
Bent their foster father nurtur'd; and soon a band
Of lawless youths surround'd them, who built a town,
For Romulus their leader named. Near the foot
Of the Palatine hill it lay, while other towns
From other hills look'd down, by fear and envy stirred.
Upon the throne of Rome, in turn, sat seven kings;
Each was by a woman ruled.
Sabine Hersilia bade her Romulus desist
From battling, when her people came their daughters to
Reclaim, who stolen were by youths of Rome, so peace
Was made between these alien states.
Egeria, lovely nymph, with divination gifted,
Taught the pious Numa what the gods desired
Most, while he obedient to his sibyl wife
At Rome establish'd rites religious.
Etrurian Tanaquil, so full of base intrigue,
Her Greek-born husband on the throne of Romulus
Did place; then slave within her palace born exalted
To the highest station, Servius, th' boy
Whose head 'twas said oft blaz'd with light in sleep. A peaceful
King and loved was he, yet ne'er secure; for Tullia
Th' restless temper of the younger Tarquin stirred
To murder Tarquin Primus; then her chariot drove
Over his dead body in the market place;
And put the crown so deeply dyed in family blood
Upon her husband's head, whose many sanguinary
Victories soon gain'd for him the name Superbus.

Desiring for the Tarquin name a monument, Jove's
Temple, by his father started, the king would now
Finish; but, a frightful prodigy occurring
Which Etrurian sages failed to interpret,
Superbus sent his sons the oracle at Delphi
To consult. The serpent might portend the god's
Displeasure that no temple in his honor had
Been built since Alba Longa was destroyed. With
Th' Tarquins went their cousin Lucius Junius Brutus,
Thought a witless lad, for fearing much the king
He had dissembled; yet was bright enough, for when
Pythia declar'd that he who first should kiss
His mother Rome would rule, while lots the Tarquins cast
To see on which should fall this honor, Brutus stumbling
Kiss'd the earth, rememb'ring Rhea is the mother
Of mankind. And he it was who ruled th' state
After he had stirr'd the indignation of
Th' people by his eloquent recital o'er
Th' body of Lucretia, whose death untimely
Hasten'd the end of regal government at Rome.
Yet the form of rule chang'd not the hearts of men;
Consuls now instead of kings, more liberty, more
Ferment; wars abroad, at home dissension; no
Stability, no loyalty; to-day a man
Prime favorite is; to-morrow exiled.
Coriolanus brave, much scarred, from attacking
Th' imperial city deterred by the rebuke
Of his aged mother and Volumnia's tears,
Died in exile; while to those who pray'd for peace
As a reward, the citizens built a temple to female

Fortune. Yet not tears nor temple stayed th' fearful
March of war, nor quell'd internal strife, until
Patricians shar'd th' spoils of government with those
Whose bone and sinew held the state.
Step by step the army steadily fought its way
Towards a democratic commonwealth. The Volscians
Ceas'd to be. Th' Æquians finally were defeated,
When peace-loving Cincinnatus, call'd to be
Dictator, left his plow, and on to victory led
Th' Romans. Last of all th' Italian peoples engulfed
By Rome were th' Etrurians. Then was she by th' Greeks
At sea defeated. Attacked by the Gauls on th' north,
Veii was at length destroyed. Thus forever
Broken was the power of Rome's strongest enemy.
Quelling Etruria but open'd th' gate to th' Gauls;
So these strange peoples of the North now found their way
To th' Eternal City, which they pillaged and
Burn'd, all save the capitol; this seven months
They besieged unsuccessfully.
Th' Gauls withdrew; rebuilt was Rome, and soon for more
Warfare ready; now against the nations south
Waged three long wars. Then one by one the Greek
Cities of the coast submitt'd to Rome's supremacy.
Th' Tarentines for liberty fought bravely, aided
By Pyrrhus' army and his elephants at first
Repell'd th' Roman arms, yet Samnites fell at length.
Th' fruitful isle of Sicily, coveted long, became
Next the seat of war. The Punic colonies strove
Constantly with th' Greeks. The Romans from the isle
Drove the Carthaginians, and rule upheld

Of Hiero of Syracuse, descendant of
Gelon of Gela, brother of that Hiero
In whose time Ætna vomit'd fire,[3] and sent forth giant
Lava streams destructive for the time, for after
Days enriching plains of Sicily.[4] This was that
Hiero whose affluent halls were graced by poets
And philosophers. Here Æschylus and Pindar
Honor'd were. The Pythian and Olympian bays
Still are green in those immortal odes where e'en
Th' king's victorious horse has found a lasting name.[5]
Wars nor wealth can give such length of days to men
Of mortal mould as can the poet's page, in whose
Power it lies e'en kingly hospitality to
Well repay. Would Hiero be known to-day
Had the Theban bard not feasted at his board?
Of the lesser one we ne'er had heard, but that
In lovely lyric lays Theocritus his patron's
Praise did sing; while he, protected by the Roman
Power in southern Sicily, mildly rul'd th' lazy
Pleasure-loving Greek. Not rul'd so easily were
Th' Samnite Carthaginians. When quieted in
Sicily depradations then began in Spain.
Ere the fleet arriv'd from Italy, Roman strongholds
On the coast attacked were; and led by bold,
Cruel and relentless Hannibal they crossed
Th' Alps, and nearly crush'd th' Roman state at Cannæ.
For years they devastated southern Italy, while
Strategic, murderous Marcellus Syracuse
Besieged, and the treasures of its temples brought
To Rome; then turn'd his army 'gainst the Punic leader,

Met his death, and buried was by Hannibal.
Th' fate of Rome in balance hung when Scipio—
Young in years but old in vision, placing his
Dependence on the gods, who show'd their will and his
Destiny in dreams, and made him brave to do,
E'en when contrary to the Senate's voice, their bidding—
Asked for troops to lead to Africa, which was refus'd;
But so famous for victories in Spain became
That in goodly numbers volunteers to his side
Flock'd. With fleet and army formidable he sailed
To Afric's shore where on the field of Zama great
Hannibal he overcame. So glorious was
This victory, that in triumph home returning th' surname
Africanus Scipio received. Th' people
Then desir'd to make him consul and dictator;
But as in Spain he had declin'd th' title king,
Then preferring that of general, so he now
Prudently put aside these proffer'd honors, for
Th' Senate's jealousy well he knew.
War with Macedon came shortly after peace
With Carthage. Philip having further'd Hannibal
Incens'd th' Romans. Scipio in humbleness
Of spirit asked leave to follow his brother who
Led the troops. The power of Macedon in Greece
By Titus Quinctius Flaminius was broken;
Th' news that Greece was free proclaim'd at th' Nemean
Games by heralds scarcely was believ'd; yet almost
Overpower'd was Quinctius by gratitude
Expressed by th' assembled Achæans.
After this was Rome involved in war with Eastern

Powers. Egypt, Carthage, Macedon, each proffer'd
Help. The gold and coin from Africa proudly was
Refus'd but Philip's aid in driving Antiochus
Out of Greece accepted gladly. Th' allied forces
At Thermopylæ defeated th' Asiatics,
Where in early days the brave Leonidas
With three hundred Spartans held the pass against
Th' Persian host. The Romans conquer'd Antiochus
Later at sea, and drove him back to Asia Minor,
There depriving him of most of his dominion.
Now the Asiatic luxuries and customs
Became the vogue at Rome. Against these tastes and gauds
Newly acquired Cato harangu'd, when opposing
Th' repeal of th' Oppian law.
Conspicuous for his austere frugality, Cato
Fear'd that avarice and luxurious living would
Into captivity bring the state; for these
He knew had ruined all great empires.
Despite the strenuous opposition of the censor,
Law the dress of women limiting was repealed;
For Valerius, plebeian Tribune, all
Cato's fears most eloquently silenc'd, showing
By examples from remotest times to his
Day it was not new for women to appear
In public when the interest of the commonwealth
Demanded it. "The matron's gold it was that ransom'd
Rome when Gauls besieged. The widows' fund supplied,
During a later war, the treasury. When to these
Shores new gods were invited to relieve our distress,
Did not the matrons in a body go to th' coast

Th' Idæan mother to receive? "
These and other instances Valerius
Cited. As to the repeal of laws in general,
Th' Tribune agreed with Cato, but this law was not
Coeval with the city, nor was it written by
Decemvirs on the tables twelve, but only passed
When necessitated by the state's distress,
Reminding Roman men that power the greater any
One possesses, th' more moderate should he be
In exercising it; the Tribune Valerius
Closed his justly famed speech.[6]
Cato lived to ripe old age, preserving strength
Of mind and body. "Carthage must destroyed be,"
Were his words, no matter what the subject of
Senatorial debate. As constant drippings
Wear the hardest rocks away, so Cato's oft
Repeated speech the Senate mov'd, who found excuse
Their rival city to besiege. The namesake of
Hannibal's defeator Carthage's destroyer
Was. This Scipio like th' elder one was taught
By dreams. One night in Massinissa's palace sleeping
He was visit'd by the Shade of Africanus
Who predicted for him many honors. Also
In this same dream his father, Paulus, spoke to him
Of the Life Hereafter, of the bliss eternal
Which awaited him, and of his duty to
Preserve the wonderful union of the soul and body
Until from earthly fetters God should will him loosed.
Africanus spoke again of things not known
To seers regarding planet Rhea, sun and stars;

And urg'd his namesake not to think of worldly fame,
But his heart to set on things above and know
He was a god; for one who feels, and recollects,
And controls his body, as the Ruler Supreme
Governs th' world, must be a god.
Much else Scipio the Elder spake, and all
Predictions of this dream came true.[7]
About this time Achaia conquer'd was by Quintus
Metellus. Corinth was demolish'd, Thebes and Chalcis
Were laid low. Numidia Metellus ravag'd
Later, and defeat'd Jugurtha. But it was
Marius by Sulla aid'd who took the Numidian
In chains to Rome. This Marius was th' first to enter
Th' Senate in triumphal habit. Son of th' soil,
He valu'd costly apparel more than do the noble
Born. Because success attend'd his raids against
Th' Teutons and the Cimbri he became the popular
Hero of the day, yet far too ignorant was
To govern. Soon his blood-stain'd rule was ended by
Th' wily Sulla, first to turn his arms against
His country. Marius then fled. Victorious Sulla
Led his army into Greece, in campaign ruthless
Athens stormed, slaying most of her inhabitants;
Returning then to Italy terroriz'd th' people
By massacre more merciless than Marius
E'er perpetrat'd; to suit himself the laws refashion'd,
Dictatorial office abdicated then,
And return'd to private life.
Yet systems he establish'd did not save the state;
For after Sulla's death no one arose with power

Enough to seize the government 'til Julius First,
Greatest of the Cæsars, law and order brought
Out of anarchy, when he had conquer'd Pompey
Call'd th' Great, who with success the Seleucidæ
Overthrew, the rulers of the Asiatic
Realm since Alexander's day.
Advancing to Judea, Pompey after a long
Siege the temple at Jerusalem took, his way
Forcing into the holy place where only high
Priest might lawfully enter; Palestine annex'd
To Syria, and home return'd th' hero of
Th' hour. Ambitious, yet without ability his
Hopes to realize, from Cæsar, favorite now
Of the democratic party, gladly he
Accepted help. With Pompey's prestige, Crassus' wealth
And his own genius, Cæsar form'd th' first triumvirate.
Of short duration this, for Crassus in the east
Defeat'd and killed, Pompey curried favor with
Th' people and soon sole consul was at Rome; while Cæsar
Many victories won in Germany, Gaul and Britain,
Having made the ocean and the Rhine the boundaries
Of Rome, yet order'd was by jealous Senate to
Disband his army. Friends now ask'd th' Consulship
For him. Not granted this; so Cæsar peace desiring
Demanded Pompey should disband his legions; this
Refused, notwithstanding th' apparition which
Spoke of bloodshed, Cæsar cross'd th' Rubicon,
And soon th' imperial city occupied, Pompey
Having fled. The food supply securing and
Th' opposing forces conquering in Hispania,

Cæsar was proclaim'd Dictator. Th' government was
Reorganized; then with troops well disciplined
Little difficulty he had in overpowering
Pompey. Bloody yet decisive was Pharsalia.[8]
Now to Egypt came the rivals; here receiving
Pompey's head, great Cæsar wept, as Alexandria's
Founder wept when no more worlds he found to conquer.
With family feuds was Egypt rife. The young king no
Resemblance bore to those great Ptolemies whose name
Alone he had inherited. First of these new-made
Egyptian kings by Alexander's will who sat
Upon the throne was Soter called. Philadelphus,
His son, patron was of learning, and justly famed
For his large library, while the other Ptolemies
For warlike attributes were known, until degenerate
Grew the race, in too much luxury swath'd. The last
Flower on this dying stem was Cleopatra.
Cæsar by her charms enthrall'd at her side
Linger'd; when affairs at home requir'd his presence,
Th' beautiful princess placed upon the throne of Egypt
Jointly to rule with her young brother.
Cæsar soon became sole master of the Roman
World; created Imperator, with consummate
Judgment gave attention to the empire. Showing
No resentment nor revenge, his enemies
He forgave; yet of his popularity some
Partisans of his were jealous, for the people
Gladly him accepted; but powerless were to shield
Their god when he o'erconfident refus'd to note
Th' auspices, the warnings fail'd to read, nor listen'd

To his wife Calpurnia, whose dreams forshadow'd
Harm to him, but came upon the Ides of March
As usual to the Senate quite unarmed; there
Was stabb'd by men he had call'd friends
Who, while they aim'd their cruel blows to lay him low,
Gave undying fame to this imperial leader,
A crown more lasting than the one he thrice refus'd
Upon the Lupercal. His blood was spilt by those
To whom his friendship only gave distinction; they
Envied his invincible genius; his mind
They never understood, nor fathom'd his great heart;
So like Dodona's giant oak in sacred forest
Cleft by Cæsar's sword, then fell'd by his command,
Rome's Imperator fell; with whom began
Th' greatest empire earth has known.
As the swollen sea in turbulent waves is tossed
After a storm, now Roman rival parties strove
Each with greedy hands to seize the reins of power.
Three in sanguinary rule united. All
Th' old-time friends of Cæsar they proscribed. Even
One, "The Father of his Country" called, who
Wrote and spoke his native tongue as none had done
Before, was foully murdered, while his head and hands
Were nailed where his eloquence had often flowed.
Like a calm between two storms, as sea-foam white
Because all else is black, thy fame, O Cicero,
Lasting is. The sea of trouble still rolled on.
After fated Phillipi ran Cassius
And Brutus on their swords. Her aid now Cleopatra
Lent to Anthony, who his wife and children left

For this voluptuous queen. No match was this perfidious
Pair for him who soon in Rome was styled Augustus
When he had won the world at Actium. To Egypt
Then the foolish lovers fled, and took their lives.
Octavius now sole master of the empire was,
Which for a space was quiet as ocean is, when swollen
Flood, subsiding after strenuous storm, the sea
Clear and blue without a ripple leaves, while on
The horizon spreading their white sails in glistening
Sunlight, scarcely seen to move, a line of barques.
So in a nation after agitation great
Comes a time of peace and much prosperity, when
Many men arise and soar on wings of golden
Opportunity, leaving for the generations
Yet to come undying words.
Not by one great man are made the world's great
Ages, but by many illumin'd souls whose genius
Is permitted to unfold amid congenial
Surroundings. Horace had not written as he did
But for Mæcenas' lavish hand and sympathetic
Voice, whose gifts the poet well repaid by praise
Of his munificence. Those gentle satires, gracious
Letters, odes like pearly dew upon the lawn,
Are with us still; the Villa and the gold are gone.
To his dear friend Vergilius, who led him to
Th' friend at court, did Horace hold affection. Both
These poets learn'd in Grecian lore sought Athens, home
Of every classic song, whose very dust is brain.
Vergil's soul was clad in fragile clay, which wrap
Too soon was worn away; yet even so, he stands

First of Roman bards. His pastorals[9] claim our praise,
Though to Theocritus this form of lay came first.
Vergil much surpass'd th' Syracusan singer
In refinement of this style of verse. In his
Heroic poem this bard took Homer for a guide.
Little new the work contains yet full of legend
And of lore; is firm in teaching that we live
Again and work in other spheres; for Vergil knew
That he was part of that bright flame in each intelligence
Glowing, felt his soul was nourished by a light
That kindled once, shines on forever.[10]
Poets were not rare in Rome these days. Catullus'
And Tibullus' Sapphic strains were oftener read
Than Cinna's geographic page, whose Smyrna now
Forgotten lies. To passionate men and women, little
Learned, Ovid then, as now, appeal'd. Among
These meteoric men, for poets ever strange
Paths tread, there lived a man of calm and quiet temper
Who with rich yet simple diction penned th' history
Of Rome in faultless style. As stately forest tree,
Its head above the vines and blossoms rears, so Livy
Of Patavium, that town in northern Italy
Which Antenor of Troy did build, stood lonely in
His height amid the writers of his age. His talents
Won for him the friendship of the Senate's prince,
So that far and wide his fame was spread, while yet
On earth he liv'd—and still lives on.

Not one of all those high-born geniuses
Of Rome who shone at august Cæsar's court,
As stars do circling shine about the sun,

To his royal table coming as
The gods on Mount Olympus hasten when
To banquet hall of Zeus by Hebe bidden,
To the world would give the wisdom, light
And truth that came from Galilee, from lips
Of Man whose name Augustus ne'er had heard.
He to Cæsar tribute paid, yet taught
A higher fealty belonged to God. But who
Could live in all the splendor of the empire
Days, and not be buried 'neath its gauds,
As surely as Tarpeia was in early
Times, by Sabine shields and bracelets covered?
Nor dreamed these men of Rome what marvellous things
Were happening in far off Palestine,
Nor would believe if told that Gabriel, angel
Bright, from highest heaven a visit paid
A maid in Nazareth, and hailed her chosen
Of the Lord, Messiah's mother she
To be. This message modest Mary doubting,
The angel did declare with God all things
Possible are. Submissive then to wish
Most High, this Holy Virgin, child of Anne
And Joachim,[11] to Zacharias' house
Did hasten there to tell the wondrous news,
Yet ere the salutation passed was hailed
As Mother of the Lord. Then Mary sang
A hymn of praise and prophecy that all
Should ever call her blessed.[12]
To Joseph, who like many of his race
Was versed in dreams, it was reveal'd that his

Was Aaron's rod. So when the priest bade all
Unmarried men of David's line their rod
Into the Temple bring, to see if sign
From heaven be given, on Joseph's rod a dove
Did perch,[13] fulfilling prophecy. Then the priest
To Joseph's care the blessed maid confided.
While they in David's town sojourned, a son
Was born, and shepherds hearing angel chorus
Came to cave where lay the babe by glistening
Light surrounded; while seers from Egypt, Greece
And India came with gifts of frankincense,
Of gold, and myrrh, to worship Him, the King
New-born, whose brilliant star they'd seen afar.
His parents, true to Jewish law, the Child
Did bring to temple at Jerusalem where
Aged priest rejoiced to see the Lord's
Salvation. Holy Simeon spirit-guided
Saw the sword that Mary s heart would pierce,
When she should stand beside the cross whereon
Her bright and beauteous Son was crucified,
Should stand and see Him suffer so, the sinless
One whom wicked men derided, crowned
With thorns, and spat upon, nailed His hands
And feet upon the cross of Calvary. When
At last His spirit freed itself with a loud
Voice He cried. Then sword was thrust in His
Fair side 'til blood and water flowed therefrom,
And Mary's heart was pierced as Simeon said.
Gentle, loving mother, than whom no earthly
Woman suffer'd more, thy son of promise

Died a malefactor's death, by cruel
Crowd surround'd and no one there to help.
Holy Mary, Mother mild, thy faith
Helps us in life's dark hours. No night of ours
So black as this that thou didst spend upon
Thy knees while Jesus' body in the tomb
So silent lay, while He was preaching help
To tortur'd spirits in the world of Shades.
When on the third morn other Marys precious
Spices taking to His grave, the stone
Found rolled away, thou didst not need to see
Th' empty tomb; already had thine eyes
Beheld the risen Lord, Victorious One,
Who next appeared to Mary Magdalene,
At whose marriage feast He made the water
Wine, as He had turned her life from earthly
Ways to things divine. Her Lord she loved
So well, her eyes were opened when her name
He called; then she beheld His changed estate,
And knew her Saviour's body glorified,
The radiant mien which Peter, James and John
Had seen when Jesus on the Mount with Moses
And Elias talked.[14] The risen body
Different, yet like the one of clay,
Many saw; yet those who could not see
Believed not, e'en though through closèd doors
He passed, showed His nail prints, let them touch
His wounded side. For forty days on earth
He stayed, appearing many times to one
Or more, in body of the resurrection.

Then, O wondrous light! He grew more bright,
More luminous, and floated upward out
Of sight; while angels, who with men were watching
Spoke to Jesus' sad disciples, telling
Them their Lord had gone to heaven, a place
To prepare as He had promised them,
That where He was they too should be when they
Had put on immortality.
While the Son of Righteousness with midday splendour
In Syria conquer'd, very low the clouds hung over
Rome, for love was chain'd, and lust was loos'd. No more
Cornelia's noble race, so proud in consciousness
Of motherhood; no more Calpurnias who with visions
Clear might warn their lords, but women full of evil
Machinations. Murderous to the core were those
In highest places. Could the son of Livia be
Other than he was? We needs must pity one
With such an heritage, reared in lap of lust and school'd
In fratricide, with exile self-imposed, his wreck
Of manhood hid on Capri's rocky shore; there ruled
By crafty Sejanus, who caus'd th' death of many
Innocent ones ere his ignominious death
He met. He poison'd stately Agrippina's mind,
When with the Emperor she dined, augmenting the
Dislike Tiberias bore Augustus' grandchild. So
Her request for marriage honorable he refused.
Soon in exile this exotic feminine flower
Of Rome was starved to death; yet happier thus than living
To see her daughter slain by son's command, the cruel
Nero, third to sit upon the throne, by madness

Driven desperate deeds to do. This madness was
A form of that disease which flows for generations
In the blood of those from sinful men descended,
And comes into the brains of kings when women of
Th' foremost rank lead lives lascivious; for from
Mother does the man his mental tendencies
Inherit. Rais'd to power imperial while a boy,
Cruelty with mother's milk imbibing, passions
Unrestrained, for monstrosity Nero in name
Stands in limelight of the past.
That sect among the Jews, nam'd Christians, with insatiate
Cruelty, for the amusement of a degraded populace,
Were horribly tortur'd. Peter, th' great Apostle, finding
Himself unable to shield his little flock, to their
Entreaties yield'd to save himself. While fleeing along
Th' Appian way, he saw impress'd upon the soft
Volcanic granite, footprints turn'd towards Rome.
He stoop'd and kiss'd th' mystic marks, and bless'd th' Lord
For pointing out the way; then slowly his steps retrac'd
Soon to meet a martyr's death.
Now o'er Peter's tomb a great dome rises where countless
Devotees the toe of his stone image kiss;
While footsteps of the Master, harden'd into rock
As altar-piece in far-off San Sebastian are,
Gazed upon by skeptic tourists, or beheld
By pilgrims lovingly who for signs like these are longing,
Yet the doors dare not unbar which th' Church has lock'd
With keys that Christ to Peter gave as sign—the gates,
Which priests of other cults so long had barr'd, now

Should be opened to let His sheep within the pasture.
Not with footmarks on the sand, but light upon
Th' path, and voice like thunder from the sky, did Jesus
Come to Paul, who then with mighty eloquence
Th' story of the resurrection told in Syria,
Greece, and Macedon. When held in unjust bonds
For preaching Christ, to Cæsar he appeal'd, and was
By Festus sent to Rome along with Luke and Silas,
His co-workers. There in prison burning words
He wrote which still are heard the wide earth o'er, and will
Ring on when Rome is known no more.
Yet by cruel king's command, this first Apostle
To the gentiles was behead'd. As citizen
Of Rome he might not suffer death within the gates;
So far out on the Ostian road the fountains three
We find that do attest the place where Paul's head fell,
Bound 'round by fair Plautilla's veil.
As oft in darkest night shines Sirius with more
Than planet light, so Seneca shone at Rome with light
That lighteneth every man when clear his mental mirror.
On his page of precepts truth we see beyond
Th' stoics. Deeply had he dug in that rich mine
Open'd by Euripides, whose dramas he
Transcribed for the Latin world. When by his heartless
Pupil self-inflicted death was decreed, as one
Who knows there is a Life Hereafter he met the signal.
Soon his kinsman, gifted Lucan, suffered like
Fate, for verses so superior to his own
Nero could not brook. This noble soul in dying

Lines from his sublime Pharsalia recited
(Imputed to another),[15] showing firm belief
In God's omnipresence and that a virtuous mind
Is His noblest throne on earth.
Why was Martial spar'd whose epigrams were most rare,
The emperor's brutal taste well pleased, praising
Th' Colosseum's horrid scenes, yet hiding th' designer's
Name, Gaudentius, who met a martyr's death?
Juvenal, Martial's nearest friend, with satire's swift
Sharp sword did veil his fierce invectives, not extravagant
We know, for from historic page of Tacitus
We learn what Roman license and luxury were those days.
By decree of soldiers, Nero's mad career
Ended was by self-inflicted death. Then rulers
Raised or deposed were in quick succession
By military despotism.
Pliny in later days description graphic gives
Of scenes terrific which he witnessed as a lad.
Vesuvius had groan'd, shaken th' country 'round
About for many months to tell the men who lived
Upon her slopes to leave. But then, as now, they little
Heeded nature's warnings. When at last fierce flames
Burst from mountain top, and cloud of smoke the sky
Obscured, some preferr'd th' sea to earth in such
Distress. But tidal waves, which ever in the wake
Of heavy quake will follow, engulfed their tiny crafts,
While hot lava swiftly down the mountain flowed,
Covering cities at its base. The naturalist,
Th' Elder Pliny, perished watching this phenomenon.

His nephew's letters tell the tale, and also give
Us most delightful scenes from country life enjoy'd
By men and women of fine taste and culture, who
Were guests at his Liburnian and his Tuscan villas—
Life quite unlike that which Juvenal decries.
We learn from Pliny's page of Trajan's clemency,
Foreign ruler, first of Rome, who greatest limits
Gave the empire; in whose reign and that of his
Adopted son, the Spanish Hadrian, learning is
Again encourag'd. Now the Greek philosopher
Plutarch comes to Rome. Like Seneca, for men
And women equal virtue he demand'd. Th' worship
Of Isis he explained,[16] brought to Rome in Sulla's
Day, the importance showing for the reverence
Of motherhood. The heavenly host that mediate,
Spirits freed from bodily bondage that do God's
Service, Plutarch saw, and oracles explained.
Through his influence Delphi was restor'd though Pythia's
Voice was silent, for Hadrian found a peasant girl
Upon the tripod when this shrine he visited. Much
Attracted by the eastern occultism, he spent
Little time at Rome, yet hither sent rare treasures
For his Tivoli villa from Egypt, Greece and Syria,
Which to us still speak of his great taste for art.
Hadrian chose for his successor Antoninus,
Pius call'd because of his benevolent, peaceful
Reign; who show'd his greatest wisdom in adopting
Verus and Domitia's son Aurelius,
    The consummate flower of Roman manhood,
    Who from his mother mental poise and moral

Strength partook. From her he learn'd that evil
Thought pernicious is as evil deed.
From father and grandfather he inherited
Modesty, perseverance, manliness,
Temper mild and lack of all vainglory.
Among the many men of character who
Helped to form the judgment of this prince,
Th' stoic Rusticus stands first. He taught
Simplicity in all the acts of life;
Benevolence without display; to offenders
Easy reconcilement; never to be
Satisfied with any superficial
Understanding of a book. For his
Good teachers and good kinsman Aurelius
Thanked th' gods, but specially did praise
Them that he was able his virginity
To keep. Like Paul he knew the value of
Deferring proof of his virility,[17] gathering
Strength by not parading manhood. Also
He thanked th' gods for temperate keeping him
In mind as well as body, giving him
Desire to aid and leisure right to do.
By admonitory dreams he oft
Instructed was, and felt the providence
Of God, which Plutarch says is minist'ring angels.[18]
Aurelius did fully feel that all
Members of one body are, as said
Xenophon in th' Memorabilia.
Therefore warfare contrary to his nature
Was. In camp he still preserv'd his peaceful

Mien, and daily wrote his meditations
Beautiful on life and death. His soul
Was so awaken'd that he knew what men
Call death is but the walking from one house
To another, the putting off the clay
For the robe of light.
Th' character of this most noble man
More lustre gives to Rome than all the temples,
Towers, and palaces upon her seven
Hills: The Palatine where Romulus
Built his infant walls, the Capitoline,
Th' Quirinal by Sabine kings annexed,
Th' Aventine by Marcius once claimed,
Th' Celian, th' Esquiline so long Etruscans
Held, at length the city set beside
Th' Tiber joined, last Janiculum
Included in the circuit of her walls
By Antonius Marcus Aurelius.
There now the pious pilgrim goes to kneel
At Peter's shrine or stops to note the nameless
Stone o'er Beatrice Cenci's grave;[19]
Then when the sun is setting, gazes on
Th' ruins of what was once the capital of
Th' world, and with Aurelius perceives
That matter is in flux, so why regard
Th' dissolution of the elements or
Be apprehensive? Nothing can be wholly
Evil that is natural. Man possesses
That which th' world phenomenal transcends.
If he but cultivates within his breast

Th' spark divine; he can, when driven forth
From one body, life renew.
Just as Constantine transferr'd th' Roman power
To Byzantium, a man can in another
Tabernacle preserve his life, his loves, his light.

CANTO IX

Spain

Had not Africanus lived many times before he came to Rome, the gods would not have chosen him when only

Twenty-four years old to lead their country's forces into Spain. That Scipio was old in spirit, though in earth

Years young, is attested by his power of interpreting dreams and hearing th' inner voice. Thus led, an easy task was th' taking

Of Saguntum. Carthaginia's power o'erthrown,
Th' towns along the coast secure, the Romans pushed
Their way into th' interior of th' Iberian
Peninsula; built roads and walls and amphitheatres;
Roman laws and customs introduced; and
Conciliated th' people who were a strange conglomerate,
Turanians from Persia, dwelling here from time
Remote, Iberians of Greek descent who gave
To the land their name before the Roman rule,
Of that cultured, wicked race th' Atlantides[1]
A few who had escap'd that fearful tempest which
Swept the land from 'neath their feet.
Scipio's policy was gentle and humane;
He gained the esteem of those he conquer'd; and had he
So willed, King of Spain he easily might have been.
Different quite the warfare was in Cæsar's day,
Hunting Pompey's legions, the Iberians
He devastated, making slaves of those opposing

Him. As Roman province, called Hispania now,
She in importance grew, and yield'd not only great
Stores of silver from her mines, but poets and
Philosophers from her people. Moral Seneca
And Lucan both were Spanish born, and three of Rome's
Emperors[2] came from this rich soil.
When the western world Rome ceas'd to rule, the Goths
Swept destruction on this land as hurricane
Tears the tassell'd corn; yet on these ruins a kingdom
Built, with many temples fair and castles strong,
And put their nerve and sinew into what was fast
Becoming a degenerate race.
No one disputed th' Goths' right to rule Hispania
For full three centuries. Then came from Afric's shore
Tarik with his Moors. For seven days the battle
Rag'd, and Roderick was slain. Then onward marched
Th' Moors, Toledo, beautiful city of th' Gothic
Kingdom, taking. Soon the southern towns were all
Theirs, while Goths and Romans fled to th' mountains of
Asturia or into Galicia. Now Spain
Became a province of the Saracen empire, ruled
By the Caliph at Damascus, 'til an Arab
Leader,[3] strong enough to form a Caliphate,
At Cordova arose; which was in time a centre
Of culture and civilization as Athens had
Been of old. As palms and tropical plants in sunny
Andalusia thriv'd, brought hither to adorn
Th' Caliph's garden, so did oriental learning
Flourish in this Moorish kingdom.
Th' Spaniards grew more hardy in their northern homes,

And could easily have expelled the more luxurious
Arab had they been united. But with one
Another Leon, Castile, Aragon, and Navarre
Warred, when united by marriage were disrupted
Again by wars or divided by the death of kings,
Whose realm portion'd was between their sons and daughters;
Thus petty kingdoms took the place of central power.
One Sancho of Castile was by assassins stabbed.
This deed was witnessed from afar by one
Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar, who said
In war all fair must be; his sovereign fallen
Through perfidy, Le Mio Cid ere he
Would serve Alphonso demanded that the King
Swear he had no part in this base act.
His Highness angered banished from Castile
The champion of Bivar, the Bearded One,
Who swore by saints and dreamed of them and made
A bishopric for Jerome, when by much patient
Toil and stratagem Valencia he
Had taken. Though an exile, royal gifts
Of Saracenic spoils the Campeador
Sent Alphonso: horses richly laden,
Scimitars tied to their sides, which from
Th' Moors he'd taken, whom he killed by
Th' dozen with his blade, the wonderful Tizon;
For with Herculean strength and courage rare
Th' good brave Cid brought terror to his foes,
But succor to his friends.
His lovely wife Ximena, happy only
When her lord was near, two charming daughters,

Phrenia and Cordena, bore to him
Who first were married to th' Infantas of Carrion
And were by them most basely treated, but
Afterwards were wedded to the princes
Of Navarre and Aragon, becoming
Thus the mothers of Kings.
With royal splendor the brave Campeador
At Burgos was interred.
Of all the heroes since the days of Troy
No one of such gigantic mould we see
As Rodrigo the Cid, with Gothic strength,
Roman bravery, Iberian grace
And wit, Turanian intrigue combining,
Charming both to men and women, called
By all the Perfect One, concerning whose
Life and deeds have many songs been sung;
Yet this brave one's praise shall cease not while
Tongues there are to speak or pens to write
The lives of earth's great sons.
Though no more heroes of gigantic mould to Spain
Came, yet new blood was infused, in that Eleanor
Of Albion[4] bride of Alphonso of Castile became.
Their great grand-daughter was that Eleanor of saintly
Memory who married Edward First of England.
Fernando, called the Saint, who was of Anglo-Spanish
Blood, to Moorish conquest much devoted was,
Carrying to Cordova and Seville the banner
Of the Cross, Granada only leaving as
A centre of the Moslem power.
Portugal with England was allied when his

Eldest daughter John of Gaunt, ever astute,
Married to the King; while of Castile his daughter
Catherine queen became and grandmother of the famous
Isabel,[5] whose blonde hair and blue eyes bespoke
Her Plantagenet blood; while other strains ancestral
Gave that disposition which the title of
The Catholic won for her. For with all Isabel's
Royal good sense, warmth of heart and firmness, her
Devotion to the Church led her to lend her power
To many dark and cruel deeds.
Priest and Bishops persuaded the Queen it was the will
Of Heaven to renew the hateful Inquisition.
Isabel's religion came first, and after that
Her country. The cruel expulsion of the Jews she sanction'd.
Unselfish and courageous, a devoted mother
And wife, her chosen spouse Fernando was in no
Way worthy of her. They together vowed perpetual
Warfare on the Moslems. In the beautiful palace
Of the Alhambra, they succeeded in placing th' standard
Of the cross of Christ, the power of Granada
Forever breaking. This to them the greatest was
Of their achievements; but to th' world what marks their
reign,
Lenient making us regarding Isabel's
Fanatical mistakes, is that she aided one
Willing to brave the dangers of the sea to find
A western way to India's shore.
God's instruments are manifold, and when
A child of His who comes here for a purpose listens
For the guiding voice,[6] and lets no gauds of earth

Nor inclinations interfere with what he knows
Is his work, clear will be th' way.
Discovery was to be the child of Spain, upon
Th' palace doorstep placed by that keen navigator
Who, as Æneas, shipwreck and privation faced,
Seeking the Hesperian isles where the golden
Apples grew, yet quenched not the desire for sailing
Unknown seas and searching for new shores, so came
Again to earth; ambition's fire more ardently burn'd
Than of yore. Not Delphic oracle, but his own
Angel guide[7] now told Columbus where to go
And what to find, so that he braved th' waves, and stood
Th' taunts and threats of disaffected sailors, sure
Victory would be his at last.
Discouraged by the treachery of Portugal,
Disheartened by th' indifference of England's King,
Delayed by doctors who infeasible declared
His plans, Columbus southward sailed to Guinea first,
Then northward bent his way to Iceland. When at length
Time was ripe, Mendoza Isabel encouraged
Help to lend, while Santangel the Jew advanced
Money to equip three ships.
Th' new land found, in triumph to the Spanish court
Th' great discoverer came with treasure laden for
Th' Queen, his friend and helper. Th' monarchs rise to greet
Him, and bid him seated be.
Again he sails, with Marco Polo's teachings filled,
And thinks that Cuba is the land of Kublai Khan.[8]
Not until his voyage third did great Columbus
Look upon the mainland of America.

Not successful he as Viceroy—for gold
Demanded was with only slaves available—
His fortunes now began to wane; disaster with
Jealousy and misunderstanding was united,
So the day-star of this great explorer's soul
Set in dark and heavy clouds.
In spirit of conquest next to Columbus was Gonsalvo,
Spain's great captain, who secured for Fernando
Th' crown of the two Sicilies. The Spanish arms
So firmly planted on Italian soil that not
Until the advent of the valiant Garibaldi,
That Americo-Spanish chief, were Italy and
Sicily freed from foreign rule.
It was Isabel's grandson, Charles th' Emperor,
Inheriting Holland from his father, Maximilian's
Son,[9] with Spain and Italy from his poor, weak, much
Misunderstood queen Mother, Joan, call'd Th' Mad,
Imprisoned for long years because against th' religious
Violence of her day rebelling,—that left his
Kingdom to a son, fanatical, weak, and cruel;
In whose reign the Netherlands were bathed in blood
Because to Luther's teachings the Dutch had given ear.
Roused to help her innocent, persecuted neighbors,
England her own skill upon the sea augmented,
While Holland suffered and grew strong through hardship and
Warfare. Not without a shudder can we think
Of the thousands on thousands of human sacrifices
By blood and fire sown in the soil of Spain; yet mid
These scenes of horror like wild grass that starts up brighter
And thicker after burning, art and literature

Thrived. At the number rather than th' quality
Of the writings of this age are we amazed.
Lope de Vega, soldier-poet, father of
Th' Spanish drama, alone left over a thousand plays,
And was honor'd in his day.
Murillo painted a marvellous amount, so full
Of fervor and of beauty, if not as mystical
Or complex as those from the master Velasquez' hand.
Saint Theresa, full of visions yet with practical
Good sense, wrote rapturously of the profit of
Poverty and the grace of humility; while her pupil
Juan de Cruz left much religious amatory verse.
Everything in this day was in numbers large;
Five wives had the King; his third bride was th' beautiful
Brilliant daughter of Catherine de Medici,
Who reluctantly did her mother's bidding. Much
Beloved was this sweet young Isabel of the Peace.
She left no heir, and Philip sought alliance with
Austria by marriage with his niece who bore
To him a sickly son. Though sanction'd by the Popes
At Rome, this incest of the kings gave imbeciles
And lunatics to sit upon the throne of Spain.

CANTO X

England

'Twas not indignation consequent upon the death of Mary,
Queen of Scots, nor just resentment for the treatment
Of Catherine of Aragon, that fired Philip with such zeal to fight
the English, but pique that Elizabeth
Refused to marry him. With ships top-heavy like the monarch's
head, th' Invincible Armada gave sport to English sailors,

Who aided by a storm dispersed the Spanish ships,
Which sail'd from Lisbon under patronage of saints
With Papal benediction. After this the English
Ne'er by Spanish were molested.
These efforts on the seas, these naval victories,
Though so easily won, did stir the pulses of
Th' nation towards a greater goal; her scatter'd forces
Helped to unite; and made of Englishmen
One in love of home and liberty.
Later than Italy or France to come out of
Th' dark night of the Middle Ages, when she did
Awake, her sun resplendently shone. But, as at sunrise
Snaky clouds the horizon oft surround, so when
Albion's light was first increasing, reign'd a monarch
Who at will divorced or beheaded wives,
Cajoled th' people whom convince he could not; used
Th' inordinate ambition of a man[1]
Aspiring to the Papal crown to further his
Selfish ends; then cast him as a garment worn

Aside, and raised to highest ministerial power
Conscientious Thomas More, who soon his head
Lost because he would not sanction all the king's
Evil doings. Though a selfish, bestial monarch,
Henry was an instrument in the hand of Time,
Whose crimes his country helped free.
Three of Henry's children sat upon the throne:
Edward, in whose reign emerged Protestantism
From out the thraldom of Rome;[2] sweet, meek, misguided
Mary[3]
Rul'd by Spanish fanatics, and Elizabeth, daughter
Of Anne Boleyn, whose reign was not less bloody than that
Of Catherine's daughter. Yet she stands upon a pedestal
Created for her by priests and poets of her day.
The Fairy Queen of Spenser's fadeless epic, firm
Defender of the faith of many martyrs, with
Diplomacy overflowing, hedged by courtiers willingly
Swayed by the gentle hand of woman, this
Queen has given her name to Albion's brightest day.
There was Sidney, brave and beautiful, grandson of
That Northumberland who vainly strove to place
Ill-fated Jane upon the throne;
There was Herrick, whose sweet melodies are still
Heard the wide world o'er; and Bacon, prophet of
Th' new philosophy. Yet neither sonnets, lyrics,
Nor inductive science gave the glory to this
Age, but th' drama, which a portrait gives of these
Stirring times drawn in imperishable colors.
The dramatists were neither priests, who must give moral
Or scriptural scenes, nor politicians afraid to paint

Men's faults, nor courtiers bound by rules laid down
By kings. The English dramatists were men of middle
Class, to think and act quite free as suited them;
Or if of high estate they wrote in strict seclusion.
No longer were tragedian and playwright always one;
Bacon and Raleigh work'd indeed, but never trod
Th' boards; while Decker, Drummond, Beaumont, Fletcher,
Jonson
And many more wrote plays, who found a Garrick or
In after days a Siddons to act th' parts they had
Conceived. Shakespeare alone the talent of writer and
Protagonist as of old combined.

O mighty heart that felt the throb of myriad
Pulses less than thine, that held within
Its chamber walls the loves and fears and hopes
Of many men and maids both high and low!
Thy brain did weave the web of various lives,
Whose destinies were fraught with liveliest interest.
On thy pictur'd page we see all passions,
Heroic deeds and crimes that human flesh
Inherits. Whence came this great soul of thine,
Able so much to comprehend of all
That's rarest, all that's intimate in life?
Why should thy unletter'd muse to zenith
Float in multicolor'd robes, while Hours
Th' gate of heaven open to thy gaze,
As of old they swung to Hera's chariot;
While with diadem the Fates thee crown'd?
O bard of Avon! say how camest thou?
Not claiming god-descent, of virgin priestess

Nor of princess born, yet godlike, priestlike,
Kinglike in thy powerful wielding of
Th' tragic rod, which turn'd to trident in
Thy hand. Melpomene, Thalia, Clio,
Unfold to us the secret of thy magic
Power. Many lives of pain and many
Penalties for lives of gain misused
Must thou have had ere conscious life develop'd
Scope, so by thy will alone thou could'st
Incarnate where the brain quite adequate
Was found. So passing from one form, without
The need of heaven or hell, thou camest from
Italy to England, found a village
Lad with healthful body, born of sturdy
Undegenerate stock, with spirit hence
In sleep departing, thou this house of clay
Didst enter and the past forget, that in
Th' present thou mightest work. Then tragic seed
Th' mighty Æschylus did sow in that
Fertile brain, while Livy lent his vast
Historic wealth, and Kalidassa brought
Gifts of rare romantic pastoral verse[4]
Such as Marlowe had but sipped, which
With natural wit thou seasoned'st, so that even
Rare Ben Jonson found no fault withal,
While many poets strove thy matchless style
To steal, who erst in other age had shone.
Thou knew'st why the mother's tear so moved
Brave Coriolanus, why Miranda
Slept that Prospero by Paracelsus'

Art might call the spirits to his aid,
And mystify the uninitiate.
Thou Othello's jealous madness, which
All too late brought agony of soul,
Did'st paint with carmine dye. The anguish keen
Of thankless offspring, knew'st with Albion's king
Who gave his all, then felt the pelting storm
As beggars feel it through their rags, and rage
That heaven is not just, resigning their
Inheritance as Lear his land to vassals.
Like the Polar star, great father of
So many suns from regions far beyond
Our ken, thou art fed and fix'd in firmament
A constant torch to lighten minds made ready
For thy word as long as earth shall last.

Th' next great light in poetry's world was Milton. Coming
In a moral volcanic age, he saw the dangers
Incident to such religious fire, saw what
Puritanic zeal was leading to, yet dared
Not openly declare his views, so set them forth
In fine satiric strain.[5] Heroic verse immortal
Holds in vivid colors those crude doctrines which
Seem'd to him absurd. He dreamed not in his
Inimitable imagination that the world
Would be so long in seeing that his great didactic
Epic was satirical. He little thought
That Paradise Lost would almost be a Bible to
Several succeeding ages.
Milton mourn'd that he was born an age too late,
Yet never poet had such prince to honor him

As Milton had in Cromwell, great soul, in whose veins
Cours'd the blood of that indigenous race so strong,
Tall and dark, which side by side develop'd with
A smaller, darker race. These two primæval peoples
For a time possess'd th' fair isle, named Albion
In early day for Alba, famous king who govern'd
Both these races of the soil before the Finns
Found their way from Norway across the Northern Sea,
And drove the peaceful Albions west and north, while they
In turn were conquer'd by strong Keltic tribes who crossed
From Brittany, settling first far south but gradually pressing
Into the interior, driving th' Albions to Wales
And the Finns still further west to th' island called,
After one of their important tribes, Iberia;
From thence some of these Iberians pass'd to Iceland;
There undisturb'd evolv'd, and left in simple lays
A record of their hopes and beliefs.
On Dover's white cliffs landing, Cæsar found the same
Keltic people he in Gaul had conquered. They
So wholly by this time the island did possess,
Th' Romans thought them the original people of
This land, and call'd their land Britain after good
Brit, the greatest of their tribal leaders. Ere
Th' Romans came, these Britons were a stock much mixed;
For while each successive contest wiped out
Or made slaves of most of th' men, the conquerors then,
As in Roman days, the wives and daughters of
Th' conquer'd married. So although the Cæsar called
Them Britons, they who now their blood with Romans mixed
Were Keltic, Finnish, Albion. This last name we use

For lack of better to denote those early races
Who evolved side by side ere the Phœnician
Pass'd th' pillars of Herakles, or Fortinbras
With his Finns from Norway sailed, which was long
Before the Kelts the channel crossed.
After a bloody but unequal contest waged
In Wales and Anglessey, where priest and people were
Sacrificed upon their altars, Roman generals
A terrific outburst met of patriotic rage
From th' Iceni, whose King Prosutag th' kingdom
Had bequeathed to the Romans. But the Queen
And her daughters, outrag'd by the Roman officers,
Appealed to their people; Amazonian Queen
Boadicea drove her chariot midst the troops,
Who slaughter'd seventy thousand Romans.
Later these brave Britons fell in tragic numbers
Before the better disciplin'd Roman cohorts. Now
For several centuries Romans rul'd in Britain as
Easily as in any province.
Agricola, great and good, as Prefect of the Isle
In famous battle drove the Caledonians north.
Severus later tried to exterminate them,
But died ere he had conquer'd. The land by Scots and Painted
Scots, or Picts, was nearly devastated when
Th' Spanish general Theodosius, father of
Th' Roman Emperor of that name, with strong hand drove
Th' cruel and relentless Caledonians northward,
Confining them beyond the Grampian hills. These triumphs
Were renewed by Stilicho. This was the last

Struggle made by Rome to resist th' barbarians in
Britain. Now their arms were busy fighting Gothic
Alaric, or the formidable Huns who under
Attila were the scourge of God.
Landing in the ancient territory of the Regni,
Ella and three sons the Britons defeat'd with great
Slaughter. Hearing of his victories, other Saxons
Sail'd to Albion. Cerdic with son Cymric came
To Hampshire, where the Avon still holds its Keltic name.
By Cymric's men brave Geraint, Ella's son, was slain;
Knight of th' "Table Round" he gain'd the hand of Yniol's
Gentle daughter whom the people called Enid
The Good. Her faded silk the queen did change for bridal
Robe like unto th' sun when Geraint rode with her
Into Damnonia; where Arthur, son of Uther
And Ygerne, at Camelot dwelt (in castle builded by
Th' wizard Merlin ere his power Vivien stole,
Whose great, white towers were oft in clouds encircled while
Lightnings played upon them, yet, when clear the sky,
Towering heavenwards they stood like ghosts, their glittering
Turrets seen afar), surrounded by brave knights
Who help'd him thrust the heathen from the Roman walls,
Kill the giants, aid the weak and right the wrong,
And for good deeds the strong make stronger.
The highest enterprise the knights essayed was
To see the Holy Grail. Though many suffer'd in
This quest, but three the chalice saw, and felt the flame
Which rises when the life is pure and soul aspires:
Sir Galahad, Sir Bors — he 'twas saw seven stars —
And Perceval, strong and brave, who ever virgin was.

To one the cup appear'd but veiled; for, despite
Great strength and zeal, his heart unlawful love enfolding,
He might not see the light of grail.
Gareth in disguise, tall son of Lot and Bellicent,
Serv'd the king as kitchen knave that he might see
Th' jousts. Here Tristram, imitative and inventive,
Of ready wit, who loved Isolde, died by sword,
Thrust through by Mark, her Cornish lord.
Here was Gawain with prodigious memory, brave
In war; the fair but false Ettare he loved, and was
To Pelleas untrue, who suffering learned th' truth.
He saw the living fire within the grass, and knew
Lust from Love, and that a harlot's house did less
Harm than sin in places high. The sullying of
The Queen such bad example set throughout the land;
Because a warrior bold and brave, it more unseemly
Was that Launcelot should live a lie. Had he
But lov'd th' lily Maid of Astolat she had
Not died of broken heart; nor had King Arthur's wife
In fit of jealousy cast the wondrous jewels which
He had won into the flood before the barge
That bore the body of Elaine; nor Guinevere
Been wounded by the prattling maid, nor scorn'd by Arthur
And left to die as Abbess of Almesbury, while
To the end her lord was true to her, and died
Fighting for the right, his great Excalibur giving
To Belvidere at last to cast into the lake.
Many legends 'round him grew, and some would have
It he had mystic birth and death, and would return
In days to come and Britain rule again. His spirit

Lives in Wessex yet, the third of those great Saxon
Kingdoms out of which so many rulers came
Who all the blood of Cerdic claim.
Sussex's greatness lasted not beyond the days
Of the first Bretwalda Saxon Ella. Soon
Th' middle kingdom merg'd in Mercia, while the greatest
Of the Angle kingdoms, Northumberland, by King
Ida found'd, extended northward from the Humber,
And included Edinboro. Egbert Atheling,
Of the blood of Cerdic, brought all the Angle kingdoms
Under his power, and Rex Anglorum styled himself.
Th' petty kings assembled each his own wise men,
And ruled his state, but all to Egbert vassals were.
Yet midst this glory evil threaten'd, for the Danes
Came again and again; and only the valiant
Alfred the Great, hero, law-giver, scholar, saint,
Together with his wise advisor Asser of Wales,
Kept them for a time at bay.
By this time great numbers of Danes had settl'd in England.
Olaus Magnus, Norwegian-Finnish leader, lent
Aid to th' people who bravely fought, deposing a king
Who would buy their good will, or when failing to hire
Peace would order wholesale murder. Th' Princess Gunhilde,
Sister of the Danish King, was kill'd in massacre
Of St. Bride. Her brother then to conquer England
Vowed or perish in the struggle, whose son Cnut
Annex'd the island to his Scandinavian Empire,
Four earls appointing as officials of the highest
Class to rule in England. More than birth fidelity
Counted. These great earldoms of Cnut's reign

Were a near approach to th' feudal system, affecting
Th' history of the next half-century.
Th' Danish conquest soon was followed by the Norman.
William, with the sanction of the Papal See,
With relic ring and consecrated banner, supported
By the strategic Hildebrand, Archdeacon of
Th' Church at Rome, made men the worse cause think the better.
With a band of bribed bold adventurers at Hastings
And at Stamford Bridge he Harold overthrew,
Whom the English Witenagemot had chosen king,
Thus became the famous conqueror.
Two sons succeeded William, then the son of his
Daughter Adela, Stephen of Blois, whose miserable reign
Pav'd th' way for Henry, son of Matilda, who
Had more hereditary right; though th' English crown
Was still elective, th' centralizing and restraining
Power used by Henry welcome was. This first
Angevin King, Plantagenet called from his father's
Habit of wearing blue broom blossoms, married Eleanor
Of Acquitaine, extending thus his empire to
Th' Pyrenees. Defining the relation between
Church and State, his courtier Becket he appointed
To the chair of Augustine; but he, refusing
To promise that the Church should to the State submit,
Was murdered by four royal knights at Canterbury,
Who unwittingly made of him a saint and martyr.
Richard ruled and retained his father's realm.
Th' weakling John his foreign inheritance mostly lost,
Yet became the unwilling benefactor of

Th' nation by signing Magna Charta.
Edward First, the English Justinian, scarcely less
Religious was than Cnut's son-in-law, th' Confessor,
For whom he was named, happy in having a subject
Who a true son was of his adopted country,
Though an alien born. In leading th' barons' war
Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, yielded his
Castles before requiring others to give up theirs.
With Montfort's idea of representative government
Th' King was in accord, and summon'd burghers along
With bishops, knights and abbots to levy taxes to fill
Th' purse, made empty by the crusade in aid of Knights
Templars, which was th' last of those fanatical
Religious wars by European princes waged
Against the Turks in Palestine.
Later Edward fought the fierce Llywelyn, Wales
Subjugating. Scotland to enthrall he failed;
Although on an English scaffold Wallace perished, Bruce
After Bannockburn the Scottish throne secured.
Edward Third it was whose brilliant victories
At Crécy and Calais made France for a time a province
Of England. He it was who instituted the great
Order of the Garter, giving a feast at Windsor
To the Knights. Then for a time the arts of peace
Took the place of th' arts of warfare; and the English
Tongue, a mixture of the German, Latin, French
And Keltic, first took form on th' page of poet Chaucer;
While the Hebrew Scriptures were put into the language
Of the people by Wyckliffe, which th' genius of
Caxton, a century later, made available for

Th' poor and the unlearned man.
Not yet had England assimilated her various races;
So when not fighting abroad, at home was ferment. Now
Two of Edward's three grandsons, Long John of Gaunt,
And son of th' beloved Black Prince, claim'd th' throne.
With them began the War of th' Roses, which famous struggle
Between the houses of York and Lancaster ended on
Bosworth field, when fell the wicked Richard, who
Had basely murder'd th' little princes in th' tower.
Then Henry Tudor, illegitimately related
To royalty on th' maternal side, the throne ascend'd.
His queen was Elizabeth, daughter of the fourth
Edward; thus were the roses white and red united.
Their daughter Margaret to the ill-fated Marie Stuart
Was grandmother, whose son wore both th' Scottish and
The English crowns. But that of which he boasted most
He had least of, kingcraft; and he held Plantagenet
Superstition that birth confers some rights anterior
To and unalterable by law.
Had Charles' head been sever'd sooner, less honest blood
Would have dyed the soil of England, on whose glorious
Meadows sweet wild flowers every year to us
Speak of nameless graves where many champions of
Freedom lie. The dauntless Hampden all too soon
Upon the field of battle died a hero's death,
While Pym and Eliot with others fought on; strengthen'd by
His example men of conscience cowed men
Of meaner mould, and Nature's noblemen more majestic
Proved than those born princes and prelates. Oliver
Cromwell

Led his famous Ironsides from victory on
To victory, fighting in the name of th' Lord of Hosts;
Those who would not suffer themselves to be by law
Govern'd were quelled by the sword; and he who brought
Order out of chaos was recognized as
Protector. Though without the hated name of king,
Cromwell rul'd more absolutely than any prince
Who ever sat upon the British throne, and dying
Will'd the kingdom to his son.
More like his illustrious father had Richard been,
Th' nation to another Stuart rule had ne'er
Submitted. Yet the utter worthlessness and bigotry
Of Charles Second disenchanted those who fain
Would make a martyr of his father. The son as ignoble
Was as false the father. But, dreading rulers raised
To power by fickle soldiers, th' people join'd th' Scottish
Troops, when Monk to London marched.
More honest than his father or his brother, James,
Duke of York, surround'd by harlots, none as pretty,
Bright or saucy as Nell Gwynne, so tried th' protestant
Spirit of the time that it exceeded loyalty
To the throne, and produc'd a second revolution
Which end'd arbitrary monarchy.
The new administration was establish'd without
Bloodshed, save in Ireland where 'round James the Second
Th' Catholics rallied, but defeated were at Boyne
And Londonderry by that William, wise, heroic
Prince of Orange who had helped the Dutch resist
Louis Quartorze before he was invited to rule
Jointly with the Princess Mary.

One more Stuart by an act of settlement wore
Th' English crown, grand-daughter of the Earl of Oxford,
Th' famous Clarendon; daughter of James and Mary's
sister;
Anne, in whose reign were united Saint George's and
Saint Andrew's crosses on the British flag, whose very
Weakness was her strength, has given her name to one
Of the shining epochs in English literature.
Critical poetry and translation classical, which
In the century previous with Dryden and Cowley
Started, now found in Pope an able second, whose
Felicity of phrase has given us many proverbs.
Prose attain'd its growth beneath the pen of Addison,
Inimitable preacher, whose lightest playful fancy
Makes him moralist rare. Among his famous friends
Were Jonathan Swift, who with a fertile imagination
Satire combined, and Samuel Johnson, practical novelist,
With Mary Montague, writer of wisdom gained in
Th' East. DeFoe begins the novel. Science takes
A leap under Newton. Nor is th' Church, with Wesley and
Atterbury, silent. Over the reign of th' last
Of th' Stuarts was shed a suffused prosaic light.
Once again the blood of Cerdic, flowing in
Foreign lands, with German and Italian stock
Mingling, comes to th' British throne; Sophia's son
Wore the crown while Robert Walpole ruled th' state
And warr'd with Bolingbroke. Throughout the Georgian era
Th' English princes rul'd, though kings from Hanover were.
Th' Elder Pitt, intrepid, eloquent, honest, whom Tories
Extoll'd and Whigs obey'd, conciliated George,

Domineer'd over the House, by th' people was
Ador'd, and by all Europe admir'd.
Hume and Gibbon brilliantly record the past.
Berkeley and Locke into th' future peer. Th' Herschels
Search the sky and find another planet.[6] Watts
Builds his engine. Cowper and Goldsmith write, and wait
For fame. McPherson unearths th' Finnish poet Ossian.
The younger Pitt, the great reformer, learning from
Adam Smith the principles of free trade, applies
Them, and understanding the menace of Ireland unites
Th' kingdoms three in a single representative system.
After losing th' American colonies
England the necessity of conciliation
Learn'd, which Edmund Burke and Charles Fox, peace-
loving
Quaker, long had striven for.
In successive generations th' New World had
Been visit'd by Englishmen, since John and Sebastian Cabot,
Aid'd by funds from Henry Seventh, had explored
Th' coast of North America.
Th' Quakers call'd their colony after William Penn.
Though to the scenic Hudson the Dutch came first, the
English
Chang'd New Amsterdam to New York. The Puritans,
though
Residing last in Holland, gave their rocky shore
Th' name New England. Often these staunch statesmen
found
Their way as steep and rough as tinker-preacher Bunyan's
Imaginary Christian. Though they loved their

Mother country, fought for her against the Indians
And the French, and long delayed to claim their rights,
There came a day when, Justice balancing in the scales
Against Injustice, strife arose, an internecine
War, and Liberty was conceived.
As in the individual life upon the loss
Of power blessings wait, a nation from defeat
Wisdom gains. New England now perforce relinquished,
At home were greater efforts toward improvement made.
To reform was William not opposed, while
His niece, the good Victoria Guelph, desir'd it greatly.
What a kaleidoscopic century is the one
Just past, in whose morning hours the song of Keats,
Shelley, Coleridge, Burns, Tom Moore and Byron, Lamb's
Plaintive homely humor, Jeffery's nature note,
Brougham's reviews, were mingled with the sound of guns
And drums from th' battle of the Nile, or Nelson's dying
Victory at Trafalgar, which th' lions Landseer
Moulded[7] ever keep in memory.
While the government under the rule of imperious Peel
Reformed criminal law, effected Catholic
Emancipation and just corn laws, Erastian Peel,
Lacking prescience, was alike impervious
To the bigotry of Protestantism or
Th' leaven of th' Oxford movement; which despite
His views widen'd into th' Anglican Revival
Led by th' treble cord, poetic Keble, prudent
Pusey and aggressive Newman.
In the noonday-time Imperialism held sway
Alternately with Paternalism. Vivacious, eloquent,

Self-sacrificing Gladstone, often misunderstood,
Helped make a broader Catholic spirit in
Th' land. His just reforms were all that Ireland needed.
Parnell demanded more than England could concede,
Hence by discord th' fruit was plucked, and still the Irish
Discontent ferments. Th' astute, consummate strategy
Of the Jew Disraeli placed the diadem
Of empire on Victoria's brow, and heirs of Timour
Bow their necks to Britain. She foxlike had
Pursu'd her hunt, though Clive in arms and council able
Had striven to keep th' stronger race from preying on
Th' weaker; while Hastings, though impeached by jealous
patriots,
Fearlessly advanced his country's arms. Ambitious,
Bold, at times unjust and cruel, especially in
His unequal war upon the fair Rohillas,
And the spoliation of the princesses of Ouhd,
Yet the great prose writer[8] of the century, who
Had been eye witness of much that had perplexed th' early
English governors in India, says that Hastings
Did not only extend th' empire with a polity
Equal to a Richelieu, but patronized
Learning with th' judicious liberality of
A Cosimo. Who better than the brilliant son
Of Selina Mills, the friend of Hannah More, could judge
Th' conduct of men like Clive and Hastings.
While in India and in Africa running riot
Was the spirit of aggrandizement, able men
And women at home to th' vision of th' people added.
Darwin demonstrated what Spencer thought and taught.

Huxley, Tyndall and other torch-bearers threw their calcium
Light upon the timely revelation that all
Nature in a state of evolution is;
While in th' world of pen and pencil painting Scott,
Thackery, Dickens, Bulwer, Austen, Eliot, th' Proctors,
Th' Bronte sisters, th' Carlyles and th' Brownings, Southey,
Tennyson, th' Rossettis, Patmore, Pater, Blake,
Jowett, Nettleship,[9] Dobson, Lang, Fitzgerald, Massey,
Morris, Burne-Jones, each a note to th' chorus added
Or a ray to th' multicolor'd canvas. Ruskin
Increased our love of architecture, show'd us beauties
In Reynolds, Turner, Gainsborough and a host of others,
Teaching us to praise, not blame, that which we could
Not understand. He ably wrote on economics,
Seeing th' deep, deep shadows in the great life-picture.
Th' lonely burial of Sir John Moore at Corunno;
Th' war in the Crimea; th' wretched bombardment of
Alexandria; the sad, sad sacrifice of brave,
Brilliant, God-fearing Gordon at beleaguer'd Kartoum;
Th' smouldering fire beneath the workman's servile manner;
Th' unjust wage of disenfranchised woman; all
Make the shadows darker than the artist wishes.
Although a coalition Salisbury had effected
Of conservative and liberal unionists,
Chamberlain's new imperialism eventuated
In the Boer War, which General Herbert Kitchener
Ably helped to end. And now John Bull the peaceful
Sequester'd Tibetans needlessly is disturbing, while
Amid the sound of cannon and death-dealing shells
From the Transvaal or the plateau of Thibet

We hear the drums and fifes of the Salvation Army,
As they march and sing the hymns of Isaac Watts;
While Booth, with Wesleyan spirit and the saintly Catherine[10]
By his side, is earnestly striving to end this modern
Hundred Years War, wherein England gained all
Of India, and the better part of Africa, as
Easily as in other days she quietly captur'd
A corner of France, and was content.

CANTO XI

France

Sold by th' Duke of Burgundy to the English at Rouen, the peasant girl of Domremy, who with unexampled courage

Had led the troops of France from victory to victory until Orleans and Rheims were safe and only Paris remained

To be taken, was abandon'd by those she had so faithfully serv'd and valiantly fought for. Then despite her tender years,

Maiden grace, demeanor calm, and sweet face, was
For witchcraft tried, burned by those mistaking saintship
For sorcery. From this horrible fate th' ungrateful Charles
No effort made to save her. Only in this twentieth
Century has the march of truth made plain the visions
And voices of this martyr'd maid,[1] now hailed as Saint.
Jeanne d'Arc stands forth a brilliant figure on the page
Of history, the one flower of the Hundred Years
War which strife with hardy foes a homogeneous
Power made of France, which before had been but petty
Fiefs and kingdoms. Even th' kingdom of the Salian
Franks had by the sons of Clovis quarter'd been,
And all the land left pregnable until Martel
Put the Moors to rout at Tours, whose son received
His crown from Rome: then began that powerful fief in Central
Gaul which was in time to be the kingdom of
Th' western Franks. Yet even in the fourth Capetian

King's time but five towns under one rule were.
Th' crown by purchase or by force acquir'd slowly
More fiefs, th' strength of feudal aristocracy less'ning.
Th' Keltic peoples in the north untrammel'd yet
Wrote songs of heroes, and told tales of earlier times,
While in the south th' troubadours lyric love-songs made
For Provençe a lasting name; and this before
Th' rise of schools, before the brilliant Abelard
Incited men to learning, while Bernard strove
Thought to crush, or fanatic Montfort led adventurous
Bigots 'gainst the Albigenses.
Philip Augustus, in whose reign the wasting fire
And sword had crushed beautiful Provençe where Latin
Civilization linger'd longest, accompanied
Richard of th' Lion Heart and Barbarossa
To the Holy Land. This war to liberate
Th' Saviour's tomb did not his heart make soft, yet made
Th' way for saintly Louis, who led the fourth Crusade.
Calamitous in the extreme these Saracenic wars
Were, yet Louis' reign remember'd still is for
Its reconstruction of political power and justice.
Dying in Moslem lands, no Moorish town allowed
To receive the dust of one who fought their faith,
This saintly King was buried in fair Sicilia,
Whose rich soil the bones of many races covers.
The grandson of this saintly king expell'd from France
Th' Templars; then quarrel'd with Pope Boniface, and by
Intrigue effected the removal of the Papal
Residence from Rome to Avignon.[2] Now began
That succession of rival popes and antipopes,

Against each other thund'ring anathemas. Three popes
Arose, pretenders to supremacy. The council
Of Constance named a fourth, and the schism of Peter's chair
Was at an end; yet Rome had lost its spirituality
While Avignon held sway. Though ruled for a brief
Space by Rienzi, who the Good Estate establish'd,
By perpetual strife it was so weakened that
Th' monarchs of France, who made the popes their tool, the way
Found quite easy to invade and ravish beautiful
Italy of her treasures. This was done by three
Successive kings,[3] until there sat upon the throne
Of France a queen of Italian birth who ruled for her
Licentious husband and her weakling sons, and gave
To politics, already rotten, a sinister bend.
Catherine de Medici, a forceful woman,
Whose reign meant death to all free thought in France, first with
And then against the base, unprincipled Dukes of Guise
Working, thought to suppress by persecution the new
Religious movement of that day. Ambition divorced
From heart is always cruel. Catherine's desire
To rule no moderation knew; yet opposition
Came, and not from ignorant serfs alone. The blood
Of ancient Gaul was rising, that heroic stuff
So stern that Cæsar found it hard to bend. If not
Like th' Cadmeans sprung from dragon's teeth, at least
A portion of the Gallic race their origin had
From the soil. The Kelts autochthonous surely were;
And this inheritance it was that put such vim

Into the heart of good, brave Louis Condè de Bourbon,[4]
And made Protestants of many nobles born
And reared in the Catholic faith.
Had not Calvin, after teaching man's right
To liberty of thought, his flock left, and retired
To Geneva, there for himself to make a lasting
Name, the fighting of the few might have resulted
Differently; but with their religious general
In retreat, the army weaken'd. Princes and
Captains bled for their new faith; yet their devotion
And their lives the ruthless slaughter stayed not
Which by selfish fanaticism had been brought on.
There was no religious tolerance in France
Until strategic Richelieu, no way to absolute
Monarchy seeing without concessions, granted to
Th' Huguenots the privilege of worship, while
Taking their political freedom.
Sagacious in all things, in nothing clement was
This man, who at once was Pope and King of France
During Louis Thirteenth's minority, whom ever
We must remember for his purity of life,
So different from that of his time or that of his
Son, the self-indulgent Louis Quartorze, to whom
Life presented but one side, th' supremacy of
Monarchy. His wars were all for this result,
And though the borders of France he widen'd, and his nephew
Placed upon the throne of Spain despite his promises
To relinquish all Maria's claims, he drained
So persistently the treasury that France
Was left much poorer for his reign.

Everything to centralization of power tended
During the long life of this king; no thought was given
To the provinces where peasants toiled to provide
Tinsel for their rulers. In his heartless love
Of display he absolutely nothing did
To allay the suffering of his people.
Yet unquestionably Beauty, their child, was now
By this nation conceived. Louis' passion for
Display, his almost insane desire for grand and costly
Architectural effects, with furnishings rich and rare
And splendid attire, was only second to his love
For beautiful women. These were now produc'd in France
In numbers great. Th' Mistress Montespan, Sevigné,
Grignan, th' duchesses Bourgogne and LaFayette,
Were none as beautiful as Madame Pompadour,
Who rul'd th' weakling Louis Fifteenth a little later.
Yet the women of the Empire made an exquisite
Bouquet that day. The queen rose, beautiful in mind
As well as face and form, was Maintenon,
Who held Louis in the hollow of
Her hand. When France was th' world, this wonderful
Woman, sprung from lowly parents, married
When a girl to th' crippled poet Scarron,
When a widow glad to educate
Th' daughters of the King, for thirty years
Rul'd entirely th' monarch, who in all
Europe was a majestic figure, among
Kings a king supreme.
Maintenon was never mistress; she
Wisely insist'd on marriage, though not able

To acknowledge it. Her prudery is
Seen in her request that Racine should write
Something for her charges more edifying
Than Andromache, which under th' friendly
Auspices of Molière had lately
Been produced. The poet for Madame
Composed Esther, which was played by
Amateurs at St. Cyr; but Racine had no
Adequate interpreter until
Th' day of th' great Rachel.[5]
Fully as selfish and a degree more weak th' successor
Of Louis Quartorze; while greater discontent was breeding
In a reign so barren of achievements as
Was that of Louis Fifteenth, whose beautiful Polish wife
Marie Leczinsky was known chiefly as the mother
Of numerous daughters. Now a few painters take the place
Of th' rich galaxy of poets. No new Pleiad
Arises who, like stars whose name they chose, were only
Asteroids, yet bright and memorable ones; the leader
Ronsard especially praiseworthy. No more pious
Fenelons or Bossuets grace the court. A deist
Takes their place, and pulpit oratory is naught
Beside the greatest thinker of this age, Voltaire,
Who th' corruption of th' Church was e'er denouncing,
Always championing the oppress'd. From his retreat
At fair Ferney near the widen'd Rhone, with view
Of the giant, snow-rob'd mountain, where stern Calvin
Preached and afterwards the sweet persuasive Saint
Francis de Sales, the mighty Voltaire predicted the
Revolution, which came like a tidal wave

After a great volcanic eruption; while it wash'd
Th' shores, and carried much débris to sea, yet also
Wrecked many innocent lives.
Th' Empress Maria Theresa's daughter, whom the French
Had never loved more than they had understood
Her progressive brother Joseph, suffer'd for
No crime greater than her folly. Sweet but vain
Marie Antoinette, th' frail pretence of a king
Sinning less than sinned against, with many true
Compatriots were guillotined; while the same
Death was for that young heroic girl, grand-niece
Of Corneille, from Caen decreed, who was so filled
With patriotic passion she thought that she could curb
Th' march of the uncontrolled mob by killing one
Leader; so like Jael of old, with word and smiles
Insinuating, Charlotte Corday the knife did drive
Into th' heart of monster Murat. This wretched man
Heads no longer could demand; but thirst for blood
Is not allayed by one sacrifice, nor is
Equality gained by guillotine.
As giants from the blood of Ouranos were born,
So from the reign of terror came forth a military
Genius. France in desperation threw herself
Into the arms of th' giant general. First she made
Napoleon consul with three others; as with that first
Triumvirate at Rome the power was centered all
In one. The mighty Corsican was later made
Hereditary Consul for life, and finally was
Created King, anointed by the Pope, and crowned
By himself. Then after vicissitudes various

And the conquest of Italy, he was proclaimed
Emperor. And now a new régime began,
Wherein plebians were made titled noblemen
At the will of one who not so much the statesman
Was as military despot.
Yet even Napoleon's unparalleled success
In the field of war deserted him, when from
The gentle, loyal, winsome Josephine he rudely
Parted, who to her dying hour Bonaparte
Adored. Her son Beauharnais was appointed king
Of Italy, while her grandson Louis Napoleon Third
Liberator sublime became and "Emperor
Evermore,"[6] the last of France. His court was graced
By the beautiful Eugenie, Empress ever
Dignified, to the end revered and loved,
Even in her later secluded sorrowful life.
But Bonaparte e'en though deposed, exiled, imprison'd
And dead, still reigned in the hearts of his people; still
To the world is and will ever be the great
Napoleon, as Julius to Rome the great
Cæsar ne'er will cease to be.

CANTO XII

Germany

Not inferior in energy to either Cæsar or Napoleon was that Charles the Great, who made a nation

Of the eastern Franks, and with their help not only all of Gaul but nearly all of Europe conquer'd. Called a second

Romulus, yet as the Rhine, the centre of this nation, exceeds in volume and in length the Tiber, so Charlemagne

Rome's first King outstripped in statue and in strength.
Like Cæsar he not only was inimical
In war, but anxious the conditions of his people
To improve. His zeal was great in founding schools,
Collecting manuscripts, gathering eminent men
Around him. Alcuin his chief advisor was;
His power th' rule of the ecclesiastics. Th' unity
Of the Empire was a reflection of the unity
Of the Church. The payment of tithes to the clergy was
By Charlemagne established, erecting on a firmer
Basis the connection between the Church and State.
Th' crown of the imperial Cæsars, bestow'd by
Th' viceregent of Jehovah on Pepin's greater son,
Whose grandfather, Charles Martel, defeated th' Moors
At Tours, was lost to Germany when the kingdom of Charlemagne
Was divided, and a nominal dignity only
Left th' abject heirs of an illustrious name.
Like India after Aurunzebe's day, the great

Kingdom of the Franks decayed.
Otho, vigorous and able though not learn'd,
Won again from Rome the symbol of th' Cæsars'
Power, which Henry suffer'd penance for when standing
Barefoot at Canossa's mountain castle, waiting
For forgiveness. Yet nor prince nor pope was earnest.
Barbarossa, who with lion-hearted Richard
Fought the third Crusade, was excommunicated,
While Richard languished at Durstein.
Barbarossa's grandson, intellectually
Above but morally much below his age, saw Germany
Split in many petty principalities; while
Th' golden crown was now by popes on Austrian kings
Bestow'd, and ancient Vindabona on the beautiful
Danube became the capitol of th' Teutonic empire.
The Hapsburg brain, by th' blood of Castile narrow'd, made
Th' weakling Charles, Maximilian's grandson, who
Murder'd thousands in the Netherlands, and would
Have stamped out Protestantism had not its force been stronger
Than pope and emperor combined.
What could stem the vehement eloquence of th' monk
Of Wittenberg or confute the great Confession of
Augsburg? Learn'd Erasmus could not e'en gainsay
All that Luther and Melancthon taught; while puppet
Monarchs were as powerless to quell the great
Surging masses, claiming right to think and pray
And live according to their consciences with God's
Word for rule of conduct, as artillery is
To stem a mountain torrent. Cannon may mow down

Men, and ruthless butchery prevail, when peasants
Rise to arms; but blood cries out; and more and more
Th' spirit of democracy grew among this race
Mothered by the soil, for Goth and Gauls descended
Were from those far distant peoples we find buried
With their various implements beneath the lakes.
Vigorous men were these, who knew no master 'til
Th' Romans came in Julius' time, yet were not wholly
Conquer'd by Agricola, Germanicus
Or Claudius. On these wild tribes the early Frankish
Leaders forced baptism, while allegiance to
Th' Pope was urg'd by Rome; but not 'til Martin Luther's
Day were seeds of primitive Christianity sown
In this land. The vision of the Crucified One
Seeing, Luther his torch lighted from the light
Of Bethlehem's star, and fearlessly flaunted it
Before the princes and prelates, defying the power of Rome.
But an idea as a weapon used loses
Much of its power; so Luther failed to make his message
Universal. Missing th' Gospel lesson of
Non-resistance, he exhorted the princes to crush
Th' rebellion; and no battles in all the annals of Rome
Were more bloody than those between the German peasants
And the lords of the Swabian League. Thousands met
Their death by sword and water, while Copernicus
Of Thorne in seclusion dying, clasped his book that Rhea's
Revolutions demonstrated, knowing the world
Was not ready for these truths which Kepler helped
Later to elucidate.
A century later th' brilliant Gustavus Adolphus, coming

To succor religious freedom, lost his life at Lutzen;
His blood with that of murder'd peasants mingling cried
Out for liberty of thought.
Like the Minotaur of old, German soil
Devoured children sent from every European
Country to swell the ranks of the destroyer, in
That war which rag'd for thirty years to abrogate
Th' sovereignty of Rome, until schismatics were
Given full share in civil rights.
Germany but a federation now of states,
Princes, emancipated from imperial control,
Despots became in their own territories. Before
Another century roll'd 'round, Frederick, grandson of
Th' great Elector of Brandenburg, inherited so
Goodly a principality and so savage an army
That he aspir'd to be an emperor. A tyrant
Without fear, or faith, or mercy, crafty, sagacious,
Cynical and ruthless, from Austria stole Silesia;
England aided Frederick, France sided with
Maria Theresa, helping her to hold the Hapsburg
Crown, which Marlborough wrested from the French at
Blenheim.
Beside the Austrian empire now arose the compact
Prussian state. In time of peace which follow'd th' Seven
Years War, when Frederick tried to legislate the people
Into righteousness, not knowing that from evil
To good is slow growth, intellectual life awoke.
In Prussia Immanuel Kant, Fichte, Leibnitz and
Lessing no mean luminaries were; yet Frederick
Th' literature of France affecting, made of Voltaire

Much, 'til of such a brilliant guest he jealous grew.
Little of the poetic spirit had come to Germany
Till now. The wand'ring minstrel Tannhäuser, Sachs, the cobbler
Poet and the Minnesingers were to th' poets
Of Frederick's time what whippoorwills at night or songsters
Before the daybreak are to th' chorus greeting sunrise:
Schiller, with classic spirit and dramatic fire;
Goethe, with serene insistently inquiring
Mind, his grief to poems turning yet himself
Holding aloof from love and strife, as th' Calvanistic
God does from the world He made — this far-off God
Of mediæval Protestantism, which kept Spinoza
From embracing Christianity. Finding in
Th' depths of his sublime self God, this spiritually
Minded man shows us how finite individuals,
Differentiated from the unity of
Infinite substance, come at last to God as gods.
This was the crest of that great thought-wave by th' shoemaker
Mystic Boehme begun; two centuries later than
Th' Holland-Portuguese philosopher it brought
To th' Swabian Highlands one who found within
Th' silence of his soul thoughts richer than he found
In books; the Infinite Spirit moving in all things Hegel
Recognized, but especially he perceived
It manifest in history; Hellenic to the core,
He came when seeds of Grecian culture ripening were
In Teutonic soil. Then, too, came Heine, singing
Almost as lyrically as the Lesbian poets.

Now Ludwig gladly gave his son to rule the Greeks,
While he bade his architects make for him an "Athens
On the Iser," sheltering Dürer, Holbein, Rembrandt,
Kaufman, Van Dyke, and many others.
But poets and painters stemmed not the tide of war,
When a new Cæsar stepped upon the scene. The wily
Metternich sacrificed Louise Archduchess, and saved
Austria's being blotted out by Bonaparte.
Though in political intrigue strong, th' Austrian minister
A pigmy was beside the Prussian tiger Bismarck,
Who thought it virtue monarchs to deceive; so blinded
By his brilliant mind, to his designs they fell
A prey; then kings and emperors unawares aid'd him
To tear adjacent territories to suit the pattern
Prussia wish'd, and make of the confederate states,
When France was humbl'd, an empire strong enough to dictate
Terms to all of Europe. Now the cow may graze
In green Lorraine, and wade in waters of the Rhine,
For summer time it is in Germany. The spring
As Goethe said to Mendelssohn, was when Theresa's
Good, kind son the nobles' souls did harrow by
Abolishing slavery and righting other wrongs, yet e'en
Before this budding time was birth.

There came to this fair world of ours three souls
One year — just six before that war when we
Were freed from tyranny of English rule.
In childhood's days they felt the waves of strife
That swept with enmity from sea to sea.
Their prime of life likewise was lived while scenes

Of carnage held full sway in Gallic lands.
The one, who found on British isle his home,[1]
A man than whom none other is more mild,
His poems full of Nature's lore, beside the lakes
Sweet fancies bred, that intimate no thought
Of cruel warfare wag'd in other lands,
But breathe soft zephyrs fraught with blossoms gay,
Sweet violets, daffodils, and daisies dear,
With sunlight intertwin'd and twilight hours.
Th' woods, the stones, the meanest flowers that bloom
In his hand take on radiant hues, and glow
With that glad light which fades on land and sea
Yet lingers long within the mind of man.
He spoke to Peter Bell — he speaks to me
In language plain, and yet withal his words
Make meadows sing and brooks take rainbow tints.
He taught the young to see, to think, to feel,
And better yet, to know the power that feeds
Our minds in passiveness. The Infinite
He saw in all that lives and breathes; he felt
The silent voice of Nature's anguish, and
Realized th' note of joy in things
Inanimate. He sympathized with lowliest
Forms of life. He strove man's heart to move,
His mind to widen and enlarge, his vision
To exalt that he might shape from out
Th' produce of the common clay a little
Paradise. His gospel has a healing
Power; it helps to fortify, to soothe,
To reconcile. His strain didactic is,

Too strong, not veiled enough: too austere
His self-control. Yet, fraught with peace and good,
His message will not fail, e'en though his name
Should from off the page of history be blotted.
Th' one who came for birth on Danish soil,[2]
More vigorous than the poet, chose his home
Where war and wealth had not perverted hearts;
A peasant's cot preferr'd to castle walls,
As likelier there to find the food that feeds
Th' genius; keen privation great men need;
For harder knocks it takes to make a man
Than chiseling stones for statues. Fiery sea-kings
Were his progenitors; their wild blood lent
Him strength. His mother gave the Christian grace
We note in all his later works. At home
In Rome, this Thorwald of the North first strove
To carry sculpture back to classic days;
Then added somewhat of the modern ways;
So stands, like Bach in music, midway 'twixt
Th' old and new,—the Spring of art. As some
Dry leaves still cling to trees though Easter Day
Has come, not Jason, Gutenberg nor Byron
His best thought portrays, but Christ; with arms
Outstretched, speaking of the all-embracing
Love, this statue is that best defines
Th' step this artist took o'er mediæval thought.
To Germany, when o'er her breast the storms
Of wrath and bitterness had broken, when
Her lap with cannon had been plow'd, and for
Existence bare her brave their blood had shed,

To warm her bosom one there came who was
To suffer more than even she had done.
By choir of lesser luminaries led,
Each giving strings to lyres yet paling all
As does Orion's nebula at moonlight
Or Sirius when sunlight floods the world,
When Melody's great master brought his light,
His star that elsewhere had its setting, down
Th' centuries coming, travelling, laboring, waiting,
Submitting, suffering, ere with glory rose
O'er Austria, lighted Neustria, shed its beams
On British lands: now Apollo's self
Th' world of music lightens and uplifts.
For Beethoven, dear, loving soul, did give
From out his earthly store not only gold
And silver, but encouragement, advice,
Himself, his sympathy; he never turn'd
His face from any one in need, nor failed
To praise his weaker brother's feeble efforts;
Always he strove to see the good in men,
And not the ill; in judgment merciful,
In friendship constant, jealousy unknown,
That demon which so often warps wise men.
To Handel, Haydn, Mozart, praise he gave,
And thanks for every hill they levell'd, all
The vales that they exalted; while before
Th' conqueror they rode to music's palace.
Th' road made somewhat straight, their way he walked
Nor wavered in the course, though weighted down
With many weary burdens, till the key

Was forg'd with sacrifice and suffering keen
Which op'd the door. Necessity compelling,
Within he dwelt, in those divinely built
Exclusive halls where purest harmonies
Are heard. Th' chains of mediæval bondage,
Which slavishly held tone to words, already
Sebastian Bach had broken, as Luther loosed
Th' bonds which bound the conscience in confession.
So harmony and rhythm now stood like jars
At wedding feast of old, where Mary knew
They needed wine, and willing servants drew
Th' water. But music's master, mother'd by
A Magdalen, his royal father nothing,
No servants by to fill the jars, did first
Enlarge the mould; then mix'd with brain and heart
A nectar given by the gods, and drew
Such melody therefrom, that surging of
Th' Rhine, the wildest forest notes, the storm,
Th' gentlest breeze that blows, th' wailing woe,
Th' cry of joy, were blended all in one
In his immortal symphonies. His head
Oft reel'd with overdose of melody;
Its utter loneliness his spirit felt,
While agonizing throes of childbirth left
Him deaf to sounds of earth, that only might
He hear th' heavenly song, and give to man
In radiant garment clad th' maiden music
So fair, so free, so full of feeling, speaking
In universal language love to all.
Then as the Magi brought to Israel's royal babe

Gifts, so artists of this Teuton land would fain
Th' brow of music's child with jewels deck. Then enter'd
Schumann, Schubert, Franz the open palace door,
And bow'd before their nation's child, while Brahms has given
A diadem to-day. Then one arose who said
Th' maid must wed. The godman Poetry long had wait'd.
With bonds of rare orchestral tone the two in holy
Wedlock were united by the high priest, Wagner,
Who with play at Oberammergau most deeply
Was impressed—though he saw not Anton Lang,
Greatest artist that e'er took th' part of Christus.[3]
It is in Parsifal we see the blending of
Hebraic and Hellenic myths. Th' spear more plainly
Speaks than tusk of boar[4] or even brazen serpent[5]
Of that wound which pleasure takes from king, and makes
Him yield his state to forest-foster'd lad, whose mother
Kept him innocent till old enough to battle
With seductive vice, and hold the fount of feeling
Till time was ripe for highest joy.[6] The Holy Grail
He could partake of and be strong. Such man is greater
Conqueror than he who won at Waterloo.

CANTO XIII

Russia

It was the ice and snow which Nature as a robe of state to Russia gave that overcame the mighty Corsican, who

Made the same mistake that Charles of Sweden made a century earlier, deeming he could bring the bear to bay by following

Him, not dreaming of what cost of life would be where thousands saved from sword and fire by frost and cold and famine perished;

While the Muscovites rebuilt their town and fresh
Courage took, remembering how in Etzel's day
Th' Knights of Gunther to a man were slaughter'd, that time
When Kriemhild, who had taken Helca's chair would fain
Avenge the wrong that Hagen did to her beloved
Siegfried, and again obtain the Nibelung's gold.
Gunther's men in Etzel's banquet hall fought bravely,
Where the only wine was blood; and this before
Julius Cæsar crossed the Alps, before the Romans
Knew they had a foe beyond the fence of snow.
Uta's daughter was but one of many German
Princesses who mixed their blood with bold, brave Huns;
Though it was long before the Tartars took on aught
Of western ways, or showed towards European
Culture any leaning, save in th' title Tzar.
Not until the women ruled did the Slav
Any outward mildness show.
Ivan's daughter, Anne of Courland, guided by

German libertines, extended th' empire southward
Conquering Turks and Scythian Tartars.
Elizabeth like her father Peter, named "the Great,"
Liv'd a licentious life; and yet advanc'd th' prosperity
Of her country, carrying on the policy of Peter,
Which showed th' weakness of the Scandinavians, from
Whose borders centuries before came Danish Rurik
To rule in Russia. He Novagard builded, and
Helped to enlighten the uncultured Huns.
To avenge her wrongs from Emperor Frederick's hands
Elizabeth allied herself to Austria's Empress
Maria Theresa, thereby stopping the advance
On her domain of greedy Prussia.
Mild indeed were all the other Russian queens
Beside the German Catherine, whose domestic crimes
Though dark grow dim compared to her dastardly conduct
Toward crushed, crumbling Poland.
Austria's Empress and Prussia's King each lent a hand
Aiding the Tzarina in her deadly work,
Which resulted in blotting Poland from the map;
Yet her name still rings on th' page of history
When we her men of might remember. Sobieski,
Called by the Pope to save the Church and
By Austria to deliver the State from impious hands
Of infidel Turks, devoting body and soul to defend
The honor and glory of the Polish name, delivering
Beautiful beleaguer'd Vienna, driving the Moslem
Forever out of Austria, so that great cathedral
For St. Stephen named should not share the fate
Of Saint Sophia's fane, will ever be a hero

Of the rarest, purest type.
Nor should we forget King Stanislaus Leczinsky,
By Sweden's monarch chosen to rule the Poles, the father
Of the fair Maria who as Queen of France
Bore daughters many to Louis Quinze.
A god of such heroic build success is,
That Catherine's subjects ready were to forget her foreign
Birth and e'en her many crimes, remembering only
Her reforms and dazzling victories. Her empire
To the Caucasus was extended; the Tartars of
The Crimea made independent of the Turks,
Yet their home in less than a century was the scene
Of bitter warfare between the allied powers of all
Western Europe and the Russias.
It was here that little Sardinia her first
Laurels gained, whose brave king Emanuel,
Duke of Savoy, aided by th' sagacious policy
Of Cavour, was soon to free defenseless Italy.
War in the Crimea was begun on pretext
Of protecting holy places, but its end
Was an open door to th' Black Sea, by the blows
Of many valiant patriots cut.
Catherine's children still rule Russia, who descent
Claim from that brave exiled patriot Romanoff,
Th' monk whose blood was mix'd with that of Danes and
Russians;
So this house of Romanoff is heir of all
Of Scandinavian Rurik's kingdom, as well as of
Th' land long held by th' Golden Horde, and is to-day
Successor of the Greeks, the Huns, the Turks, the Arabs

And the Tartars in that land by th' Jaxartes water'd
Where Venetian Timour once his capital made.
Nicholas, grandson of that Alexander named
"Liberator of the Serfs" whose clemency was
Repaid by base assassination at the hands
Of Nihilists, now at The Hague holds conference of peace,
While poor Finland still is robbed of her rights,
And men of China, Korea and Japan cheated.
Yet relief to persecute Jews and tolerance
Of unorthodox Christians, freedom of the Polish
Press, and aid to students, show the reforming hand
Of the Tzar, whose empire has become the centre
Of anarchistic demands that nothing rational can
Satisfy; for long repression of the Russian
Mind has made it peculiarly susceptible to
Th' unnatural heat of free thought, as 'tis call'd; and one
There is who e'er augments this socialistic ferment.

Tolstoy nobly born yet scorning empires,
Titles, wealth and ease, has learned that
Not until the love of God be shed
Abroad, as leaves in autumn when the trees
Bare their boughs the soil to richen, will
Men in high estate make laws that rob
Robes of tinsel to clothe the naked and
Feed the children of the husbandman,
Who with horny hands the black earth plows
To harvest wheat for children of the rich.
As the Sun returning from the tropics
Melts the snow in valleys first and later
On the mountain peaks, so here the people

Laboring in the fields the prophet's voice
Gladly hear, while those in places high
Hear yet heed not all his burning words
Springing from a heart surcharged—kindly
But mistaken thought. This man of Russia
Sees unwritten laws, as did Antigone,
Brave and strong. Yet wiser Socrates
Knew that breaking laws[1] however bad
Never helps to mend the ill or aid the good.
And so a prophet must arise who truly sees
Th' teaching of the Nazarene; and also knows
What Buddha knew, that action ceas'd from still is action,[2]
While too much clemency reactionary is.
These people, held in check so long, still need a rein.

CANTO XIV

America

The idea of liberty concerning matters of conscience conceiving,
men of British birth to Holland fled, thence came to these
Stern shores to found a state on lines their narrowness dictated,
persecuting all who disagreed with them regarding views
Religious, failed signally in their efforts to limit liberty to th'
Puritan mould; the reins too tightly held were snapt.

Descendants of these stern but hardy men, who fought
Th' Indians and the French for every foot of ground,
Warred with the mother country for their rights.
Lexington, Concord, Bunker Hill, are names fast woven
Into the warp of Liberty's gown. In th' war with England
Her more polished sons, who earlier settled in
Virginia and Maryland, in thought and purpose
With the Mayflower men became one; while the Dutch
And Huguenots, who held Manhattan Isle and th' scenic
Hudson, lent their strength; so when the revolution
Ended, not a few small settlements envious each
Of the other, but thirteen states united to form
A government, with George Washington for their President,
And their capital on th' Potomac nam'd for him.
Sprung from th' sons of Puritan and Dutch Protestants,
Found'd by men whose lives were given that liberty might
Be born, we should expect a swift and easy birth.
But another element in th' amalgamation
Which made th' United States, was that refined, indolent

People who from England and Scotland came.
Aristocrats for long ages, used to servants, they
Welcom'd th' advent of the negroes who became
A necessity, soon as they degenerated
Through luxurious living. Th' black man could all day
Labor in the fields and bear the sun; to him,
Coming from the wilds of Africa, this country
Was a paradise. Associated in closest
Intimacy with his master, th' change from savage
To domestic state was rapid. As wild fruits
Become by cultivation larger, juicier, stronger
And more abundant when not hybrid, so this wild
Race of black-skinn'd men improv'd. Th' masters mixed
Their blood from time to time with slaves, and did great wrong
To both. The white blood made a slender, brown-skinn'd man,
Rose in his brain, and told him he to his master was
Kin. Then liberty he demanded.
Th' sturdier Northerner who felt no need of slaves,
Cried out against his brother in the South
Who upon his human property leaned more
And more, as on his crutch leans a cripple, seeing
No way to walk without. Then long and bitter was
Th' strife disrupting this new nation started by
Religious men, on the idea of liberty founded.
What the outcome of this burning hatred between
Brothers, men whose ancestors fought so lately that
This country might be free, who fram'd a constitution
On th' equal rights of man?

Would not Patrick Henry speak from the tomb? Would not
Washington's bones arise, and all New England's fathers
Leave their rest in Paradise an internecine
Feud to arrest? And yet it came. On many fertile
Fields their hot blood flowed. Thousands fell by sword
And gun. Their cannon tore down ramparts, and destroyed
Palatial homes. In prison hundreds languish'd, dying
Of starvation and disease. At home the women
Wept alone or hover'd over half-fed children;
While men to hardship not inured slept on cold,
Damp ground or walk'd all night as sentinels, their lives
More freely giving than their sons give dollars now
To feed the poor or educate the liberated
Slave. On either side good men, brave, valiant soldiers,
Able generals, gentlemen and people of
Th' soil were linked arm in arm for Southern rights,
Or for the Union struggling long.
As dung when mix'd with earth produces fruits and flowers
Th' finest, so these troublous times, when wicked deeds
With human feelings mixed in the breasts of many
Men, produced a man among men, hero great,
Who gave birth to th' thought of Freedom.
Always thought must things precede. Before material
Manifestation possible is, th' idea comes.
In man creative power, as in God, first thinks,
Then wills, then does; and thoughts need longer periods of
Gestation to be born than visible objects do.
Thoughts must not only be conceived but must live
Ere they in turn can reproduce and multiply,

And deeds make possible. The birth of th' thought of freedom
Was not freedom, nor e'en its conception. That
Can only come when as a whole the nation thinks
This thought, when all men work together to produce
That which is fermenting now.
Yet praise shall ever be to him who thought this thought;
Iron willed, silver tongued, golden hearted,
Crystal vision'd patriot he, our President;
Who prudently and skillfully, with master hand
And stout heart th' appalling situation faced;
Yet yielded not a jot or tittle of authority
Vested in his office, but held tight the reins
Of the governmental horse, so that rebellious
States the traces broke, and fired upon Fort Sumter.
Then to arms his countrymen loudly Lincoln called,
Disruption to avert from our blest fatherland.
Fought by raw, undisciplined troops the first
Battle lost was, by fault of one who through inertia
His superior officer failed to obey.
One vote saved Porter from a traitor's death;
While McDowell, who was not a natural general,
Suffer'd from this defeat throughout the war; yet Sherman
Called him America's highest spirit
Of gentlemanliness; for had he not refused
Supreme command when by the President offered it,
Rather than precedence take of General Scott, a senior
Officer under whom McDowell had served in
Th' Mexican War? But no such modest feeling deterred
Ulysses Grant from mounting to first place who showed

Himself a born commander and true soldier, who
Rightly became the hero of the war, though Sherman
And Sheridan followed closely on his heels. From all
Three the war spirit brightly shone.
For eighteen moons the carnage reigned ere the freeing
Of the slaves, which proclamation from th' Executive
Was forced as means to end the fight. He knew the Black
Must be armed for the Union. Feeling rose
High, and many Federalists were dissatisfied;
While Confederates now fought to th' death with great
Odds, at all times having fewer men, but led
Throughout the strife by brave strategic souls, as Lee
And Stonewall Jackson, whose names live beside those on
Th' winning side. The hearts were stout and blood was warm
Of these southerners who deem'd their cause was just;
And honor them we must, regretting bitterness
That lasted long, e'en after their most noble leaders
In the dust were laid. Yes, lasted 'til three Presidents
Had fallen by assassins' hands. Beloved Lincoln
Just entering on his second presidential term;
Garfield, ere he'd shown what he could do, and peaceful,
Mild McKinley, after sailing the ship of state
Safely through the Spanish War, which rudely was
Upon him thrust. Like Rome's philosopher Emperor,
Only when forced he fought, and like Aurelius
Was most brave in facing death.
But one Democrat has filled th' presidential
Chair since the Rebellion, who with firm judicial
Mind, like Cato the Elder, civil service reforms
Established, and just as the censor called for

The destruction of Carthage, Cleveland insistently
Demand'd improvement of the tariff. Bryan, born
To rule, with monetary reform came forward now.
Had he gained the executive office, war
Between the classes which now threatens might have been
Postpon'd though never entirely averted; for like mountains
Humans must be rudely shaken ere they reach
Their level. Rocks and fire upheaved are before
Crystal fountains flow; so in this shaking of
America's people we must expect hard knocks,
Not only on political and economic
Questions; but the fire of religious persecution
Once again shall burn within the borders of
This fair land where religious liberty was to dwell.
Th' Puritan spirit th' breast shall swell of those maintaining
That all men are equal. Protestant not only shall
Scorn the Catholic, but shall loudly denounce and try
To quench the rapidly spreading cult as "New Thought"
known.
But not having sufficient truth to set him free,
Like Christ's disciples of old, he shall both fear
And chastise those who do miracles in a way
He does not understand; forgetting that the Master
Said, All who are not against us are for us;
Remembering not that Jesus said, Greater things
Than these shall ye do; thinking not of Paul's teaching
That the gifts of spirit divers are; not preaching,
Teaching, prophesying, healing, only, for spirit
Worketh as it wills. Interpreting tongues and
Discerning spirits all are from the selfsame

Source. Yes, bitter indeed will be the feeling, stinging
Th' words, and cruel and unjust the judgment of
Those professing to follow th' Prince of Peace. The Rock
Of Ages will be crucified afresh. And as
Th' rocks are split and washed to pebbles, then are ground
To sand ere they can be cemented by the clay
And made one rock again, so Christ's Church will be
Divided, subdivided, persecuted, parted,
Until the Rock of Truth is all like grains of sand,
Here a little, there a little, washed by seas
Of doubt, left cover'd by the waves of strife, yet ever
Shone on by the sun, until at length the troubled
Waters all are dried up. Then intelligence
Shall make clear the truth. The sand at th' bottom of
Th' sea is safe as on the shore; so though submerged
For a time, at last will every atom of
Th' truth be manifest; for only can birth come
Through strain and stress and storm. All light the offspring is
Of dark; so this intolerant night in our dear land
Will be the birth pains of a day of higher, clearer,
Cleaner thought. The isms all are for a purpose.
Many schisms grinding time but hasten, which
Ever welding time precedes.
Since the days of Luther no reform has taken
Such a hold on Christians as that inaugurated
By Phineas Quimby of Portland, Maine, and broadcast sown
By his pupil, Mary Baker Eddy. She
To the world this message gave, and thousands upon
Thousands have been helped out of the pit and put
Upon the track of apostolic teaching. Had

He who first this truth received lived longer
It would probably have been given to the world
With fuller light; for Quimby never had denied
Th' source of this fresh inspiration.
Th' number of her followers would have been far less
But her cult more lasting had only Mary Eddy
Been brave enough to tell the truth respecting her
Revelation, and not take the credit all
Herself.[1] The thought would then not have had abortive birth.
Yet truth though buried long at length to th' surface rises.
Th' scientist pebble will be sand, and many other
Cults and isms be ground down. Then th' "Mother Church"
Always th' past conserving, ever tending to grasp
All that comes within her reach will open wide
Her doors and take in many shipwrecked children who
Struggling are with waves of doubt. So many will
Come in she can no longer lock her doors but will
Th' lesson learn that Christ intended when to Peter
Keys He gave to unlock the gates.[2]
Ere this comes to pass we needs must see a war
Between the classes, wherein the mass ascendancy
Will gain, and overthrow the plutocrats. This violent
Uprising of the mob we could prevent if greed
Were curb'd in time, and arrogance gave place to kindness,
Sympathy took precedence of self-indulgence.
Th' rich man does not think. Gold fills the chinks of all
His palace walls; his bed, his carriage and his clothes
So padded are he fails to hear the piteous cry
Uprising from the slums where God's children starving,

Freezing are; his eyes are gloated with strong wine
And vulgar scenes, so he sees not the brawny arms
And iron hands of working men; because he's blind
And deaf the reign of luxury will end in havoc.
But more fearful still will be the bloodshed when
Th' strong black man shall mount upon the steps now building
By degenerate whites. Not only will the black
Man the white man fight; but religious fanaticism
Which ever insists that all men equal[3] are in God's
Sight, will brother incite against his brother over
Th' cause of th' blacks. This gory war, by women led,
Will result in a woman in the Presidential
Chair (foreseen by Susan Anthony, an able man
In female form),[4] which ushers in a greater change
When a black shall hold that office grac'd by Lincoln,
Who though foully murder'd by an insane Jew
Happy was in that he lived not long enough
To see the ballot given to the freedman. This
Was th' beginning of conditions that will finally
Lead to negro rulership in America.
To free the slave was just and wise; to give him suffrage
Was a foolish act. A new-born babe as well
Might cast a ballot as when first emancipated
Th' black. But now the fruit of unripe seed decaying
On the ground breeds many a feud, and politics makes
Impure, and hastens what was sure to come: dissension
Between two races never meant to dwell within
Th' same tents. Abel's blood was shed by Cain, and Cain's
Descendants[5] will with cruel hand the blood of Japheth's

Sons outpour on this blest soil where many great
Souls have given their lives in freedom's holy cause.
After or during the period of the Civil War
Those were born who now form Doctor Coulter's circle.
He, the great Greek god of healing, then the Cid,
Petrarch, Cosimo de Medici, and Voltaire,
Had his last earth life in Indiana where
For a few short years he was a country doctor.
Through our dear clairaudient Pythia, whom we all
Revere, we have acquired some facts respecting our
Director: First, that we belong to him as subjects
To a sovereign; for our guides have elected him
Commander-in-chief of th' circle. All who talk with Doctor
Coulter learn to love, revere and trust him. His
Judgment in earth matters is remarkable as
Is his counsel for our soul's advancement. Our
Dear Doctor becomes to each of us a friend.
Like earth sovereigns he has favorites at court,
Pythia always first — and should she not be, with
Psychic gifts transcending all we've ever heard
Or read of? She was priestess of the Delphic shrine
Who hailed Euripides wisest of his tribe. Before
That she was Hygeia, in gift of healing second
Only to her brother Æsculapius.
Her last earth life cut short, as Charlotte Corday, she needs
Must come again; and now her time and strength devotes
To manifesting immortality.
Not a medium she, for our Pythia never was
"Controlled" nor entranced, which is hypnotism
From the other world and not the best;[6] nor does

Our Pythia visions see, or dreams interpret, though
She has much natural prescience. Her unique gift
Is "the independent voice" whereby those who
Understand the law may speak to, and the voices
Hear of, loved ones gone before; may hold communion
With their angel guides and learn to do and suffer
Here more willingly, each fulfilling his especial
Mission, yet quite happy at the thought of going
Hence when earth-work is complete.
Our Pythia of a sweet and patient nature is,
Kind and true; she strives to help each one to see
That "all is right" as Hermes frequently asserts.
Him who Doctor Coulter's trusted messenger is
We call our Hermes. From him gladly we receive
A word of cheer, as by the little walnut table
In the upper room we sit, and offerings make
Of fruit and flowers, love and prayers and sacrifice,
For dear ones gone beyond the veil.
It was my good fortune to be first of th' chosen
Few who form th' circle, next to Pythia's handsome
Black-eyed boy. To th' work I brought one who had been
Both Deborah and Maintenon; and could she but
Have realized that the rod was still hers in
Th' astral world, she would have been a greater power
In the new world than in Israel or in France.
But though she had fine judgment, heart and mental gifts,
Her eye of faith was dimmed by excess of worldly
Goods. Her daughter knowing she had been Isolde
Married Mark, thereby redeeming one past life.
Next he who preaches now, but was so lately Keats,

His brilliant comet and his rose of poesy bringing,
Who still is seven and pale yellow.
The combination of number and color with fruit and flower
Betokens what work best is suited to our need.
Th' third whom I induced to visit Pythia was
My graceful, gracious friend, who had been Ariadne,
Andromeda and Adrienne Lecouvrier.
These names disclosed to us a law that always in
Past lives we'd find three names with one initial letter.
As Ariadne of old to Theseus gave the thread,
So now she led him to the light whose lov'd earth-mate
Had lately gone before; soon as convinced that he
With her could talk, rare psychic powers developed
Who writing "Coulter's Treatise" preaches and practices
help.
Ariadne's mother, who to me will always
Iphigenia be, is green, with clematis white;
Her number four much sadness gives in life. Another
Green and fifteen, with narcissus white, a musical
Patroness, is sister of La Farnarina.
One from Venus, blue and eleven, uses her music
For the pleasure of the poor. Hippolyta
Has now rare gifts of sight and healing. Intellectual
And fruitful in good works some are who fail in faith;[7]
Purple obscures their light, hence they will come again.
Jason is no longer bewitched by Medea,
Nor in love with Glauke, though he knows them both;
To Rhea Silvia he is married, who still is pink.
Louis Condé, Huguenot leader, has yet a passion
For reform. We must work to develop self,

Then work to aid others who are tugging at the rope;
For all are linked and bound together, of the body
Politic members, each as necessary to
Th' whole as members of the individual's body
Are to its welfare. Doctor Coulter ever
Is insistent respecting this, and urges each
To do his part regardless of the praise or blame
Of men; commands allegiance to our guide appointed
By our Heavenly Father to help us climb the mount;
Forbids our looking down on any one below
Us on the ladder, for we are only higher by
Th' grace of God and aid from elder brothers gone
Before. All now in Doctor Coulter's circle number
Have and color;[8] yet ciphers were of yore, as those
Who have not learn'd yet how to make the light shine through
Their shrouds of clay. When color[9] comes, then number too
Is given.[10] How count leaves before the stem has sprouted?
Why wish leaves to fall ere they have done their work?
Th' flowers pluck'd, th' fruits preserv'd, th' seed elsewhere
Planted in new soil; opportunity is given
Again and again the soul to redeem itself from crime,
Mediocrity, squalor and hidden faults which harder
Oft times are to cure than crime. Like apples rotting
At the core, the cover'd sins of self-approval,
Avarice, unforgiveness, anything that hinders
Progress, pride, especially spiritual satisfaction,
Spoil the seed for higher planting.
Over and over again the self the heart of man
Enters; until it builds a more ethereal body
Th' house of clay it uses, weaving a wedding garment,

Covering, which in th' interstellar spaces serves
Th' soul 'til strong enough the spiritual body grows
To slip this cloudlike covering, as the house of clay
It earlier forsook, and stand arrayed in light.
Ere the soul may leave the earth forever to bask
In light, and choose its work in worlds where loved ones dwell,
Much it must subdue, and many attributes
Perfect. Our metals, jewels, fruits and flowers may all
Be chang'd for higher ones. If we are lead or iron
At heart it will be hard indeed to turn to silver;
But to steel we may attain by being true.
Copper or aluminum may turn to gold
By doing deeds of kindness, charity holding in
Th' heart. To polish the jewels or gain better ones
Requires but little effort; intellectual work
Brings clear stones; pearls are tears. Of fruits the higher ones
Have many seeds, thin skins and yellow color. Hard
Work in any line, with right intent improves
Th' fruit. No matter if the flower from lap of earth
From shrub or tree doth spring, it must in time be white.
Perfume sweet or centres golden tell a tale
Of progress. Trees than shrubs are higher, vines than trees.
Lastly our light must shine, our candles all be placed
Within the candlestick.[11] That light may not be faint
Or flicker, obstacles must be removed, th' mould
And dust be wiped away; indifference, doubt, despair,
Despondency, criticism or any shade obscuring
Light, be rent. The blinds within now raised, th' spirit
Looks without, has certitude, meets sorrow cheerfully

As joy, for both are messengers from the King of Kings.
Learn to trust your guide, he has climb'd th' path before
And knows its pitfalls. Place your hand in his, and hold
Your soul upturn'd for inspiration. These are some
Of the teachings that our dear Director gives,
Whose circle Here and Over There five hundred and forty
Numbers, some from every cycle,[12] of the flower
Which crowns the second branch of th' Aryan candlestick.
In America, in England, Germany and
France our Pythia has formed circles of those
Ready for the work. In India now and Japan
She is finding friends who gladly hear the Voice,
And counsel take from Doctor Coulter. First we thought
Th' circle was exclusively for America
Which we now know girdles th' globe.
Several of our circle have the prison of Akka
Visited, Abdul Baha to see, who knows that he
Is "one of us," and also knows who belong to him.
Devoted souls who make this pilgrimage bring word
A great light they have seen. One learn'd in portraiture
All resign'd to follow this manifestation
Of the Word, but thinks not as some do that he
Is Jesus come again, nor does this "Servant of God"
As he styles himself, so teach. Indeed the Bahai
Of reincarnation seldom speak—a doctrine
Perhaps already too much accented in the East.
Baha Ullah, conscious soul,[13] to Persia came
With a worldwide message, proclaiming peace to all
Mankind. His son Abdul Baha the message is
Carrying now to all the nations.[14] He is the only

Perfected soul[15] on earth to-day, and may sometime
Be added to the "Prophets of the world," when with
His rosy light, his white rose, pearls and serpent, he has
Proceeded to the Mica candlestick. Then one,
Green and nine and better understood by men,
Will tell the life of this beloved man, whose luminous
Face abides with me as spiritual father ever.
My mother, Geraldine, Euripides chose;
Her color blue I took, my father's brain
Inherited. Spiritual development and
His own vibration th' individual brings;
But an adequate instrument necessary
Is to proper manifestation in
Th' flesh. I thank my guide for giving me
So fair a start, surroundings so congenial
To my soul. Not too much gold and glitter;
No sordidness; no stint of food for bodily
Growth; and much of mental pabulum.
My parents both had faith in God and man,
And knew the best gift ever is a well
Stor'd mind. While much of knowledge recollection
Is, and hence must be educ'd, th' wise
Admixture of the present truth with that
Brought from th' past feeds best the brain, and aids
In mental growth. I seldom went to school.
My father kept my mind alert by frequent
Drills in mathematics, and taught me what
Was best in books; while tutors blest with classic
Training help'd to mould my taste in study.
My eldest brother, who was a sage of old,

Later Gorgias and Guercino, brought
Such wisdom, eloquence and art with him
It proves a law not only that a letter
Is preserv'd in names, but all that is
Worth while in any life will live, becoming
Th' total of our good.
My guide had hoped that I might be a playwright,
But my dramatic talent insufficient
Was, e'en when inspir'd by Bacchus' youngest
Child. My plays were feeble efforts. I
Lost heart and strength. Then humble growing sought
Th' Fountain Head, and found by grace of God
A guide who understood my need. Of how
I long'd and prayed I've spoken in the prologue.
When Homer came he made me well, and taught
Me much to help Hereafter.
Th' scroll is fast unrolling whereon my past
Is written. Often I see myself in Egypt;
Early as the Libyan Sibyl; later
Asenath, daughter of the priest of On,
And many times in Greece;
Yet on Venus oftenest my home
Has been, for when I see her light my heart
With longing swells. I know and like my former
Venus friends, though Mars attracts me strongly.
Planetary attractions of the spirit
Are, while color are the astral, metal
Those of earth bodies. Countries claim us strongly
Where we've passed happy lives; repel,
When the life has been unhappy. Where

We have had no previous incarnation
Th' earth is better studied.
In Athens joyfully my footsteps turn
To th' Acropolis; there I seem to dance
For Pan; know there I have been born and buried.
In Rome upon the Appian way I felt
Th' clank of chains and weight of hidden crimes.
Having no emotions of self's past
Experiences in America,
I gain from th' ground th' accumulated thought
Of those who made this country what it is,
And see the land as 'twas and is to be.
When the Northmen skirted th' eastern shores of this
Land, they found a barrier in the mountains high
That everywhere the seacoast faced. But these giant
Volcanoes had their work done ere Vespucius sighted
This continent; and when Hudson first the Palisades
And rocky Manhattan viewed, little did he realize
That all this land had come forth from the bowels of
Th' earth; for where the mighty furnace once had been
Now a peaceful river flowed.
Likewise in New England, once a rockbound coast,
Now lakes and hills and fertile fields, which in the fullness
Of time the white man came to take possession of,
Rooting out the redskins who America's
Autochthonous race were. As other races of
Like kind, coming in the pleistocene age, they
Were southward swept by glaciers; venturing north again
And again in interglacial periods, have
Left traces of their genius throughout our land.

The degenerate descendants of this great
People built the mounds we find in various places,
And were the cave dwellers of two thousand years ago.
Th' remnant of this red race, conquer'd in the South
And West by Spaniards, in the North and East by English
And French men, cruelly crush'd out by the white man, will
Come again this land of theirs to inherit. When
Names like Daniel Boone and Henry Clay or Franklin
And Daniel Webster can no longer be conjur'd with;
When inventions of John Fitch,[16] will useless be,
For more easily, rapidly and safely will
Th' air be navigated than the water, when
Aviation ceases to be experimental;
When Marconi's wireless will have driven out
Th' poles and wires; when Edison, record preserving will
Have perfected; when a part of th' vigorous North
Polar race, who think themselves the only race
On earth to-day, have come to us; and also th' primitive,
Diminutive Antarctic peoples have been found;[17]
When the Japanese come here as to their own,
Which will not be until the blacks have conquer'd th' whites;
When th' Samoan and th' Nippon isles begin
To rise; then comes so vast a cataclasm it will
Rend this continent in twain.
All now west of the Father of Waters will be thrown
Off to form a second moon, wherein the great
Rockies, which their work have not yet finished, will
Be given another chance; for mountains even as
Individuals needs must do their work. Then th' wild

Prairies, oldest of all our country,[18] will sink peacefully
To rest. Then all the land east of the Mississippi
Will that continent join which now is rising, whose
Submarine volcanoes make that current warm
In the South Atlantic, which we call th' Gulf Stream
For lack of knowledge as to planetary life.
It may be several centuries ere this continental
Split shall come, but already our old moon
Has changed its course, as if for th' new to make a place.
Also Juno is now rapidly nearing th' spheres,
Though she still obscures a part of Mars, a red
Hue o'er his more brilliant light is casting. When
This red spot moves off we'll plainly see the real
Mars, then planet Juno will discover'd be.[19]
Our own planet shall at this time feel a quake
In every quarter, which will tell us Rhea is
Usher'd into th' second astral sphere of light.

CANTO XV

The Ideal

Now upon her little end the dear earth rocks, which agitation makes within, and the unrest augments which is

Apparent among her children. Not 'til Rhea sends her little end to view the Polar Star will that upheaval come

Which makes the land and seas unite to form one continent where the people of this globe shall all together dwell in amity.

Ere we reach the ideal state, the nation that
Shall for emblem choose the dove, on Rhea's breast
Many changes will take place before she safely
Lands upon her side, which to her varied motions
Equilibrium gives. Less friction felt, the mother
Quiet and calm, the children will be peaceable.
As nearer to the sun the planet rides, more brightness
There will be by day and night and more real light,
For of th' intelligence Apollo still is god.
Then on every mount, in any clime, shall muses
Dwell, and all the children of the earth by them
Be fed. No longer here and there a seer; to all
Th' then and now and future will be clear; then all
Shall prophesy.[1] Their instruments of war all piled
Upon the grave of Mars, the men of earth no more
An arrow or a sword, a cannon ball or musket
Use, but grasp each other's hands in friendship;
All one nation then, and rul'd by just two laws,

Love of God and love of man; no courts of justice,
No crimes and no complaints; each man will love his neighbor
As himself, and hence delight to honor him;
Neither surgeons, hospitals nor medicine,
Every child then born without disease will grow
Strong, by love and wisdom foster'd; no old age,
No decreptitude, for where there is no strife,
Emulation, ill will, greed or bitterness,
Poverty, anxiety or hardship to sap
The strength, there will be much to foster it. When all
Rhea's children sail the seas or navigate
Th' air for recreation, their commodities
Exchanging with no thought of precedence or loss;
When each quarter of the globe shall vie with every
Other its best gifts as to an honor'd guest
Bringing; when all shall be captains in the army
Of the Prince of Light, all marshall'd under one
Flag, saluting all one standard; then indeed
Peace shall reign. The song the angels sang on Judah's
Plain so long ago was meant for all mankind;[2]
Stronger with the years its echo grows; in every
Land it is repeated as a good wish once
A year. The echo shall not die; it must come clearer;
Come not only Christmas day, but every day,
Until it takes such hold on man that with the angels
He shall sing, On earth be Peace.
Then the day will dawn which is to last a thousand
Years;[3] The Son of Man be seen by all whose eyes
Clear are made by faith, a glorious vision in
Th' clouds; a power descending, helping tardy climbers;

A glory coming, quickening hearts of men and thrilling
Them with altruistic love. The dead indeed
Shall to life be warm'd by nearness of the sun,
By the vision glorious electrified.
Now the Son of Righteousness is born in every
Believer's heart; their ways by Him are guided; yea,
He shall rule all hearts; His law shall reign a thousand
Years. In that day every man shall Christ's brother
Be, each woman be His mother. Said He not,
They that know the will of God and do it, these
Are My mother and My brethren?[4] When the people
Know the will of God Most High, and do it, then
And not till then, will be born the Child of Freedom.
For the nations must work together, together
Labor and each other love before they can
E'en conceive their child. Then all must have the same
Ideal ere they can produce an ideal child.[5]
Not to-day the history of the human race
May be known. In time the fragments we shall piece
Together. Much will still be buried when we have pass'd
Away. We can but know in part, but see in part
Th' history of our own dear Mother Earth, while between
Man and man such difference lies. The vast hordes must
Come within the temple gates.
That the multitude may after truth become
Seekers, teachers must arise! One man five thousand
Fed, to bread stones turning.[6] Still the multitude
Must be fed by one man or one woman; for
Babes are yet the mass of men, and into infant
Minds we must not put too many truths or thoughts

Too strong for them to grasp. An esoteric circle
Needs yet be, to husband that which would be wasted,
Broadcast sown. In parables did Jesus speak
Fearing the multitude would understand. The higher
Wisdom twelve were taught;[7] but only three were on
The Mount where He with Moses and Elias talked.
O! blest Peter, James and John!
Golden truth by infant races learn'd often
Lies for centuries hidden; Mother Earth herself
Buries some and keeps it screened. Till the children
All are ready for a share the harvest will
Not be; as queen Rhea for her offspring jealous
Is, and most desirous that one day they all
Shall be poets, priests and seers,
Though less than those now deem'd the prophets of the world.
He, whose life was threatened from his birth,
Who liv'd despite the verdict of the king
That all male babes of Hebrew mothers die,
Was by Seti's daughter spied when bathing
By th' sacred stream of Nile, in ark of rushes;
Home to th' palace she brought the child, and begged
To keep the babe whose tears her pity stirred.
She nam'd him Moses, from the water drawn,
His sister watch'd, his mother nurs'd th' boy.
He, rear'd in palace as the princess' son,
By Egypt's seers was taught the mystic lore;
So will'd th' Lord, that he might be prepared
When time was ripe to lead his people forth
To serve their Lord and God. From bondage freed,
Across the sea made dry by Aaron's rod

Directed e'er by fire from Sinai's mount,
Th' chosen children safely trod their way
Where desert sand nor food nor water yields.
Hence all their wants must needs be met by him
Whom God had call'd, to lead them on and teach
Their stubborn, untamed wills dependence firm
On justice, mercy, beauty, right and truth,
On Abram's, Jacob's, Isaac's Lord and God.
For fourscore years Jehovah train'd the hand
And mind of him who held the rod of power,
That through this mighty leader Israel's host
Should standard-bearers be for all the world.
Grown strong through suffering much, and waiting long,
They conquer'd far and near with God's own might,
Nor e'er forgot to onward bear their ark,
Their covenant with light and righteousness.
But Moses oft was sorely tried by much
Of superstition brought from Pharaoh's land.
Far harder was the task to free their minds,
And bring their souls to knowledge of the light,
Than e'en to break the will of Egypt's king,
And make free men of those so long born serfs.
Often would he sit from morn 'til eve
Hearing plaints, and judging right from wrong,
Teaching those unlettered men the statutes
Of the Lord, a law that all must learn.
Zipporah's father gave him sage advice;
Th' aged priest saw Moses' strength would fail
If he decided all disputes; so heeding
Jethro's voice, that able men be placed

O'er tens, o'er fifties, hundreds and o'er thousands,
To judge in matters small at every season,
While he their leader bring the cases hard
To God, thus Moses Jethro's council taking
Gained time and strength to study nature's
Laws. To Sinai's temple of the moon
He oft repair'd to hear the voice of God's
Own angel, who was guiding him and helping
Him to find that inner shrine where God
Instructs each child who makes his tabernacle
Like that pattern seen upon the mount.
Moses saw and heard beyond what men
Oft see, and strove to teach his people laws:
Of health, that make the body strong and pure;
Of justice, that make keener, firmer minds;
Of beauty, that enlarge the soul forever;
And taught them reverence for law, and knowledge
Of God their Father, Ruler, Maker, Friend.
He dreamed not of the one predicted by Isaiah,
Giant prophet! Boldest bard of Hebrew
Race; who upward soar'd past ether blue,
And found the light which was and is and is
To be; who felt the pulse of God that throbs
In every sun and star, yet loudest beats
Within the heart of man; who knew the worlds,
That circle true and those that wander far;
Whose soul responded e'er to waves of light
That few can feel; who saw so much of hidden
Truth, and felt sincerely man's mistakes;
Who strove to show the better way; who spoke

Out bravely, chiding all idolaters,
Pointing plainly where the darkness lay,
Telling that 'tis sin which hides the face
Of God from man. Isaiah, blest with vision,
Much thou urgest th' Israelite to rise
And shine; to see the value true of trees
And stones but worship only God, who giveth
Health, who bringeth all to noonday light
That follow truth, that feed the hungry, or
Cheer his heavy-laden children sore
Afflicted, through their sins gone far astray.
Thou seer of seers who saw the Holy One
Before his day, in vision clear thou sawest
Him who came with garments stain'd from Edom;
Thou knewest Him the One who came to save,
And strove to make Him known to sinful man.
Thy pen did paint a portrait fair and true;
His gentle spirit shines in all thou sayest
Of Him, the Bright and Morning Star, the Sun
Of Righteousness who came with healing wings,
On whom the spirit of our Father rests.
No veil restrain'd thy sight, no fear of ill
Befalling thee e'er kept the truth from light.
Revealing what was told to thee to future
Races, thou hast ever comfort brought,
Hast given joy and peace to many weary
Hearts, relieving sadness, killing doubt,
Bringing faith, refreshment, hope to life —
A link in that great chain which binds us all to God.
One there was among the seers of old

Who sleeping or awake great visions had.
A man mysterious he saw in fairest
Linen clothed, with either hand upstretch'd.
He saw his angel guide, and felt his touch,
While on the ground with face cast down he lay.
Th' magic touch reviving him, he heard
Th' angel speak, and record bear of that
To come, e'en though not understood by him.
Daniel wrote what Gabriel said, and left
A page whereon the wise may read a wholesome
Lesson, when by faith their sight is cleared.
Many dreams for mighty kings he erst
Foretold, presaging troublous times; yet fear
Ne'er still'd his voice declaring truth. In writing
On the wall he plainly read dire portents.
When wicked men would him destroy, in firm
Reliance plac'd on God he pray'd, nor swerved
From faith, though lions' den awaited him.
When his deliverance Darius saw,
Th' king rejoicing worshipp'd Israel's God,
Th' Almighty, who to other lands also sent seers.
O! thou great prophet! contemplative mind,
Siddartha, noble born, with princely mien
And mood, the Buddha called, rightly named,
For knowledge came as easily as came the breath!
Freed from superstition, truthful, pure,
Hurting nothing, firm in self-control,
Watchful ever, with highest thought aspiring,
Often lost in wonder, pondering nature's
Laws, thou sought'st and found'st that realm within,

Whence a channel upward leads to light.
In meditation lost, as placid lake
Set deep amid green hills reflects the sun
By noon, the moon and stars by night, and gives
Th' color back of every cloud at dawn,
Or eve, so sees this soul the varied light.
How came this lake so still, so mirror like
Whose waters cool much slime and ooze conceal?
Once with fearful storm and stress the rocks
Flew forth, now hidden where tall cypress grow
'Mid moss and lichen rare. The fire long quenched
Had burned for ages, ere the rocks and lava
Rich were driven forth from crater vast,
To form this fair protective outer wall,
Of green, which keeps the lake in shade secluded.
So the Buddha after suff'ring long,
Much resigned, emptied much from head
And heart that barr'd th' way to radiant life!
Then built a shell around his soul for shelter;
Lived within his temple, where the fires
Burnt low with richest glow, both warm'd his heart
And lent a brilliant light unto his eyes
Which told that all within was glorified.
Th' king upon his throne did rule his realm,
And knew the way to God's vast kingdom;
Knew while earthly shroud encas'd his soul
The joy of union with the Three in One;
Lov'd that pasture green where rich refreshment
Never fails; understood the going
"In and out" which is the true Nirvana.[8]

Though call'd by other name this path was known to thee,
O great Hellenic bard, thou child of rosy
Dawn, who taught'st the sisters nine to sing;
Who gave'st to Greece her gods; who told'st of men
A race heroic past belief, made strong
By prayer, brave by faith in gods who hear
And help all those who humbly ask their aid!
O Homer, greatest poet earth has known!
Come once again, and sing or whisper low
Th' secret, hidden long from muse and man,
Of power to see beyond the veil, to presage
Good or ill to come, to hide in loftiest
Verse rare gems of thought, which come to light
When sought by earnest man, yet lie concealed
'Til time is ripe for truths so bright to burn.
Great Ionian prophet, thou with satire
Sure, disclos'dst wherein the weakness lay
Of polytheistic creeds; thou sawest in all
Above, below, the threefold life; didst teach
Not only trinity of heaven, but earth,
That man within him holds a light divine,
By which he knows he is the son of God,
Which tells him there's a Highest Good: as taught by one
Of Kalandri, sweet village of the Attic
Plain, whose name remains as birthplace of
One good and great, who chose an humble walk
In life, yet rose a star of magnitude
So vast we fail to class him, whom we love
And venerate so greatly. Teacher of
Truths sublime, thou didst unlock new doors

Of thought to all the sages of thy day,
And led the youth of Athens partly on
The road to those high summits, where the laws
Of love and life unfold as flowers unfold
In sunlight. When thine eyes, so full of sacred
Flame, the heavens searched for fuller truth,
Thou sawest that same pattern on the mount
Which had of old led wise men on, and still
Will lead. Thou to Apollo's far-famed shrine
Didst oft repair, where voice oracular thee
Declar'd wisest far of mortals deemed
Great and wise. Thy pupils were the orators,
Poets and philosophers of Athens,
Who shone by borrow'd light; while thou, their sun,
Went'st meekly through the streets, so poorly clad
Thy tatter'd garments oft made sport for youths,
Who needed rich adornment, having naught
Within themselves whereby to mark them men.
Feeling no resentment, these and others
Thou didst ply with playful questions, then
Mildly laughing when their answers clearly
Showed grave ignorance, with patient pains
Thou would'st explain, with further questioning draw
Out whate'er of knowledge each might have,
Helping one and all, who came to thee,
To learn that knowledge oft is recollection.
Led by voice of woman, gone before,
Once of Manteneia, Diotima
Call'd, her faintest whisper in thine ear
Was more to thee than all the clamor of

Th' crowd — yea, more than minstrel song or solemn
Chant of choir. Poetic dialogue
Nor disputations philosophic held
Such charm as e'er to cause thee to neglect
Th' admonitions of thy daemon, sweet
Spirit guide, thy other half perchance,
At least the strongest force in all thy life
This voice, which guided and sustainèd thee
'Mid distraction dire and much perplexity.
Ever thou a seeker after truth,
Ever helper, counsellor and friend
To those in need of consolation or
Of light! Thou gavest freely of thy best;
Far greater was thy gift than silver, gold
Or costly jewels, for of these we oft
Are robbed, while at death they surely go;
But wisdom flowing from thy tongue homes
Found in many weary hearts, and still
Flows on through poets' pictured scene and Plato's
Page, where those who will may find great pearls
Still wet with tears that thousands, yea ten thousands,
Wept at thy sublime heroic end!
For more have needful lessons learn'd o'er thy
Last cold slumber couch, than from thy most
Burning words! In life a seeker after
Truth; in death a truth revealer thou!
Thy thought in ether halls fell earthward on a seer
Who many days and nights entrancèd lay,
His spirit bath'd in that same vivid light
Which blinded Saul. His ears attunèd caught

Faintest strains of perfect harmonies.
The angel choirs were very near to him,
They fed his rapturous soul with heav'nly meat
Sustaining him in manner marvellous
To simple folk, who fain would wake their seer
From dreams celestial, earthly fare to give
Him, not knowing that imperishable
Meat and drink which oft sustain'd th' gentle
Nazarene, and which He bade us seek.
But Swedenborg had learn'd to "enter in";
He knew the way to pastures green where living
Waters flow; he sought and found the way
To portals fair where truth is kept for those
Who would be free. The door is open wide,
The veil is very thin that parts the worlds
Called Here and Over There. The light
We fail to see so blinded by our tears,
And downward look where clay is lain in grave,
Thus losing chance to peer beyond the mortal
Bar; where only those with vision cleared
May see in happy days the face and form
Though familiar, glorified, may touch
Th' vanish'd hand; with breath controll'd and passion
Held in check, may spirit voices hear
And learn, when time is ripe, great lessons taught
By seers in other worlds, to help make better
This. For God sends forth His ministers
As flames of fire,[9] to warm the hearts and light
Th' minds of men, when they, with patient toil
And anguish oft, have hewn the trees, have hoed

Th' tares that clog the path to sunlit heights.
Th' rain descends, but only harrow'd ground
Can hold a heavy shower; where hard the earth
Th' water runs away, the sun but harder
Makes the ground. Thus 'tis with man, so taught
Th' seer of Sweden nam'd Emanuel.
And though these latter days the mystic rarer grows,
To British isles, where queens oft rul'd, there came
In good Victoria's day a poet-prophet.
Vers'd in classic lore, in modern thought
And mediæval mysticism, with Christian
Grace endued and understanding of
Th' Word wherewith God light'neth feeble man.
He saw the temple of the living God
Wide as walls of world, its priests all men
And women who together work for good.
He chose a woman for his fireside mate,
Whose genius was so rare, both brain and heart
Upon her tender breast might rest secure,
For she his soul had seen in verse ere she
Beheld his face, nor failed to fan the fire
Of thought in him she loved; while he, unlike
Those artist souls who turn one face to wives
And still a fairer keep for other love,
Was sent to show the world howe'er so great
Th' genius is; he needs but one to share
His life. So Robert Browning fram'd for his
Ideal of womanhood a double halo,
As one in Germany years before had striven to do.
Luther, fearless soul, who delv'd for truth

Harder than his father dug for ore,
Found at length the light that comes to every
Earnest seeker; saw the truth that freedom
Yields; then with Herculean strength and Pauline
Courage to Germany gave his burning message;
Th' hearts of princes and dull peasants stirring,
As the lightning which had killed his friend
In youth, first prick'd th' conscience of th' man,
Made him seek monastic life, where python
Upon python vex'd his fervent soul
Driving him to light. At Rome his full
Awak'ning—he seeing canker at the core
Home return'd, and fain would heal the wounds,
Nor the body Catholic dismember.
Yet as surgeon skilled life to save
Does not hesitate to burn and sever,
So this brave physician of the spirit
Cut the habit cord and burn'd th' papal
Bull; nor deem'd there was such rottenness
Beneath the cloak of seeming saintliness.
Openly now he work'd and plainly spoke;
Naught abash'd to pope or king or scholar
Wrote, as knowing whence his high commission
Came: to make the common people realize
Gospel word, that all their doubts and burdens
They should bring to Him their heav'nly King.
Luther fram'd a liturgy in German
Tongue, thereby enriching language and
Helping to democratize salvation:
Hell was very real to him: God's

Mercy larger! Faith the one redeeming
Factor. Luther lov'd to preach in language
Plain, that unlearn'd men might know their Saviour,
Ever urging peace and good will, praying
Princes not to slaughter, begging peasants
Patiently bear burdens 'til a better
Day should dawn, when all obey the Master
Who to Peter said, Put up thy sword;
Which precept now is urged by modern prophet's voice.
As Habakkuk of old to Israel's God
Did cry, lamenting violence in the land,
Predicting woe to those who builded towns
With blood, whose people labor in the fire
To 'stablish by iniquity their kings,
So Tolstoy, standing now on watch, does write
Of crimes in Christian lands. In trenchant words
He pleads with men to lay down arms, and live
In peace, believing non-resistance is
The way the Master taught; whose words undying
Life and spirit are;[10] who said no jot
Of law should pass until it be fulfill'd.
One step past Luther, Tolstoy stands; yet he
Resists th' laws his country makes, and teaches
Evil comes of patriotism, not seeing
Fearful consequences following doctrines
That unbind the ties of tribal love.
Again the mountains tremble, while the sea
On high lifts up her hand; yet powerless is
Man's prophetic voice to still the waves,
While ignorance and doubt obscure the light.

Some still say it thunders when an angel speaks!
Of dispensation new art thou the fullest
Teacher, who the light saw, heard the voice
Of one, the greatest of the sons of men,
When He had risen from earth-life to spheres
Where souls, whose work is done, are bathed in light
Celestial. From on high thou heardest His
Dear voice. O! blest the ears that hear, the eyes
That see; but far more blessed those that give;
And thou, O Paul, hast freely given thy
Vision rare to all who read the sacred
Page; hast record borne of all thou heard'st.
Thou a Jew, well vers'd in Moses' law,
A Roman, free-born, learn'd in classic lore,
A vessel fit for highest use, with ardor
And with vim thou sought'st to root out wrong.
Believing superstitious error wrapt
In teaching of the Nazarene, thou worked'st
With all thy might to persecute the men
Who preach'd His word, disciples of the Lord,
Until the light which blinded thee thy spirit
Flooded; while the voice so fill'd thy soul
That truth was seen, and henceforth thou becamest
A follower of the Lamb. Apostle great,
Who preach'd th' Christ, who lifted veil on veil
That hid the ark from man, vast debt we owe
To thee, great Saul of Tarsus, that thou feared'st
Not to break the warp and woof of old-time
Prejudice, and plainly set the lamp
Of life before all nations. The light of Him

Who walks in midst of golden candlestick [11]
No longer is for Jew alone, nor Greek,
Nor Roman, but for all the world. Blest John
So said. But thou removest veils of fear,
Telling us of soul and spirit bodies
That live beyond the grave, when man has put
On immortality; conquering thus the sting,
Thou makest us see that death is e'en a victory!
Though souls like stars in brightness differ ever,
From glory unto glory shall we go,
Until the vision all behold as did St. John,
Belov'd disciple of the meek and lowly
One. He saw the dove descending, heard
Th' voice, and knew the Word had come to dwell
On earth in fleshly habit veiled; come
To bring the light in fuller force, to fallen
Man. Great truths didst thou behold, blest John,
Well call'd Divine; for thou didst see in every
Son the potencies of God, though clad
In clay so long. That we should be as gods
Thou dared'st proclaim! Dear prophet thou of hidden
Truths, so deep God's children scarcely yet
Believe that all are incarnations bright
Of one great Light. Some feebly shine, 'tis true,
Some still are sunk so deep in mire no pure
Bright ether fans the spark divine to flame.
But thou the Word Incarnate saw; then knew
Each child of God must hold within some part
Of perfect substance, knit with cords unseen
Except by Love, our Father, whose breath we are;

Who sent the Pattern Man, our Elder Brother;
Receiving whom, we all like Him shall be,
When we have left our mortal shrouds for robes of light.
O! Thou Eternal Word of God, Most Holy
One! Before all worlds thou wast, and knew
The reason man had stray'd so far from heaven
And chosest to come in human form, to lead
Thy wayward brothers home again. Not past
Belief this act of thine, in lowly sphere
To dwell on earth awhile, to teach mankind
How best to conquer sin, and climb to better
Worlds. Thy coming was predicted many
Times! Thy birth and life and death foretold
By prophets manifold, who knew the need
Of fuller light for races held in darkness long.
By faith they saw thy star arising,
Before it shed its light o'er Bethlehem.
When thou in human form wast born of Mary
Angels sang rejoicing, heralding
The long-expected King to farthest Sun
And star. Thou cam'st fulfilling, not destroying,
Law; who knewst the order, strength and force
Of God's most holy laws; who addedst grace,
Mercy, truth and love to all the seers
Had taught in bygone days; who livedst a life
Of temperance, of meekness, full of faith
And goodness manifest; the gentlest man
In action, judgment, speech, long-suff'ring thou,
With fruits of spirit filled. Thou didst feed
The hungry, heal the halt and lame and blind,

Anointing those with oil made ready for
Thy word; that they might hand the precious balm
To other souls, when time had mould'd them.
Thy wisdom flow'd in streams so full and pure
That all may drink, and strength imbibe, from that
Great fountain, which to those who freely take
Gives life and light and immortality. Jesus,
Perfect Man-God, thou to show the way
Didst come. And shall thy coming be in vain
Because old Adam lures his seed the same
To-day as in times past, to taste the fruit
Forbidden? Then in death's firm clutches held,
His children cry aloud for help, yet fail
To walk the way that thou hast shown, a path
All pav'd with sacrifice and suff'ring. This
Thou didst tread; thy tender feet were pierced;
Thy fair white hands did bleed; from out thy side
Flowed forth the precious blood, and thorns
Thy brow adorn'd — all this, and more, to show
To erring man the way thou suffered'st.
To learn vast truths God's children struggle on;
Yet, fighting on earth's pleasure ground, they fail
And fall, to rise and fight again. So bruis'd,
So blind, they seldom see the narrow gate[12]
That leads to heights and vantage ground, which gain'd,
Thy promised light beheld, they travel swiftly
Towards the truth, and know the way eternal
Life is given. Though steep the path, and hard
To climb, yet light grows brighter step by step,
While here and there a thorn from out thy crown

Still tells thy faithful followers thou hast gone
Before! So precious truth, so blessed life,
Why hesitate when shown the only way.
All hail! Thou greatest prophet of God's grace,
So full of truth and life thou wast and art,
Our priest and king, blest Saviour of mankind,
Who the perfect fruit of chosen people art.
Not without deep meaning was one couple placed
'Midst scenes peculiarly adapted to their needs,
That through them God might make a special race.
Th' people from this pair descended, who in Eden
Found their covering coats of skin prepar'd by God,
Th' poet said, were called chosen naturally
Enough; for over and over again we see some part
Of this rare race miraculously saved, then
Separated and educated for particular
Careers, consciously or unconsciously directed
By God's minist'ring spirits,[13] led in all their ways —
Though the leading sometimes is mysterious,
Often strange, the goal is something much desired.
Individuals singled out the bidding of
Th' Lord to do are always men of faith. Had Abram
E'en a little deviated from directions
Given him when told to sacrifice his son,
He would not have found the magic rod for centuries
Hidden in Moriah's land, whose power, like
That of many another mystic force, increased
By wisely exercising it.
After Daniel's time, for full five hundred years,
No one arose who understood its use. Awaiting

Then the day of Aaron's reappearing, 'twas
In the temple at Jerusalem preserved,[14]
There by Joseph found and with him buried. The chosen
People guided by their Lord, through leaders who
The rod did wield, their mission had fulfill'd on earth.
Separated from the races barbarous,
In the fullness of time this people produced a woman
Fit to be the mother of th' Messiah; so
Israel's Child was born on earth.
After many settings here and elsewhere, on
Rhea's breast, the Sun of Righteousness arose!
A second Adam, prophet, priest and king, He came,
Not as Adam did to Eden, but in lonely
Cave; was of a Virgin born, a woman pure
Enough a hero to produce. By His desire
An obscure life He led; but was in all things tempted
Like as we are; willingly did suffer death,
That the prophecies concerning him fulfill'd
Might be. He descended into hell and the third,
Day He rose again, first fruits of them that sleep.
Having given to earth this Pattern Man, the mission
Of the chosen people is fulfilled. Scattered
Hither and thither among the less progressive peoples
Of the earth, the remnant of this race, the seed
Plant of Righteousness. Their tree its fruit has borne.
Nations that an ideal have must lend a helping
Hand to weaker and less favor'd sister nations,
As our blest country ministers now to feebler powers.
For America has conceiv'd a child, a goddess,
Liberty named. She has not yet been born, nor can

Be 'til liberty realized is. She is the greatest
Child that any nation will produce; greater
Than Athene born from Zeus' head; yes, greater
Than Saint George who kill'd th' dragon; greater than
Saint Patrick or the mighty Thor, yet she is not
Great enough. The Child of th' Nations must combine
Knowledge, wisdom, loyalty, beauty, all the best
Thoughts conceiv'd by each alone; the union of
Strength in peace, the sum of virtues when they love.
Th' Child that shall be born on Rhea's breast, when good will
Reigns on earth, is Freedom. Only one is greater
Than this God of Freedom, which will be the Cosmic
Child, and not on Rhea born; while dream'd of on
Every sphere, and longed for by many, it can
Only realized be when souls from dross are all
Freed and married as Eros and Psyche were in heaven.
Planets likewise mates are seeking, craving union,
So through many changes go and disciplines
Stern, not always singing as they shine, but sometimes
Wailing, sometimes crying loud with agony keen,
Going through experiences that at last will quite
Wear out their frames. A very short-lived sphere is Rhea.
After the thousand years of peace mankind forever
Will this planet leave. Her work for others done,
Low will burn her fires and gradually die.
Then her mountains, hills and plains, will all sink down
Towards her great heart. The seas will once again
Cover all the land. When every spark of fire
Has been extinguish'd, and the earth has fold'd her arms

Closely, th' waters will come up and cover her
Worn-out body, like a winding-sheet for burial.
As the individual's body, when the fire
Is gone, returns to earth, the ashes to ashes and
Th' dust to dust; the planets each in turn, when their
Fire, which is their life, dies out, return to the sun,
Earth to earth and water to water.
Only a few more thousand years, and Rhea called
Home will be, her work at end. We, who perchance
Have many times enjoyed life here, will not mourn
For her, while from a higher planet or the spheres
We watch her flight through interstellar space, and see
Her drop into the sun. Her day is done; her night
Now cometh. She will be one to hear the words "Well done"
In the glad morn; for so many wayward, prodigal,
Sons of God our Father have liv'd and loved, pillow'd
On her bosom, and produc'd through her the great
Child, the God of Freedom; Child of all the Nations
Of the earth, which to the greatest child of all,
Love, the Cosmic Child, is kin.
After birth of freedom love is then first seen.
Not on any planet, nor on any sun,
Not until the days of earth are done, can this
Child of Love be born. When all have reach'd th' last
Terrestrial sphere, where spirits answer each to each,
There uniting go into the purging fire,
Th' second death, which hurts none who has overcome[15] —
Only now of love the meaning can the soul
Comprehend. From that great tree of life, whose leaves

Healing give to nations, the fruit they pluck, which when
Partaken of makes one those whom before all worlds
God has destin'd each for each. These souls united
Know the sum of those experiences each
Upon the way has gain'd. They give to one another
All the best, desiring each to see the other
First, to feel the other blest. At last the soul
Sees its other self, and that so often longed
For is realized, which cannot be possessed
Until the soul is whole. United now they rise
To spheres celestial, and know that God is good.
Love of father, mother, brother, friend or child,
Love of earth-mates here or mates in other spheres —
All are rounds upon the ladder stretched from
Earth to heaven, aids in climbing steep ascents,
Help for those who grasp the rounds together; whether
Joy or sorrow be their portion, love is still
Stamping its indelible mark upon their hearts,
Slowly moulding souls; for love is part of God.
As a single ray of light, that through the casement
Blinds comes peeping, on which the motes of dust are dancing,
Is the same as that which beams upon the clearest
Lake: so love is one, though just a slender thread
Often mix'd with clay, and never fully felt,
'Til the ladders all are left behind, the mountains
Gained whose rocky sides by pilgrims best are climbed
Who unburden'd walk with naught of earth attire.
Just before the topmost peaks are reach'd, the last
Great giant rocks are scaled, refreshment meets th' aspiring
Soul; for through the gap is seen a dazzling vision.

Space is naught in these celestial spheres; no distance
Baffles sight. Though separated by a vast
Sea of glist'ning light so white it almost blinds
One unus'd to actual light, when spiritual
Sight is ours we may behold across this shining
Sea (which none can pass before the second death)
The city of our Father and our God, outlined
In light, but little builded. Amaz'd we ask the reason
Why, and read the answer in our guide's kind eyes.
For souls redeem'd is that fair land, for God's dear children
An everlasting habitation when their wand'rings
All are over. To it each child must bring a stone,
A metal, fruit and flower, gather'd on the way.
Some, not all, bring trees and lights and jewels bright.
Many children still are loit'ring in the valleys;
Only a few have cross'd th' shimm'ring sea, and fewer
Have gone home to stay. Th' faithful ones of that
Chosen race now light the golden candlestick,
Which in centre of the four-square city stands,
Fashion'd like the one upon the mount, which Moses
Saw, and pattern'd for the ark. Twelve others, in
Shape and size alike though each of different metal,
Will light the city's stately gates, when you and I
Shall, with others yet unborn, our places take
On flowers that now for fruits are waiting that we are working
To produce. The base that holds the branches up
Is three steps high; each centre is a lamp with seven
Flames; beside the lamp two trees do grow,[16] for golden
Candlestick the olive, cypress for the copper.

By various metals other trees attracted are,
Whose topmost leaves the lamps o'erlap; they speak of those
Anointed ones, on whom the holy oil descends
And burns them into one. The lamps on either side
Are deck'd with branches three, each crown'd with seven-petal'd
Flowers which have for centre candles three by myriad
Color'd lights surround'd. Some are stars, some meteors,
Comets, diamonds, squares and leaves or bars of varied
Brilliance; worn on forehead of each one who a crown
Has gain'd, won on battlefields of earth where dragons
Dwell, and carried it to dizzy heights. Each flower
By thousands of such lights illumined is, while two
Flowers o'er each pearly gate their lights do shed.
Copper and aluminum, with Aryan or Teutons
Fill'd, join hands. The silver for Caucasian with
Teuton intertwines. In groups of three the corners
Of the four-square town are build'd. Pelasgic lead,
Saracen of steel and Cyclopean iron,
Races past and gone; Turanian creto, Etrurian
Sterile, Gallic radium undevelop'd here;
Slavic bronze, Mongolian brass, Malaysian zozo,
Metals much resembling one another. These
Races twelve on their respective candlesticks
Keep the gates of New Jerusalem; while Semitic,
Separated from the other peoples of
Th' earth, their golden candlestick upon the golden
Street with crystal river flowing underneath,
Have Orion, noble fighter, with belt and sword

Undimmed — though among zodiacal signs no longer
He holds his true position first upon the Spiral
Stairs; for from the centre candlestick two spiral
Flights of iridescent mica steps to nine
Branched mica candlestick ascend, where three
Laurel trees about its nine-flam'd lamp do stand.
The lyre its constellation is, with Vega bright.
From its centre glist'ning epho stairs go upwards
In three spiral flights to epho candlestick,
Like in pattern to the mica, and with flowers
Petall'd nine, and trees of Greek pink myrtle, with
Ursa Minor and the Polar Star, great Saä!
Epho and mica lighter, brighter are than gold.
Yet far more radiant metals are, whose names on earth
Will not be known, which form three candlesticks with branches
Twelve and flowers petall'd twelve. No lamp have these,
Constellation none; but vines with pure white flowers
Cluster around the Triune throne, where three great flowers
Unite: the Dion, Sion, Lion, Source of Light!
These no mortal eye may see.
Beyond our comprehension nine dimensions, three
We know, and dimly apprehend the space between
Th' atoms; but the note has not been blown which shall
Break the walls that hold us down to seven tones.
Slower sound precedes the swifter light; then blow,
Bugle, lead us on to sight.
Wave on wave of shimm'ring light must beat upon
Th' shore, the rocks to sand be ground, and welded into
Stones again and o'er again in ceaseless round,

Ere the children of our God be gather'd all
There to see a spectacle sublime, which will
Only come when planets, moons, and suns have finish'd
Work; when all the worlds in arms of Saä rest;
When Fedrus stars their atoms all have burnt of metal,
Wood and earth. When fire and water reunite,
Making great electric lights, and not till then,
Comes the crack of doom! Then having finish'd giving
Birth to stellar systems, on its little end
Th' cosmic egg will stand. The larger end, the great
Dome that forms the canopy of sky, will then
Break! The shell will roll away, consum'd by real
White light, which is heat and light and love combined.
All we call material here, the universe
Visible to earth eyes, will forever pass.
We no more shall miss it than the butterfly misses
Its cocoon, than chestnuts miss their burrs, than bodies
Miss their worn-out clothes, than spirits miss their shrouds
Of clay. The visible universe is but the garment
Of the Most High God, the shell of the cosmic egg;
Its purpose will have serv'd when all created souls
To bear white light are strong enough. Its use has been
God's weak creatures to conceal and shelter, as
Tiniest shell the smallest protoplasm doth protect
'Til consum'd to serve upon a higher plane.
Here below all but reflection is of that
Above; nothing is manifest without a cause,
Every wee flame threefold is: The inner red,
Then yellow light; from red and yellow which combined
Make the orange, blue proceeds. The first division

Then of light will ever give these three prime colors,
The source of heav'nly fire a triune force. The centre
Which sends forth and ever feeds the flame, the great
Heart, the Core, the Maker of the Chords, is red;
Yellow, the Light Begetter, Holy One, Eternal
Logos! World Creator, Son upon the Throne;
While the Host, the Holy Ghost, proceeding from
Father and from Son, who with the Father and
Th' Son together will be glorified, is blue,
Th' base of light's triangle. These are not three gods
But One, dependent each upon the other. For
Th' Most High God cannot be Father 'til the Son
Comes forth. Unless His creatures live, no true Creator
Is the Son. The Holy Ghost can ne'er be holy
Until it is entire. This negative, feminine portion
Of the Godhead is dispersed now throughout
The whole creation. By it all things are conceived,
Spirit of the Living God, which animates
All of Nature, holds the dust, and forms it into
Myriad shapes and hues until the dust by light
Is transformed. Each atom of the flame must glow,
Cling close each to each, and show its color true.
When time is ripe, when seed and stem and bud and flower
Give to fruit the place, this spirit which of God's
Nostrils is the Breath, is Man!
Much divided now this spirit is; a few
Only have forever shed their shells. These are
Nam'd th' heavenly host. But one has gone to highest
Place, our Leader, Lucifer, The First Begotten
Of the Father, Fallen One; who rising with

Healing in his wings became Redeemer and
Lover of earth-man. The Alpha and Omega
Now in centre of the golden candlestick
Walking, carries in his hand the lamp with seven
Flames, and bears in his immortal body wounds,
With whitest light transfigur'd, which he bore for us.[17]
Others still are fighting in dark caverns of
Planetary spheres; they fight and fall and rise,
Fall again and battle on and on, until
Light within them overcomes the dark; until
Th' ember flames and rises, fann'd with breezes which
From on high will surely come to each aspiring
Soul. To will the right, to shun the wrong will always
Conquer. Though the night be long the day will dawn.
Some there be who sin against the Holy Ghost,
The god within; through self-will from th' vine they're
sever'd;
Souls cut off from God are blotted out. Each child
Is free to choose; but every one who goes astray,
Every one who loiters on the way, retards
Th' upward march of all the host. The note of triumph
Which the leaders long to hear, cannot be sounded
'Til the children all accord. As yet but few
There, and fewer Here, the thought of universal
Love possess; when born, on all the earth shall reign
Peace and good will. When all think love, not till then,
By all Humanity can the Child conceived be.
All that holds the Three in One is Love, the One
In Three, the Child which is to be.

NOTES

PROLOGUE

1. knocked:

St. Matthew vii. 7. 8.

2. enter in:

St. Matthew vii. 13.

3. has produced:

Israel.

4. Semele:

Semele, daughter of Cadmus, King of Thebes, asking Zeus to appear in all his glory, was killed by lightning. Read Schiller's drama Semele.

"For Semele once to vengeance given
Now waves her flowery locks in heaven."
— Pindar's First Olympic Ode, II strophe.

5. Daphne:

Nothing remains of Daphne's epic of 11,000 lines. A hill north of Athens still bears her name. Near by, on the sacred road to Eleusis, is the convent of Daphne, built over an ancient temple to Apollo.

6. deemed mad:

"And in proportion prophecy is more perfect and august than augury, both in name and fact; in the same proportion, as the ancients testify, is madness superior to a sane mind, for the one is only human, but the other of divine origin."—Socrates, in the Phædrus. 244.

"The third kind is the madness of those who are possessed by the Muses; which taking hold of a delicate and virgin soul, and there inspiring frenzy, awakens lyrical and all other numbers, with these adorning the myriad actions of ancient heroes for the instruction of posterity. But he who has no touch of the Muses' madness in his soul, comes to the door and thinks that he will get into the temple by the help of art — he, I say, and his poetry are not admitted."— Plato's Phædrus. 245. Jowett's translation.

CANTO I

1. The Creator:
   Colossians i. 15. 16.

2. before created worlds:
   Psalms xc. 2.

3. to be like Him:
   Genesis i. 26. 27. I John iii. 2.

3. attracted water:
   The mother star of our Sun is the center of the Southern Cross.

5. not all are suns called:
   The Pleiades are asteroids, Aldebaran is a planet!

6. electric lights:
   Vega in Lyra is one of these.

7. oft repeated lives:
   Thought for Help, by William C. Comstock, 1913, page 67: Eleanora.
   "Each of our terrestrial existences is but an episode of our immortal life."— Here and Hereafter, page 133, Leon Denis. Translated by George G. Fleurot. Brentano, 1909.

8. lower lives had lived:
   That is, on other planets.

9. Noë, whose ramparts were the sea:
   Nahum iii. 8.

10. before they are unrolled:
    The record of our deeds in all our lives is on a scroll which we sometimes call the subconscious mind. This we may unroll when the way we have learned.

11. Born in Skien:
    Ibsen.

12. in spirit belongs to Germany:
    Thorwaldsen, the Danish sculptor. See Canto XII.

13. their town's late tribute:

On the 500th anniversary of the birth of Petrarch the citizens of Padova unveiled a statue of the poet.

14. in Antenor's town:

Padova was founded by Antenor, a brother of Priam, shortly after the Trojan War.
In the Chapel of Santa Maria del Arena, Giotto has painted Dante as one of the Saints going to heaven. (This at the time of Dante's exile from Florence.)

CANTO II

1. O great negative mother!

Not Rhea, the earth mother, but that primeval stuff which enters into the being of each one of us.

"And the great Mother, full of divinity, who comes forth through life, standing hid in secret, who was born through creatures."—From the Upanishads, "In the House of Death." Part II. Translated by Charles Johnston.

The poet of Genesis undoubtedly thought that God was male and female. Genesis i. 26. 27.

2. twin lights:

Phœbus Apollo and Artemis.

3. Rhea:

The name of this planet on which we now live.

4. Pleistocene:

Post-tertiary age. "Pre-Indian Inhabitants of North America."—N. Horace Winchell.

5. still upright:

Genesis iii. 14.

6. one with wisdom:

Sap—sapient.

7. in Greece:

"Many great and wonderful deeds were recorded of your state in our histories. But one of them exceeds all the rest in greatness and valour. For these histories tell of a mighty power which unprovoked made an expedition against the whole of Europe and Asia and to which your city put an end."—Plato's Timæus. 25.

8. second on our planet:

Canto I. 120–24; also 155–58.

"There have been, and will be again, many destructions of mankind arising out of many causes; the greatest have been brought about by the agencies of fire and water and other lesser ones by innumerable other causes . . . in the first place, you remember a single deluge only."—Plato's Timæus. 23.

9. e'en serpents came:

In the Acropolis museum at Athens is a gigantic serpent with three human heads, sculptured from Egyptian porous rock.

10. cult was uppermost:

"The Dawn of Astronomy." Sir Joseph Norman Lockyer. Macmillan, New York, 1894.

11. three seasons to the year:

This was so for a long time in Greece. The three Hours presided over the seasons as well as the day.

12. in his native land:

Numbers xiii. 23. 24.

13. Hathor:

A favorite name for Isis.

14. many veils:

Exodus xxvi. 33., xxxiv. 33–35. St. Matthew xxvii. 51.

15. the sign of life:

Usually of bronze, containing a number of loose hooks. Seen to-day in many museums. A large number in the Thermæ of Diocletian at Rome.

16. sacred serpent:

The Uræus.

17. mighty Menes:

Larned, in "Seventy Centuries," calls this king Mena. See National Geographical Magazine, September, 1913, page 1041.

18. Ptah-hotep:

"The primitive archetype of all gentlemen."—A Multitude of Counsellors.—J. N. Larned, 1901.
Instruction of Ptah-hotep, translated from the Egyptian by Battiscome G. Gunn.—E. P. Dutton & Co., 1910.
Records of the Past, new series, London, 1890.

19. great obelisks:

One was afterwards sent to London, and one to New York.

20. its history telling:

A careful reading of the Old Testament with knowledge of the Kabbalistic signs in it will give the history of Adam's rod.
Introduction to the Kabbalah. Christian D. Ginsburg. London.

21. to divide the waters:

Exodus xiv. 21–28. Joshua iii. 16.
Egyptian Tales of the Magicians from the Westcar papyrus. In Baufra's Tale we read of a man who by magic speech divided the waters of a lake.

CANTO III

1. to life on Rhea:

The Malaysians, like all other autochthonous races, had lives elsewhere before coming here. See Canto I. 85–92.

2. the earliest:

Persia, Egypt, and Greece. See Canto I. 145–48.

3. the Upanishads:

The dramatic element in the Upanishads.—Monist, April, 1910.

4. e'en though unrecognized:

   From the Upanishads, translated by Charles Johnston. Mosher, 1897.

5. Vyasa's bouquet of verses:

   Translator's Epilogue. The Maha-bharata condensed into English verse by Romesh Dutt, C. I. E. Dent, 1898.

6. peace at last:

   The Bhagavad Gita. Translated by Lionel D. Barnett. Dent, 1905.

7. migrated into India:

   Canto III. Lines 19–24.

   The Iranians began to settle in the Punjab about 1400 B. C. The literature of India, especially the Malaysian drama, was many centuries earlier than the Engish critics of to-day admit.

8. the cause of suffering:

   Book Eighth, The Light of Asia, Sir Edwin Arnold.

9. the valor of a queen:

   Chand Bibi, queen of Ahmadnagar, page 137, A Brief History of the Indian Peoples, Sir William Wilson Hunter, 1897.

CANTO IV

1. Gave them light:

   Laotse never claimed to have written the works on Taoism now frequently accredited to him.

2. cult of Shu:

   Canto II, 90–97. Canto III, 1–9. The Shu-King, translated from the Chinese by James Legge. Sacred Books of the East, Vol. III.

3. ablest of the Mongol leaders.

   Genghis Khan.

CANTO V

1. Firdausi's poetic page:
   The Shah Nameh, translated by James Atkinson, Esq.

2. robes resembling fish:
   Layard's Nineveh. Colored plate of Temple of Nun.

3. Assyria:
   Genesis x. 11.

4. Peleg's day:
   Genesis xi. 16–19.

5. condemning to virginity:
   Judges xi. 37–39.
   The unsexing of maidens was thought by the Greeks to be pleasing to Artemis. Iphigenia in Aulis, Hecuba, Euripides. Pompeian frescoe, the sacrifice of Iphigenia.

6. Ephod:
   Exodus xxviii. 4. 30. Judges xvii. 5. I Samuel xxx. 7. Ezra ii. 63. Nehemiah vii. 65.

7. the mantle which was Aaron's rod:
   II Kings ii. 14, iv. 29.
   William Blake's picture of Elijah's chariot where the *rod* is seen descending.

8. Judith:
   Book of Judith, Apocryphal Old Testament.

9. to God present:
   Book of Tobias, Apocryphal Old Testament.
   Protevangelion, Apocryphal New Testament.

10. the measure of man:
    Ezekiel x. 21., xli. 8–11. Revelation xiii. 11. 17. 18. The esoteric value of any number is the sum of its digits.

11. seven-flamed lamp:
    Exodus xxv. 37. Numbers viii. 2. Zechariah iv. 2.

CANTO VI

1. Hamaguchi:

This tale is related in Unfamiliar Japan, Lafcadio Hearn.

2. the blossoms might defile:

"If I pluck them the touch of my hand will defile; therefore standing in the meadows as they are I offer these wind-blown flowers to the Buddhas of the past, the present, and the future." —Ideals of the East, page 129. Kakasu Okukura.

3. Aaron's rod of old:

Exodus vii. 10–12.

4. or almond:

Jeremiah i. 11.

5. one body to another:

"As the Body's Tenant goes through childhood and manhood and old age in the body, so does it pass to other bodies."—Lesson the Second. Bhagavad Gita.
"Many times the soul returns to be each time reclothed in another mantle."—Thought for Help, page 65. William C. Comstock.
The Child of the Dawn. A. C. Benson.

CANTO VII

1. Antyos:

A rock portrait of this Titan, in the Museum at Athens, marked 800 B. C., is evidently a replica of a much older statue.

2. Tethys:

A rock portrait in the Museum at Athens of the same age as Antyos is marked "Demeter (?)," a bad guess of the archæologists.

3. Peleg was divided:

Genesis x. 25.

4. first in lore historic:

The Ante-Hellenic Pelasgians. Grote's History of Greece 10 Volumes, 1888. Vol. II, page 189.
"They are the earliest race which appear to have exercised a dominant power in Greece." Athens, Its Rise and Fall, Edward Lytton Bulwer. Page 5, Vol. I.

5. his palace rose:

When Cecrops' palace on the Acropolis of Athens was excavated it yielded many interesting Egyptian antiquities.

6. Solemnized:

Eleusinian Mysteries, Isaac Taylor.
"Thrice happy they who having seen these rites
Then pass to Hades; there to these alone
Is granted life! All others evil find." Sophocles, fragment.
"Blessed is he who having looked on them
Passes below the hollow earth, for he knows life's true end and Zeus-given sov'reignty."—Pindar.

7. to save her spouse:

Alcestis, Euripides.
For dramatic effect the poet substitutes Herakles for Æsculapius as the deliverer of Alcestis.

8. was drowned:

The well is still shown at Corinth in which Glauke is said to have drowned.

9. Amazon's son:

Hippolytus Crowned, Euripides.

10. left his Helen:

Page 156. Vol. I. Grote's History of Greece.
Life of Theseus, Plutarch.

11. Electra said:

Orestes, Euripides.

12. Polyxena suffered:

Canto V. Note 6. The sacrifice of Polyxena was supposed to appease the shade of Achilles. Hecuba, Euripides.

13. tragic poems:

The Iliad and Odyssey, first written in dramatic form, were acted in the streets of Miletus during the lifetime of their author, Homer, an Hellenic Greek born on the island of Chios. He wrote on parchment in ideograms, using the Akkadian language. What we call Homeric Greek is of the time of Pisistratus the tyrant of Athens, who was induced by Solon to have the Homeric poems transcribed. They were much mutilated, and at this time given epic form.

14. Minos' laws:

Since the finding of Minos' palace at Knossos in Crete (1907) he and his laws can no longer be called mythic.—The Sea Kings of Crete, by Rev. James Baikie, National Geographic Magazine, January, 1912, September, 1913.

15. rocks of time:

Prometheus Bound, Æschylus.

16. Bacchus' Youngest Child.

Euripides.

17. never has been mute:

On the Pythian Responses. Theosophical Essays, Plutarch.

CANTO VIII

1. Etrurian art:

The city of Cumæ, buried by an eruption of Mt. Avernus, 475 B. C., in the 19th century A. D. yielded rare art treasures now in the Museum at Naples.

2. change its name:

Now the Tiber called.

3. Ætna vomiting fire:

This eruption was witnessed by Pindar and Æschylus, who both allude to it: 1st Pythian Ode, II strophe, Pindar; Prometheus Bound, Æschylus.

4. plains of Sicily:
   Greece and Sicily, 2 Vols. John Addington Symonds.

5. A lasting name:
   1st Olympic Ode, I antistrophe. Pindar.

6. famed speech:
   Book XXXIV. History of Rome, Livy.

7. dream came true:
   Scipio's dream is given in full by Cicero, in his "de Divinatione."

8. Pharsalus was:
   See epic poem by Lucan (Pharsalia), too little read.

9. his pastorals:
   The Georgics.

10. shines on forever:
    Book VI. Æneid, Vergil.

11. Anne and Joachim:
    The Protevangelion and Gospel of Mary. Apocryphal New Testament.

12. ever call her blessed:
    St. Luke i. 28–48.

13. dove did perch:
    Isaiah xi. 1.
    Giotto's fresco in Santa Maria del Arena at Padova.

14. with Moses and Elias talked:
    St. Matthew xvii. 3. St. Mark ix. 4. 5.

15. imputed to another:
    "All thou seest doth with God abound. God is alike in all and always to be found."—Spoken by Cato in Lucan's Pharsalia, Book IX.

16. worship of Isis he explained:
    Plutarch's Theosophical Essays.

17. virility:
    I Corinthians vii. 37.
    Meditations of Marcus Aurelius. Book I. Sec. xiv.

18. ministering angels:
    Hebrews i. 7. 14. St. Luke xxii. 43.
    On the Cessation of Oracles X, Theosophical Essays, Plutarch.

19. Beatrice Cenci's grave.
    In the Church of St. Peter Martyr on the Janiculum at Rome—perhaps the oftener shown because unnamed.

CANTO IX

1. Atlantides:
    (See Canto II. 121–149.)
    Plato's Timæus, 25. 26.

2. three of Rome's emperor's:
    Trajan, Hadrian, Theodosius.

3. Arab leader:
    Tarif.

4. Albion:
    The earliest name we know for England.

5. Isabel:
    A Queen of Queens and The Making of Spain. Christopher Hare.

6. guiding Voice:
    (See Canto VII. 893–95.)
    I Samuel iii. St. Luke ix. 35. St. John xii. 28. Acts ix. 4.
    Plato's Symposium.

7. angel guide:

Genesis xxii. 11–15, xxiv. 7. Psalms xci, xxxiv. 7. Exodus iii. 2, xiv. 19. Acts x. 3.

8. Kublai Khan:

(See Canto IV. 115–17.)

9. Maximilian's son:

Philip, son of Maximilian and Mary of Burgundy; m. Joan, d. of Ferdinand and Isabella.

CANTO X

1. ambition of a man:

Cardinal Wolsey.

2. thraldom of Rome:

In the reign of Edward VI. the Book of Common Prayer was compiled, the Psalms translated.

3. misguided Mary:

"Mary Tudor" in Queens of Spain, Martin Hume.

4. pastoral verse:

When Sir William Jones sent home his translation of the Sakoontala the English public refused to believe it was from the Sanskrit, it was so much like Shakespeare.

5. satiric strain:

Milton in trying to undermine Calvinism cloaked his weapon so cleverly that the satire was not recognized.

6. another planet:

Uranus, called at first "Herschel" after its discoverer.

7. Landseer moulded:

Nelson's monument, Trafalgar Square, London.

8. the great prose writer:

Thomas Babington Macaulay.

9. Nettleship:

No other English scholar has so well understood the spirit of Plato. Richard Lewis Nettleship, Letters and Remains, 2 Vols. London, 1897.

10. saintly Catherine:

Life of Catherine Booth, 2 Vols, F. de L. Booth-Tucker.

CANTO XI

1. martyred maid:

Jeanne d'Arc, Mark Twain.

2. Avignon:

The papal residence and large church in which a pope is buried are the chief attractions of this French village.

3. three successive kings:

Charles VIII., Louis XII., Francis I.

4. Louis Condé de Bourbon:

The great Huguenot leader, assassinated 1569.

5. Rachel:

Sketch of her life in Comedie Française. Arsène Housaye. "And where she (Rachel) was it was impossible to care much for the presence of any other woman."—Letters of Charles Eliot Norton, 1913, Vol. I., page 311.

6. Emperor evermore:

Napoleon III. in Italy, Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

CANTO XII

1. on British isle his home:

Wordsworth, born 1770, in spirit belongs to Germany, as Sebastian Bach was probably a greater incarnation for him. "Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting." Stanza V., Ode on Immortality.

2. Thorwaldsen:
   (See Canto I. 482–83.)

3. part of Christus:
   Anton Lang, 1900 and 1910.

4. Tusk of boar:
   The wound by tusk of boar signifies excess of passion.

5. brazen serpent:
   By this symbol Moses taught the Israelites the value of self-control.

6. highest joy:
   (See Canto X. 227–34).

CANTO XIII

1. breaking laws:
   "When law perishes lawlessness falls upon the whole stock. When lawlessness comes upon it, O Krishna, the women of the stock fall to sin."—Lesson the First, Bhagavad Gita, translated by Lionel D. Barnett.
   "Do you think that a state can exist and not be overthrown in which the decisions of law are of no force, and are disregarded and set at naught by private individuals? . . . For a man who is a subverter of law may well be supposed to be a corrupter of the young and thoughtless."—Plato's Crito, translated by F. J. Church.

2. still is action:
   "Without undertaking works no man may possess worklessness, nor can he come to adeptship by mere casting off of works."—Bhagavad Gita.

CANTO XIV

1. credit to herself:
   The life of Mary Baker Eddy, by Georgine Milmine, in McClure's Magazine, February, March, May, 1907.
   Letters by Julius Dresser, Boston Post, Feb. 24, 1883.
   The Divine Law of Cure, Rev. Warren F. Evans, 1881.

2. unlock the gates:

(See Canto VIII. 598–601.)

3. men equal are:

The New Testament does not so teach. St. Matthew xiii. 11 St. Luke viii. 10.

4. in female form:

Susan B. Anthony, George Eliot, George Sands, are some of the masculine spirits incarnating in a woman's body. There are many on earth to-day.

5. and Cain's descendants:

"And God cursed Cain." Genesis iv. 11. 15. This curse was that Cain's descendants should be black.

6. and not the best:

The Great Psychological Crime. T. K. The Indo-American Pub. Co., Chicago.

7. who fail in faith:

Hebrews xi. 6.

8. number have and color:

Number and color taken together show the quantity and quality of work required during the soul's progress.

9. color:

There are three prime colors: red, yellow, and blue. The prism divides these into seven. The black lines that show on the spectrum are produced by rays of "earth red"; mingling with the prime colors these produce the prismatic colors. The first admixture gives brown; this is usually the earliest color the unfolding soul shows. The earth red worked off, we have the pure flame red; this, mixing with yellow, gives the different shades of rose and pink. Where the earth red mixes with the yellow we have orange. Yellow and blue combined give green; where the earth red mixes with green it gives a dull, cloudy green; when with dark blue it produces indigo; or when more of the earth color touches the blue, purple is the result.

There are seven shades to each prismatic color except blue, which has fourteen shades. Where the earth red touches the

lightest shade of the first seven shades of blue it makes lilac. This is often mistaken for the highest color, as the seven light blues or "N" waves are not visible on the spectrum, the vibration becoming too rapid. When the earth color touches the "N" or lightest blue waves they turn black. Young souls who are brown do not mind coming to earth again and again. Even orange is comparatively easy to work off leaving yellow. Purple takes longer, often requiring a number of lowly lives to clear and leave the blue. Black must come to earth again and again as grey, and finally begins its upward path, coming into red when some great trial, some upheaval of the spirit, comes which fans the apparently dead embers into flame once more.

10. then number too is given:

While the seed is germinating, before the blade is above ground, the soul does not show color. During this period come our cipher lives. First three, then two, then one cipher, then numbers, as 20½, 17½ or 39½. The first whole number given to us is 39, part of which is worked off in successive lives until such a number is attained as can be finished in one lifetime. 3, 7, 9, 11, 13, 17, 19, 21, 27, are all numbers of the first order. 3, 7, 9 are of the first class, first order; 11, 13, 17, second class first order; 19, 21, 27, third class, first order; 5, 10, 15, first class, second order; 4, 6, 8, first class, third order, and so on. Even a five with a good color may do a better work than a 7 or 9 with a poor color. Certain numbers are good only in connection with certain colors. Three is the highest number for a genius; 9 and 11 the next; 7 and 13 make the greatest psychics, and so on.

11. candlestick:

St. Luke xi. 33–36.

12. every cycle:

There are seven cycles or petals to each flower. Each flower has three candles and three inner circles; then the circle of 540, and lastly the outer circle of 5040.

13. conscious souls:

When souls have received number and color they are said to be budding or unfolding. When they have gone as high as the seventh sphere they are called developed souls. All threes, most blue and yellow sevens, and some blue and green nines, are

developed souls. There are many degrees of developed souls. Socrates (3 and light blue) was so fully developed as to be nearly conscious. On reaching the ninth sphere souls become conscious. Usually conscious souls coming to earth have no number, though rare, conscious souls have come in every age. Tao, Elisha, Buddha, John the Baptist, Joan of Arc, Swedenborg, Tolstoy, Baha Ullah, are some of these.

14. to all nations:

Abdul Baha visited the United States in 1912.

15. perfected soul:

Perfected souls are those who have completed their work in the terrestrial spheres and are ready to be archangels, yet choose to incarnate for a special work. Abdul Baha is the first one of these since Mary of Nazareth, who came for the purpose of highest motherhood. Jesus, the Perfect Man, was an archangel, the only one ever born on this planet.

16. John Fitch:

See Historical Collections of Connecticut.
McMaster's History of the United States, Vol. I., pp. 432–35.
Life of John Fitch, Westcot.

17. Have been found:

While this was being written the news came that Cook and Peary both claim to have discovered the North Pole, which assuredly neither one found, though Peary did good work. Later comes the news of the discovery of the South Pole by Amundsen; yet he has failed to find the Antarctic people.

18. oldest of all our country:

I count Yucatan as part of Egypt.

19. Juno be discovered:

A planet nearer to this earth than Mars has been observed by several astronomers. It will probably receive the name of its first discoverer and later be called Juno.

CANTO XV

1. then all shall prophesy:

Joel ii. 28.

2. for all mankind:

St. Luke ii. 14.
"Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good-will towards men," is the version of the angel's song in the Protestant Bible. The Catholic Bible gives another translation of these verses:
"Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good will." Some day these verses will read thus:
"Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will to Mary."

3. a thousand years:

Revelation xx. 4. Rhea will then be in the third sphere.

4. my mother and my brethren:

St. Matthew xii. 50. St. Luke viii. 21.

5. ideal child:

(See Prologue, 71–72.)
Rhea's ideal child is Freedom. The cosmic ideal child is Love.

6. to bread stones turning:

In the account of the feeding of the five thousand, St. Matthew xiv. 16–21, we usually think of the multiplication of loaves and fishes; yet no doubt Jesus could have turned the stone to bread as the Tempter suggested earlier, St. Matthew iv. 3.

7. the higher wisdom twelve were taught:

St. Matthew xiii. 11.

8. Nirvana:

"If any teach Nirvana is to cease, say unto such they lie. If any teach Nirvana is to live, say unto such they err."—Light of Asia, Book the Eighth. Sir Edwin Arnold.
Nirvana is one of the most misunderstood words used by modern writers. The teaching regarding this was the same as that of the Lord Jesus who admonished His disciples to go in and out and find pasture. St. John x. 9. The word Nirvana in Sanskrit means going in and out. The Chinese call it The Yin and the Yang. When the secret of this going is known and practiced properly, with closed door, there is a union of the incarnate ego with the Over Soul which makes for spiritual advancement.

9. flames of fire:
   Hebrews i. 7.

10. life and spirit are:
    St. John v. 63.

11. golden candlestick:
    Revelation i. 12, 13, 20. Exodus xxv. 31.

12. narrow gate:
    St. Matthew vii. 13.

13. ministering spirits:
    St. Luke xxii. 43. Hebrews i. 14.
    Psalms xxiv. 7.

14. preserved:
    The Apocryphal New Testament.
    Giotto's fresco in Santa Maria del Arena at Padova.

15. overcome:
    Revelation ii. 11.

16. two trees do grow:
    Zechariah iv. 3. Revelation xi. 4.

17. He bore for us:
    Romans v. 6–21. Revelation iii. 21.

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